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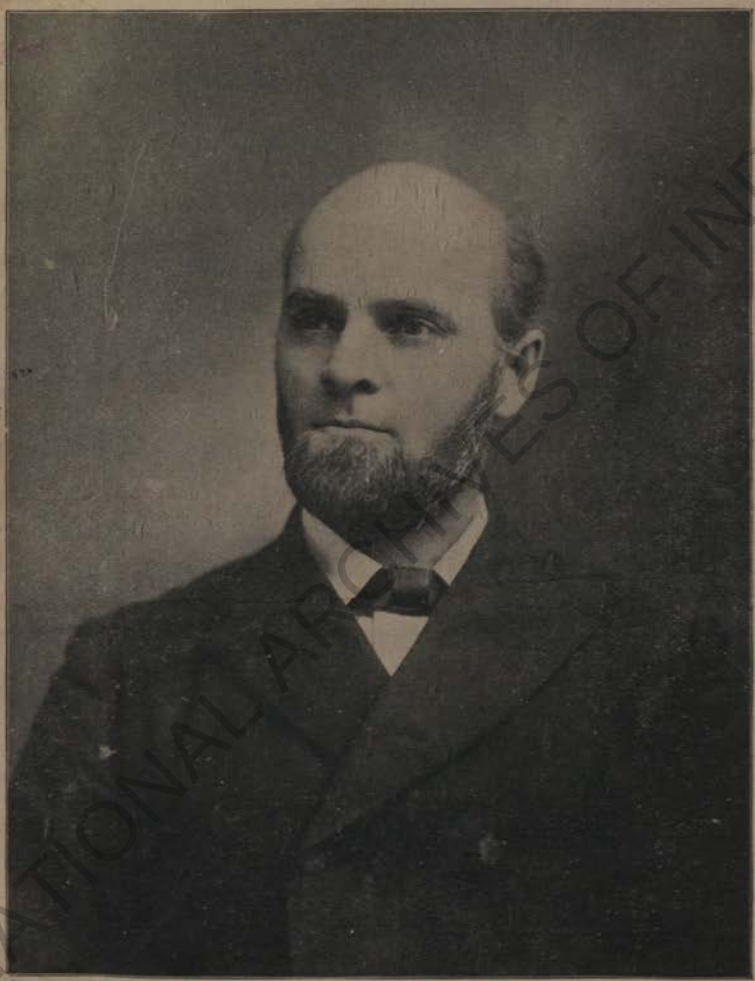

Yours in behalf of benighted India,

GEORGE LAMBERT.

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INDIA,

THE HORROR-STRICKEN EMPIRE.

Containing a full Account of the

Famine, Plague, and Earthquake of 1896-7.

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Including a Complete Narration of the

Relief Work

Through the Home and Foreign Relief Commission.

By GEORGE LAMBERT.

Embellished with Numerous Illustrations, Representing Actual Occurrences Connected with the Famine, Plague, and Earthquake, and the Work of Relief.

ELKHART, INDIANA.
MENNONITE PUBLISHING CO.
1898.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WITH deep gratitude to the officials of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission and to the Mennonite Publishing Co., for the kindness shown and the interest taken in the compilation of this book, in which original letters, press notices, government statistical reports, extracts from reports of the most prominent relief workers, are carefully examined and arranged, thus producing an authentic record of the actual condition of things in the horror-stricken empire, I respectfully submit this volume, in the hope that it may be the means of opening the door to more earnest missionary effort in this great, benighted country, and thus carry the light of the Gospel to the many millions of perishing souls.

THE AUTHOR.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

AT the earnest request of the author, as well as of the publishers, of "India, the Horror-Stricken Empire," I undertook to prepare the matter for publication, the author having been called to the West to represent the urgent needs of the India Relief Commission. Nevertheless, hoping that the early publication of this work might arouse a more general interest in the cause of India's orphans, I felt willing to undertake the task, trusting to the kind forbearance of the indulgent reader in cases where exactness of detail might be lacking.

The chapters in the part treating on the famine have been arranged as nearly as possible to accord with the author's itinerary as given in the notes and letters placed into my hands. Had it been my aim to pander to the lovers of the sensational I might have given shocking details by the score. Feeling, however, that the object of the author was to teach and to enlist intelligent, active, lasting sympathy for God's poor of India, I forbore to describe the most harrowing scenes. Humbly praying that the book may serve the noble purpose for which the author and publishers are placing it before an enlightened public I leave the reader to a perusal of the work.

ABRAM B. KOLB.

Elkhart, Ind., March 22, 1898.

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The Famine of 1896-7.

CHAPTER I.

I. CAUSES OF FAMINES.

(*a*) Natural.—(1) Excess of Rain, (2) Frost, (3) Drought, (4) Earthquakes, Hurricanes, Hailstorms, (5) Insects, Vermin, etc.

(*b*) Artificial.—(6) War, (7) Defective Agricultural Conditions.

Before beginning the perusal of the sad subject of which this book bears the title, it may be well to lead the reader into a brief inquiry into the causes and history of famines. Hence a few words introductory.

War, pestilence, and famine are generally regarded as the natural enemies of the human race. But in truth these are all more or less associated with the circumstances of civilization. In the highest state of civilized society there ought to be no war, and in the ideal society —the genuinely Christian—there is no war. In such society there need be no pestilence; therefore famine alone would stand as being beyond the power of human prevention. But the advancement of social life toward the ideal state, including all the facilities which the development of science has brought and is bringing about, making "the whole world one neighborhood," will establish such conditions that will prevent the terrible effects which famines have hitherto had upon different districts in the past. The means of quick communication, and rapid transit of freight, will enable the want of one

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locality or country to be quickly relieved by the abundance of another, for it is an indisputable fact that very rarely, if ever, in the history of the world, has there been less food in store in the world than was needed to feed its population. The trouble has been with the want of facilities for communication and transportation. This, then, is the main cause for the existence of famine, and this fact should spur the governments of every country, and especially those who hold colonial possessions, to use the public funds, not for the continual enlargement of the army and navy to repel imaginary or possible foes, but to establish in all their possessions such a system of communication, by railways and highways, that all parts of the world can be easily and quickly reached.

Free agricultural colleges should also be established by the government in all districts. This plan, if carried out, would, we honestly believe, result in such a wonderful internal development and strengthening of the country that the danger of interference from without and of famine from within would practically cease to exist, and the nation would indeed become "a free, an independent and a happy people."

But these conditions do not as yet exist by any means, with all the boastful claims of advanced civilization of many of the countries in the world, hence we will briefly state the natural causes of famines.

1. *Excess of rain* soaks the ground and causes the grain to decompose. In hilly countries this excess washes away or buries the grain. This is especially applicable to tropical countries. The only remedy is improved cultivation, including a thorough system of

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drainage. Excess of rains in harvest-time may likewise cause the ripened grain to sprout or decompose.

2. *Frost.* In temperate regions frost is a deadly enemy to vegetation in several forms. An early frost in autumn or a late frost in spring may do incalculable damage to growing crops, causing famine. Many famines in Great Britain, France, Germany, and other countries have been caused by frosts.

3. *Drought.* In tropical countries especially, heat, combined with moisture, causes the most luxuriant growth, but the same heat, when unattended by moisture, quickly kills this same growth, and as the people depend for their sustenance upon the continual growth of vegetation, an interruption of this growth naturally soon causes great scarcity where no special provision is made for emergency.

4. *Earthquakes, hurricanes, storms, hail.* These influences are but local and do not extend beyond the limits of their devastation. Some localities are, however, much more subject to one or another of these destructive agencies than others are. In France, for instance, hail storms have produced severe famines.

5. *Insects, vermin, etc.* Insect plagues have afflicted mankind from very early periods. In Exod. 10:14, 15 the destruction of crops in Egypt by flies and locusts is very vividly described. Portions of our own country have at times been so infested with grasshoppers, locusts, army-worms, etc., that actual suffering ensued. All the foregoing may be properly called natural causes of famine. We will now consider a few artificial causes.

6. *War.* By this agency the crops and stores of grain in whole regions are either designedly destroyed

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or ruinously devastated. Then, too, the call of able bodied men into the army causes agriculture to be retarded or neglected, there is a shortage in food, and famine follows. A state of blockade likewise causes famine in towns or districts under blockade.

7. *Defective Agricultural Conditions.*—These may arise from ignorance, indifference, unsuitability of climate or location, bad roads or want of roads, absence of canals or railways, or from willful obstruction. A combination of these causes has resulted in a famine in one part of the country with a superabundance of food in another part. The great difficulty in India in former famines has been the want of adequate means of transport. Where, from any cause whatever, the soil but barely produces enough to meet the current wants of the population, one season's failure is sure to bring famine, and millions starve, and the government is largely blamed for not doing more to provide for means of transport in a land which it pretends to govern, protect, and develop. Among other artificial causes, which however happily belong rather to the past than the present, might be mentioned legislative restrictions, of which the notorious Corn Laws of England, finally repealed during the great Irish famine in 1846, are a striking instance. These laws, enacted soon after the Norman Conquest, A. D. 1066, were intended, by prohibiting the exportation of grain, except under state license, to lower the price and bring it within the reach of those in want. Roads were bad, internal trade poor, and famine often existed in one part of England when there was plenty in another part. The plan however benefited the licensed dealer, not the people at large. It discour-

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aged agricultural improvement, and only aggravated the distress which it was intended to relieve. They were changed from time to time, but were never satisfactory, and only the indignant protest of a nation finally caused their repeal. Currency restriction, speculation, and misapplication of grain for brewing, distilling, or other purposes outside of food, have likewise caused famines of greater or less extent. From this necessarily brief statement regarding the causes of famine we will take a short glance into the history of famines, leading thereby into this last and lamentable famine in India.

II. HISTORY OF FAMINES.

The amount of suffering in this world by reason of famine is indescribable even to the millionth part. When we remember that within the knowledge of man there have been about 360 great famines, we fail utterly to comprehend the appalling enormity of the suffering which these figures imply. To speak of all these famines in detail would fill volumes, and even to mention them all would require more space than we have at our command, hence the barest mention of a few must suffice.

The Bible records the earliest famines known to history. In the time of Abraham there was a grievous famine in Canaan and surrounding country. The great seven years' famine in Egypt and Canaan in the time of Joseph in familiar to all; likewise the three and a half years' famine in Israel in the time of the prophet Elijah, and various others in the early history of the world up to the time of Christ. The dark era of the Middle Ages is replete with accounts of the most terrible famines. In Europe there were famines in the years 795, 850, 868, 873,

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874, 880, 889, 990, 1100, 1187. Some of these famines were attended with the most horrible barbarities on the part of the people. In the famine in France, 1130–32 A. D., for instance, one man butchered and ate 48 of his fellow men. Similar atrocities were committed in Bohemia, in the famine of 1280–82, A. D. In the famine of 1125 in Germany, one half of the population died of hunger. During the Middle Ages it was the custom of the city authorities to drive the poor of the cities outside of the walls in time of famine, where they were "left to die and devour one another." During a famine in Hungary in 1505 starving parents who butchered and ate their children were not punished. As late as the middle of the 17th century famines in Europe were common, and even in the 18th century terrible famines existed. In the little kingdom of Saxony, for instance, in the famine of 1772, it is said that 150,000 died of starvation. Even in 1817 and 1846 parts of Germany were in a state of famine.

In Great Britain and Ireland there were numerous famines in earlier years, but the most devastating of all was probably that of 1846–7 in Ireland, when in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, over one million people perished of starvation, and the epidemic which was occasioned by the famine. Since the middle of the 19th century, thanks to improved laws regulating supply and demand, improved system of agriculture and means of rapid transit, there have been no famines in Western Europe.

Far different, however, is the condition in Asia, where these improved conditions do not as yet exist. In India, however, the British Government has spent enor-

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mous sums within the last half century in developing the country, building railways and turnpikes, establishing mail routes, building irrigating canals, and telegraphic communication, and in rendering the streams of the country navigable. The area however is so large, and the population so dense, and part of it so densely ignorant, that much needs yet to be done to be able to avert a famine. In other countries of Asia, especially in China, former conditions still exist and frightful loss of life through famine has been the result. In the northern provinces of Shensi, Shansi and Honan, China, containing a population of 56,000,000, a famine broke out in 1877, and, owing to continued failures of crops, lasted several years. In their desperation the lower classes resorted to the most barbaric measures, butchering and selling their children for meat, and organizing bands for plunder and ravage. It is estimated that between four and six millions perished.

In Asia Minor a famine broke out in the province of Angora and Iconia in 1873, and continued for two years, causing thousands to die of hunger. One of the most terrible famines in this century raged in Persia in 1870-72. The distress and starvation was greatly increased through the hideous rapacity and stupidity of the authorities, and about 1,500,000—nearly one-fourth of the entire population—perished. John Bartsch, formerly colporter for the British and Foreign Bible Society, now of Newton, Kansas, personally informed the writer that in traveling through a portion of this region a few years later, large towns and cities were found almost entirely depopulated, and misery reigning supreme among many of the

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survivors. Other famines have visited Turkish Armenia, Persia, and China, but of which nothing definite is known to history.

Returning now to India, we learn from history that since the great famine of 1769–70 over twenty great famines, and over fifteen lesser ones, have afflicted that country. There is no doubt, however, that the greatest of all these occurred in 1866, when between seven and eight million people of India fell victims to the famine! These figures are truly appalling. So far as India was concerned this proved to be a turning point in the ravages of famine, for from that time forward the government took vigorous steps to better meet such calamities in the future, as has already been intimated. Famines have existed there since, and will continue until the whole country —somewhat less in extent than the United States—is covered with a net-work of railways, making all regions easily accessible with food. In 1873–74 Bengal was threatened with a famine. The government had organized an excellent system of food distribution, and was thus able, by means of the railways and dawk routes, to feed the 15,000,000 needy people and greatly lessen the loss of life. In the southern part of India a famine broke out soon after, and in 1876 there was one in the Deccan, including the Bombay and Madras presidencies, and containing a population of 23,000,000; they had only one-sixteenth of an average harvest, but the facilities for transportation were more favorable than at any other place, and the local government, aided by liberal contributions from without, were able to cope fairly well with the famine. Nevertheless, at the end of the famine in 1878, it is estimated that

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about 6,300,000 had succumbed to the ravages of the famine and the attendant disorders, although about $50,000,000 had been spent for the support of the people.

Since then there have been famines in India, but none of so general a character as those of 1874 and 1877, until the great famine of 1896–7, of which the following chapters will treat. In conclusion it may be stated that the aggregate number of people who have perished by famine would make a population exceeding the present population of the United States.

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CHAPTER II.—THE GREAT FAMINE OF 1896–97.

Millions of people in India are born and die in want. According to statistics from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the population are poor, and a large part of that per cent. are *very* poor. The social condition is such that these people do not look for better things.

The land, in theory at least, belongs to the government. In the different districts or provinces the methods of leasing the land to the agricultural classes vary to some extent, but in the main it is about as follows: The chiefs or head men of villages called *zamindars* in Bengal, and *talukdars* in Oudah, are the landlords, from whom the government exacts a tax or rental averaging about two shillings per acre, or about six per cent. of the produce of the land. These *zamindars*, in some provinces, have a life-tenure, but in any case when they do not pay their taxes, their tenure is liable to be sold to the highest bidder. The actual farmers are mostly the poor people and wage-earners. To this class the *zamindars* lease the land in small parcels and charge a certain rental, payable in cash or produce. In case of famine these poor people are the first to suffer.

Right here another class of persons must be taken into consideration. They are the *bunniahs* or money lenders and grain speculators. In case of need these *bunniahs*, who in many cases are also the *zamindars*, lend money to the poor people, who in turn mortgage the next season's

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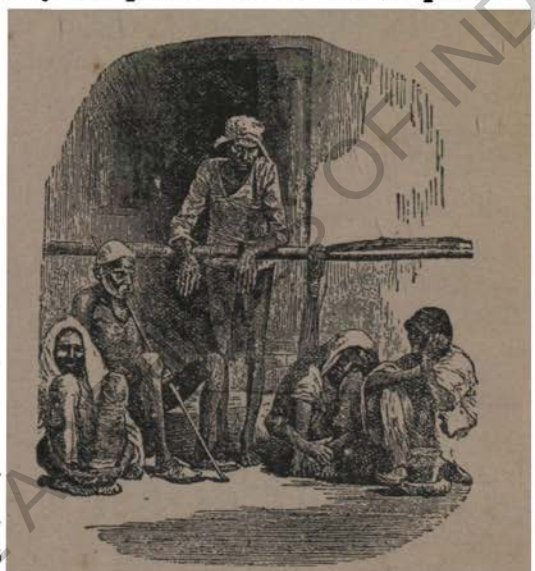
crops or their possessions for the loan. As the want grows greater and greater the poor people will give up their clothing, doors, everything for a few annas or pice with which to obtain grain from these selfsame *bunniahs*, who will sell the grain by the pound and at famine prices. This is a sore evil and the government is trying to adopt measures for the prevention of this ruthless robbery of the people, for it is easy to be seen that a *zamindar* or *bunniah* can readily make his tenants his life-long debtors. He can become rich, but his poor tenants never. With the tenant it is practically a hand-to-mouth existence, which, in a short season of scarcity, becomes actual want and an ever-increasing and more hopelessly inextricable obligation to his landlord. What makes the matter more hopeless is, that the debt of the father devolves upon the son from generation to generation. Thus the working classes are practically the slaves of the *bunniah*.



NINETY TO NINETY-FIVE PER CENT. ARE POOR PEOPLE.

Another matter which must be mentioned is the accumulation, by the government nominally, but really by

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the *bunniahs*, of stores of grain in large, cement grain pits for use in times of scarcity. If a spark of the law of philanthropy and benevolence would govern the men who have charge of these stores, there would be no need of sending grain and money from other lands to relieve the famine-stricken, but these stores afford an excellent opportunity for speculation. For instance, during the recent famine one of these wheat pits was opened, not to feed or sell to the starving people in that immediate vicinity, but to transport it to another place where the price of grain was still higher!

GRAIN MARKET. FOOD SOLD AT FAMINE PRICES.

The total area of India, including tributary states, is about 1,600,000 square miles, with a population of over 300,000,000. The country is in the shape of a rude triangle, the base being on the north and formed by the ma-

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jestic Himalayan mountain range—the highest in the world—and the apex extending southward to the Indian Ocean, having the Arabian Sea to the west and the Bay of Bengal on the east. Its greatest width, from east to west, is about 1,900 miles; from north to south it extends from the 8th to the 35th degree of north latitude or nearly 2,000 miles, that is to say, from the hottest regions of the tropics far into the temperate zone. To this vast area of British territory belongs a strip of land along the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, called British Burmah. Within all this vast territory are found about twenty-five cities of over 100,000 inhabitants each, while the largest, Bombay and Calcutta (the latter the capital) each contain about a million inhabitants; aside from other wonderful structures, Bombay contains the largest railway station in the world. The total number of towns and villages in British India is slightly under half a million, and the average number of persons per house is between five and six. The average population to the square mile ranges from about 984 in Mashrak District down to about 34 in British Burmah. In the great valley of the Ganges it averages about 500 per square mile. Over 90 per cent of the people are dependent upon agriculture for a living.

The country is divided into twelve provinces and about 150 feudatory states and provinces, all of which acknowledge the British sovereign as chief ruler.

The large majority of the inhabitants of India are adherents of Hinduism and Mohammedanism. The Hindus are divided into several castes, such as Brahmans, Rajputs, out-castes and a number of aboriginal tribes. These castes do not intermingle, the line being drawn very

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sharply. The Mohammedans are divided into Mughals, Afghans or Pathans, Sayyids and Shaikhs. Of foreigners there are the Parsis or Parsees, Nepalis, Manipuris, Arabs, Persians, Armenians, Chinese, Malays, Jews, Eurasians and Europeans. Many of these classes or castes are again subdivided, but space forbids a further classification, nor is it necessary here, since this suffices to show the great barrier to national philanthropy and Christian work. Only the leveling influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ can ever fully destroy these many barriers to national unity and national happiness.

With this short description of the country we will proceed to the causes which brought about and aggravated the great famine of 1896–97.

The principal crops of Central India, where the recent famine held carnival, are millet, which is a staple food, rice, wheat, Indian corn, and various oil seeds. In the vegetable line there are the egg plant, potatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, radishes, onions, turnips, yams, and a great variety of other plants. Of fruits there are the mango, plaintain, pine-apple, pomegranate, guava, tamarind, custard apple, pawpaw, shaddock, figs, melons, oranges, limes, and citrons.

Cotton, jute, and opium are also grown in large quantities in Central India. Spices also are grown extensively, indeed, India has been called the home of the spices.

All of these products, except perhaps the mango and a few others, depend upon the monsoonal rainfalls. As has already been stated, the government has spent large sums for the development of the country, and for the irri-

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gation of the soil. Why, then, should famine still prevail? The answer, previously hinted at, will here be given more fully.

The area of India is equal to half of the United States, but much of this is uncultivated, being forest and jungle. India is naturally one of the most fertile countries on the globe, chiefly owing to the beneficence of its climate. Many large rivers come from the melted snows of the mountains from which water percolates through the sandy soil to over twelve millions of miles. The government has utilized the water from these streams by large canals. The Ganges Canal, leaving the River Ganges at Hurdwar, which, including its branches, is 900 miles long, irrigates 12,000,000 acres, and cos. $15,000,000. The Agra Canal, which leaves the Jumna river at Delhi, irrigates 225,000 acres and cost $4,000,000. The Bazi Doab, in the Punjab, from the River Ravi, 465 miles long, irrigates 250,000 acres, cost $7,500,000. The Soane Canal in Bengal irrigates 300,000 acres. The Caveri, 820,000 acres, cost $580,000. The Kistna, 235,000 acres, cost $2,315,000. The Godaveri, 530,000 acres, cost $3,680,000. The Ozissa, 98,000 acres, cost $2,650,000, besides many others costing altogether an enormous sum. In the Punjab, of 20,000,000 cultivated acres, 5,614,000 are irrigated. In the North-west Provinces and Owd, of the 36,000,000 acres of cultivated land 11,455,000 are irrigated. In South India reservoirs are numerous. In Mysore the number is estimated at 38,000, and in the Madras Presidency twice that number, some of them large enough to be called lakes, and in Mysore one is forty miles in circumference. There is probably not a country in the world where so much

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has been done to assist nature or to use nature as in India. But what does all that man can do amount to when Heaven does not favor him? Though he build the grandest reservoirs and canals, of what use are they if rain does not come to fill them?

With all this artificial water system there is an immense area depending on rainfall; and when that fails nothing can save millions from starvation and death. The monsoon, or south-west wind rain, commences ordinarily in June and continues till September, depositing from forty to eighty inches of water in that time, while during all the rest of the year there are scarcely two inches of rainfall. Thus the annual rainy season is everything to India. The rain that does not fall as it passes over the plains descends upon the Himalaya range to the north and east, and remains there in the form of immense quantities of snow and ice which melt under the hot sun of the coming spring, filling the river-beds, canals, tanks, and wells. Then all nature, animals and men, rejoice on account of the abundance of sweet water. If the monsoon does not come there is no water upon the earth, no snow or ice to melt upon the mountains, no water in the river-beds or anywhere. This is *the cause of famine.* The earth becomes like a vast sandstone, the heat is intense, and all living things are nigh to death, or dead. An awful catastrophe! It is a prolonged clinging to life through weeks and months of agony; a worse distress than that caused by the plague or cholera, for these do their work quickly and quiet all pain and anxiety.

Yet destitution in a hot country like India is nothing to what it would be in a cold place like Chicago. Here a

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man needs shelter, fuel, solid food, and warm clothing. There he can do without clothing, shelter, or fuel, and needs only the mildest food. There he can lie down under a tree with a banana leaf for a quilt and sleep. When awakened by the fall of a cocoanut he rises, cracks it against a tree, drinks the milk and eats the fruit, then lies down to dream, not of home and heaven, but of a Firdaoos of perpetual fruit and flowers. "If only there is a cocoanut to fall!" The great desire in all the world is to be where the cocoanut falls. In addition to what has been done to supply water, the government has built many thousands of miles of the best turnpiked macadamized roads in the country—one extending from Calcutta to Peshawur is nearly two thousand miles long. There are also many excellent earth roads. About twenty thousand miles of excellent railroad traverse India from south to north and from west to east. All these roads are of incalculable value for the transportation of food in times of scarcity.

There are two monsoons or trade winds in the year, the south-western from April to October, and the north-eastern, from October to April. The latter is called the *dry monsoon*, the former the *wet* monsoon or more popularly the *monsoon*. The bursting of the monsoon commences the rainy season in India, the south-western bringing that of Bombay and Central India, (the rain as already stated falls between May and October) and the north-eastern that of Madras and other parts of the east coast. Formerly navigators planned their voyags entirely in accordance with the monsoons, but now the steamers ply regularly both ways, although the time table of the steamers

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between Aden and Bombay varies one day as going with or against the monsoon. Were it not for these monsoons, India would be a desert like the Sahara, or the Arabian desert.

Owing to the physical features of the country the annual amount of rainfall varies very greatly in different provinces, from over 100 inches in some districts along the coast to less than seven inches in the arid districts beyond the mountains. Sometimes the monsoon is very abundant and spoils the crops or causes the grain to rot in the ground; usually then the latter rains are very slight, and the consequence is a shortage of crops.

NATIVE PLOWING.

In this section two crops are usually harvested each year, the oilseeds and various green crops are harvested in the spring, the early rice in September (there are dozens of varieties of rice), and the great rice crop and

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other grains in November and December. The agriculturist is thus kept busy all the year, except possibly during the hot weeks in May when he is anxiously waiting for the monsoon. If these fail him, then want stares him in the face; if this order of things continues into the second year it means famine, and if the third season is likewise a failure, then there is starvation, unless food can be provided from other sources.

This, then, was the order of things which brought about the great famine of 1896–97. The crops of 1894–95 in some of the Central Provinces were far below the average yield, but the people quietly struggled on in the mute but earnest hope that the crop of 1896 would be good. The early rains, also, were too heavy in many localities, and failed utterly in others, the latter rains failed, and the country was suddenly plunged into the rigors of a great famine. The poor people had been for two years in want, and had become inured to the hardships of hunger and privation. The officials at Bombay, Calcutta and other chief cities could not legally recognize a condition of famine so long as the revenue continued to come in from the rural districts, and no effort was made by the government at first to prevent the inevitable result —great mortality for want of food. Of all the white or native population in India, no class realized the true condition of things as did the faithful missionaries. They had seen the gradual growth of want, and the slow but surely increasing poverty and emaciation of the poorer classes. They apprised the government of the true state of affairs, but the government, many of the officials of which look down upon the humble missionaries

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as a kind of harmless enthusiasts and sentimentalists, moved not a finger to help or to even thoroughly investigate. Finally the missionaries, in their extremity, appealed to the philanthropy of Christians abroad, especially in America and England, and it was not until foreign countries began to act that the government of India began to awake to the terrible condition of things in India.

Right here let it be known that there is no nation on earth that is more thorough in all its doings than is the British Government, but the thoroughness is accompanied with so much circumstance, vulgarly called "*red tape*," that while a thing is thoroughly and accurately done when it is done, it is not accomplished with that despatch which is so characteristic of the American. The consequence of all this was that the famine gained a long lead over the measures for relief adopted by the Indian Government, and that lead was held until the natural cause of the famine—drouth—was removed. Even after the government relief works—which another chapter will describe more fully—were established, the enormous amount of correspondence, putting on detailed record all that was done, required such a large force of men to carry on the relief work that the number of Relief Works were limited by the limited number of men available to conduct this system of relief. Thousands, yea, millions of lives might have been saved, had there been a timely recognition of the famine and prompt and practical measures adopted for relief. For this negligence who will have to give account? The enormity of this negligence is described in mute but horrible eloquence by the

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bleaching human bones that strew the jungles and plains of Central India, and the thousands of graves which will be filled as a result of this famine, for it is well known that those who were nursed back to life from a state of extremest emaciation will never recover from the effects on the system, and any illness that would ordinarily be but slight, is likely to prove fatal to them.

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CHAPTER III.

ORGANIZATION OF THE "HOME AND FOREIGN RELIEF COMMISSION"—CONTRIBUTIONS—SENT TO INDIA TO DESTRIBUTE RELIEF.

The earnest appeals of the India missionaries, early in the spring of 1897, in behalf of a starving nation, were not made in vain. Hearts were melted into the warmest sympathy, as day by day the papers contained the most heart-rending accounts of suffering and starvation in India. Thousands were dying daily and fifty million people were threatened with starvation.

In view of these sad facts the thought presented itself: Should we, in this land of well-filled graneries and rich plenty on every hand, and more in prospect, withhold our means from these poor people, in the face of our Lord's earnest command, "Give ye them to eat"? Suddenly great confidence in our American people awoke within me, that all that was needed was to let the people know the true condition of India, and help would come. I expressed my feelings to a few friends and received their heartiest approval. A meeting was called, and at once the organization of the "Home and Foreign Relief Commission" was effected, the object of which was to gather funds for India's suffering millions.

The work thus quietly but earnestly and prayerfully begun proved a blessing from its very inception. A circular, calling attention to India's need, was issued and at once responses were received. The dear Lord led the

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author to visit a number of congregations and bishops in the Western States, and he was everywhere most warmly received. The personal appeals met with prompt and liberal responses, and as arrangements had been made to send a large cargo of grain free from the Pacific Coast to India, grain and money soon began to move forward. Contributions in money ran as high as $1,200 per day, all within two weeks of the organization of the Relief Commission.

The question now arose: To whom shall the grain and money be sent? Owing to the existence of so many castes in India, the government would be obliged to employ many natives of the various castes to distribute means among those of their own caste, and as many well substantiated accounts were received of the rapacity, dishonesty, and inhumanity of a large part of these native relief agents, who appropriated a large portion of the money and grain given them for distribution for their own use, it was thought best not to send it to the government. Even some missionaries were accused of using relief means for building their own schools, etc., instead of feeding the poor with an impartial hand. Other missionaries who were not actually in the famine district likewise received funds from America for the relief of the famine stricken, and the result was that much money was sent where it was not most needed.

At a meeting of the Relief Commission at Elkhart, upon the urgent request of many of the most liberal contributors to the Relief Fund it was decided that some one be sent at once to India to personally superintend the distribution of the means contributed through the Home

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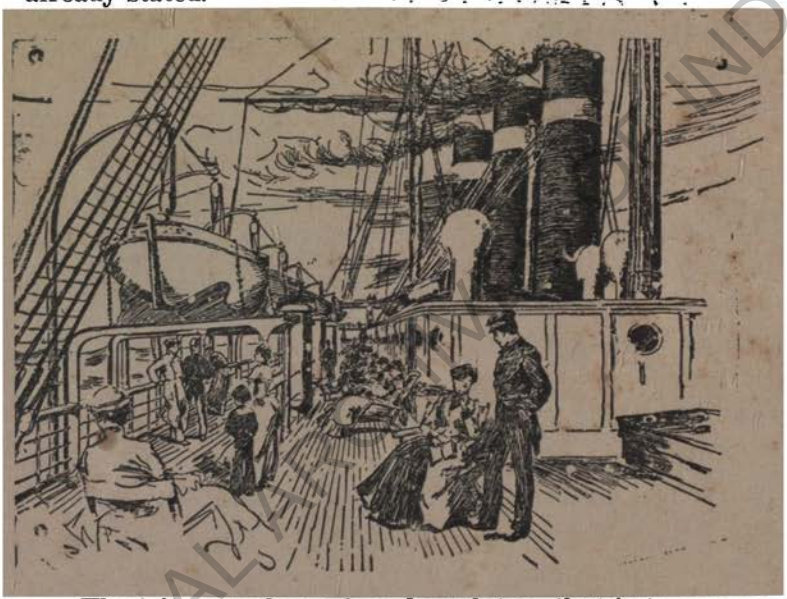
and Foreign Relief Commission. At the same meeting it was decided that as the author had visited India but a few years before and was more or less acquainted with the conditions there, he be sent to India for the purpose already stated.



Thus it was that a few days later, that is to say, on the 3d of April 1897, I bade farewell to home and loved ones, and accompanied by their earnest prayers and best wishes for the faithful and successful discharge of the great responsibility imposed upon me, I took the Lake Shore train at Elkhart for New York, carrying with me a draft for over $5,000 for immediate use on my arrival, it being understood that more funds would follow as they were received. After a short stop with relatives in the Eastern States, I reached New York, and, securing passage on the "S. S. Lucania" of the Cunard Line, I

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sailed on the 10th of April for London, Eng., arriving there on the seventh day out. The fast mail steamer for Bombay had sailed three days before my arrival, but it had to go by way of Gibraltar and required nine days to reach Brindisi, Italy. I found that by going overland I could overtake the steamer at Brindisi, so I crossed the English Channel at Dover, and passed through France, Switzerland, and Italy. The scenery resembles much of that in our Eastern States, but the continental railway accommodations are greatly inferior to those of our own country. Not being able to speak the languages of the countries through which I passed, I needed to exercise much patience and perseverance. I found Europeans very apt at discovering an American, but they are very respectful and ready to render assistance.

Arriving at Brindisi I found the fine large steamer "Caledonia" of the Peninsula and Oriental Navigation Company's Line, and one of the fastest vessels afloat, awaiting the arrival of our train from London, and, a short time after comfortable quarters had been secured, the great engines began to move and at 5 P. M. our ship set sail for the long journey to the land of famine and plague. The evening was pleasant, the great, beautiful blue Mediterranean was in repose, and soon we were wrapped in peaceful slumber.

The voyage occupied about thirteen days. The water was calm and the voyage pleasant except for the heat which at times was extremely great, especially on the Red Sea, which is considered the warmest body of salt water on the earth. Many of the passengers slept all night on the upper deck. The steamer was supplied with every

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accommodation for the comfort of the passengers. We arrived at Bombay on the morning of the 7th of May. From the ship we could see the "plague sheds" along the shore, where the plague-stricken people of the city were brought for treatment.

The weather in Bombay was very warm, and for several nights after my arrival I had to sit up in bed to fan

VIEW OF BOMBAY HARBOR.

myself in order to keep cool. Reports from different quarters brought the encouraging news that the worst of the plague was about over, but that famine and starvation were running riot in the Central Provinces.

In some parts of Bombay, that is to say, in the European quarters, one would not think that plague and famine were devastating the country. This may be one reason

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Female Patient arriving at Hindu Plague Hospital on a rough improvised Stretcher of Bamboos.
Nurse and other Officials in Attendance.

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why the officials, shut up in their own environments, and seeing no particular want and suffering *there*, were so slow to recognize the true state of affairs outside the pale of their surroundings. But in going through the native quarters in a carriage, the poor came running after us crying for something to eat. Poverty and want were everywhere manifest.

TWO FAMINE CHILDREN.

My mission to India had become known on board ship—in the daily association of the passengers everybody learns everybody else's business—and the liberality of the American people was very highly appreciated. An Englishman said to me, "Surely you Americans are good, and you are sent as an angel of mercy to India." It took me but a short time even in Bombay to see the weight of my mission to India, and I prayed God for direction and that the hearts of the people in the home-land might be moved to

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give liberally for the relief of this indescribably sore distress.

A few days after my arrival I was "buttonholed" by the editor of "The Advocate of India," one of the leading dailies of Bombay. The editor is a Parsee, and a gentleman of high attainments. As the conversation was entirely on the subject in hand I will, for the sake of explaining some necessary points briefly, give the interview as printed in the "Advocate" the following Monday evening, May 10:

GRAIN AND MONEY.

"That the threatened scarcity in India has become famine is patent to all, and already three and a half millions of people are on relief works. That this does not represent the actual number that have felt the pinch of famine goes without saying, for it is a well-known fact that relief work is not accepted until the wolf has been at the door for a long while, and then only when death has removed some member of the family.

The area most affected is the Central India Agency, and here the pangs of hunger have overtaken an ever-increasing number, as many as 50,000 being added to those on relief during the past week; but details of the famine are pretty widely known, so there is no need to go into statistics in this article.

The subjects of the Emperor of All the Russias have shown their sympathy for India's starvelings and our cousins-germane, the Americans, have come forward in the good cause with a liberal hand. In this connection Mr. Lambert, from the United States of America, is in our midst, and an "Advocate" representative buttonholed him on Saturday evening.

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"Glad to see you," said Mr. Lambert, "sit down," and in reply to a query as to whether he would allow our representative to dissect him, he added, "Why, yes. Ask me as many questions as you like."

In reply to the interrogatories poured upon him, Mr. Lambert explained:—

"I am a representative of the 'Home and Foreign Relief Commission' of America. The Commission really represents the Central States—Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Nebraska, and Kansas.

No, our American people have no political interest in India; the movement is a purely philanthropic one."

"What moved you to come here?"

"I was in India two years ago, and was much struck with the natives, and, knowing the conditions of life here, I knew what famine meant to them. So, when the reports in the papers showed how badly it was going with them, I stood up and addressed a meeting. My suggestions were at once adopted and I was deputed to visit the ministers of the States in our center. The result was that money and provisions were freely subscribed.

"One of the conditions on which the people gave was that some one should go out and see that the right people got the help they needed. America has subscribed to the General Famine Fund, but the object of my mission is to reach those places which the government organization is not likely to embrace. There are, as you must know, many small villages where the suffering is great, but where it is practically impossible for official relief to reach."

"Yes, you are right," said the interviewed in reply to a question, "I precede a cargo of grain contributed in the

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Western States, and have by me funds to buy grain in India where I see fit to do so."

"You are right. I shall have control of only part of the cargo, and after going on a tour in the distressed provinces I will be in a position to say where I will give relief. If I find distress en route I will pay for grain as I go along.

"The people in America said to me: 'You just go right away and see what the real state of affairs is, and we will send the grain after you,' and here I am."

"Then, may I take it that it is not your intention to hand over the cargo to the Indian Relief Committees?"

"I am not in a position to say just now; that must depend on circumstances and the result of my enquiries. I have been talking to several people and have also been visited by Mr. Pratt and his brother, both of your Civil Service, and on Monday I am going to see the Secretary of the Relief Committee. The Messrs. Pratt are stationed at Sholapur and Bijapur and have kindly offered to help me."

"I didn't know exactly how your government would look upon the movement, so when I was in London I took the opportunity of calling upon Mr. Chamberlain, but unfortunately found him out. His secretary, however, had a talk with me and he suggested that I should co-operate with the Relief Committee is respect to the distribution."

"Then practically you have not decided whether you will hand over the money and supplies to the Relief Committees here or not?"

"No; I am in correspondence and will decide later, but I was sent out in order to see that the charity reached

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the most needy. I am of the opinion that more personal wants will be relieved by working in the remoter parts through missionaries and others; but I have not decided."

"By the way, Mr. Lambert," asked our representative, "who are the chief donors to this fund?"

"Well, mostly German-Americans of the better class, who have been stirred to pity by the accounts of the famine in the American papers."

"No; the accounts are not exaggerated. I can honestly say that from what I have seen and have been able to glean."

"The sources of famine news in the American papers —what are they?"

"Well, some societies get very reliable information from friends on the spot. No, I have no American papers in which accounts of the Indian famine appear, but here are some leaflets that may assist you to form an idea," said Mr. Lambert, reaching them off a table.

One of these, we noticed, is headed by a picture of a group of famine-stricken people in the most dreadful state of emaciation, the letter press containing a report on the famine from the pen of Bishop Thoburn, of Calcutta. The others also contain sensational pictures of India's starvelings.

They also contain abundant evidence of American generosity, for we read that the "Railroad companies have agreed to carry corn free . . . and our government have arranged to give a ship free. So the corn donated will be carried to Bombay free of charge."

"The money you have brought and the cargo that is coming, do they represent the sum total of America's bounty to India?" asked the interviewer.

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"No; if I write back and say we want more and send accounts of the sufferings that I may see, still more money will come from time to time."

"And these moneys, where will they come from?"

"Mostly through the churches," replied Mr. Lambert, and our representative made some complimentary remark about Americans being essentially a religious people.

"When do you start for the interior, Mr. Lambert," asked our representative as he rose to take his leave.

"On Tuesday night, and this is the route I intend following," said the gentleman, showing a map on which was dotted a route which ran through the Central Provinces.

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CHAPTER IV.

CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE MY ARRIVAL—FIRST TOUR OF INSPECTION—RELIEF WORK—THE HORRORS OF THE FAMINE AND PLAGUE-STRICKEN DISTRICTS.

Before beginning the account of my first visit to the famine district, as intimated in the previous chapter, it will be well right here to give the reader a more adequate idea of the true condition of things, by showing how long the famine had already raged in some localities. Perhaps no pen described this more vividly and truthfully than did that of missionary Rockwell Clancy, early in the year 1897. His letter is as follows:

"In June 1896 I sent a circular letter to a number of American papers asking for help for the famine sufferers. At that time we sincerely hoped that we should have abundant rain; and that before the close of the year the terrible famine would be at an end. The monsoon began most favorably, but in August the rain ceased, and since that time we have had only occasional showers over the whole of the Central Provinces and North India. It is usual for the rain to continue till the end of September. The result is that the relief which was hoped for from the rainy-season crops has failed; and the condition of the country is very much worse than it was six months ago. The prospect is that a famine similar to that which devastated a large part of the country in 1877 is upon us and that for months to come it will do its awful work of

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death among thousands of people living in hundreds of villages. The price of grain has already gone up 50 per cent. during the past month, and is steadily rising.

A few days ago a crowd of hungry people broke into the shops of the grain merchants in Agra, and in their struggle to get food some were killed and a great many wounded. In Cawnpore famine riots have also occurred. The people, maddened by hunger, banded together, and made a raid on the grain exposed for sale in the market places.

The horrors of famine are indescribable. I had seen a good deal of poverty before coming to India, but had never seen men, women and children die of hunger. A few days ago I made a tour through several villages in my district. In one place I found 137 little children, most of them under twelve years of age, and many of them not more than four or five years, whose parents had died or deserted them. These children were found in the streets and bazaars, picking up grain which had fallen on the ground, and eating it raw. Temporary provision is being made by the government for the daily food of these children. I could have brought away one hundred of them if I had had the money to support them.

In another village, I found one hundred little children, most of them naked, and many so weak that they staggered as they walked. They were picking up one grain at a time in the market place. Most of them said that there parents were dead, or had deserted them. We had them called to the rest house where we were staying, and fed them parched grain, which they ate with great voracity. My heart yearns for these homeless children,

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many of whom must die soon of starvation. With the children came a number of men and women who were living skeletons. One man—a Brahmin—had a poor little baby in his arms, whose mother had died. He begged me to take the child. I saw a mother with four children. When she tried to walk she almost fell from weakness. I noticed that she gave most of the parched grain to her hungry children. It was awful to look into the faces of these starving people, and to know that every day their sufferings must increase until death ends their misery. We visited another village, and a large number of hungry little children gathered around us. We could only give them a little parched grain, and as they sat and ate, I noticed a little girl seven years of age, and with her was a boy of about five years. She acted like a little mother towards her brother, giving him the best of the food. She told me that her home was in a distant village, and that her mother, no longer able to give her children food, had sent them away from home to find their own living. For three months they picked up grain in the bazaar, and at night had slept under a railway bridge through which carts pass. On either side of the cart track, crowds of little children sleep every night.

For months past in that village our native preacher has been giving a handful of parched grain to each child, and in this way many have been kept alive. I asked the little girl whether she and her brother would go with me to Allahabad, and she very gladly consented. At once the other children began to beg to be taken, saying that they were starving. I could have brought away nearly the whole company; but as I was, I could only bring the little

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girl, her brother and another little boy. These children are now very happy in our home for the homeless. There was another little boy whom I wished very much to bring. He was a mere skeleton, and looked as if he could not live many days. I asked him where his father was, and he told me he was sick and dying. We went to see him and found him lying on a bank, dying of hunger. He had become too weak to walk about in search of food. We asked him to give up the boy, and he said he would on condition that we would take him too, which was impossible. When I told the boy, he cried bitterly. But before leaving the place, we arranged to send the father to a hospital twenty miles away, and the little boy is now with the native preacher, who is caring for him.

As our train stopped at station after station, it was awful to hear the hungry people crying in the darkness for food. In my own quiet study that cry still rings in my ears.

In one place it is estimated that 12,000 people die every month from the effects of the famine. It is utterly impossible for the government to provide relief for all the people when the famine is so wide-spread. Every day as I drive along the road I see poor people sweeping up the dust from the dried-up grass on the road-side, and in the fields. They winnow what they gather for the sake of the few grass seeds that they may find. Everything that can sustain life is being eaten. The seeds of weeds, roots of grass, bark of trees and the stones of the mango fruit the kernels of which are crushed, are eagerly eaten. This bad food soon produces disease, and hastens the death of the sufferers. Every day hungry people come to us begging for food. Last Sunday we fed 150 people. The people

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from the villages are crowding into the cities. Nearly all who have anything to give are helping the sufferers.

We have opened a home for the homeless in our mission compound, and at present have more than fifty people, of whom nine are widows and the rest children. We have no means of support for these poor people excepting what God sends us. Thus far we have admitted every homeless child that has come, and in marvelous ways God is sending us money for their food. In response to my last circular letter, a number of donations have come from America. I am sending out this appeal hoping for prompt help. The cold weather is coming, and we must have blankets and clothing, as well as food for these people. Twenty dollars, or £5 a year, will support a woman, and $15, or nearly £4, a boy or girl. Our prayer is that many who read this letter may send us help. Money may be sent by post office money order, or by draft on London, which can be had at almost any bank. Please have all drafts and orders made payable to me. Remember that these dying hungry ones are as dear to the Savior as your own little children; and for Christ's sake, send us help."

Another missionary working in one of the worst sections of the famine district wrote about the same time:

"I have often thought my own life was gradually going out with the care and anxiety over these sick and dying and homeless children. They came with bones thrust through their skin, with eyes turned inside out; with dysentery, cholera, and with everything. Children five and six years old were brought in baskets because they could not walk. Men, women, and children came with mouths and cheeks swollen till they looked like

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horrible monsters, and with blood streaming from their mouths to the ground. Beggars looted the bazaar and ravenously ate the raw flour as they ran. Beggars go into a house and will not go out, while their condition is so terrible that one slight blow would kill them. A sheep sells for 12 annas, (about 22 cents), and a cow for five or six rupees (about $1.50 or $1.80), most of which is given for her hide. When we refused to take the children they were hidden on our verandah. I have seen dead children tied hand and foot to a pole, as they carry dead animals, and carried off to be buried by the sweepers. I have refused to take children in good health from their parents and have seen them slowly die from starvation. Do you wonder I long to send away every child that I can get hold of?"

The orphanages at the Friends' Mission at Hoshangabad are both full to their utmost capacity. At the end of last year there were 58 boys and 60 girls, there are now 84 girls and 83 boys. All established orphanages in the Central Provinces and other famine districts are equally full to overflowing.

Miss Pilditch, of the Bethel Santhal Mission, says: "I desire to write a few lines in behalf of the poor Santhals. In this part of the country the Indian corn crop has been almost a failure. As a rule when the crops are good the corn is sold three heads for one pice, now it is one head for two pice, and rice which should be sixteen seers for the rupee is now ten seers only. No doubt the sellers are taking advantage of the cry of famine, but the top fields of rice are dead and dying all around this part. Beside the want of rain there is a sort of blight on the

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grain which has destroyed large numbers of fields of early rice. The lower land continues good and I believe will bring forth good crops, as there is still much water lying about it, so why the *mahajans* are already charging high prices, I do not know. They asked me eight annas for two seers of flour a few days ago.

The Santhal woman's wages are five pice per day, and men get two annas, with which they do well when crops are good, but now, poor things, how are they to get food when their corn and rice are so very dear? During the last fort-night Mr. Haegart has employed about two hundred heathen to make a tank, which has helped the poor Santhals a little, but they will need regular assistance for months to come.

Yesterday some dear Christians told me that their crops, being only on high land, are dead, and that they only will have straw which their cattle will eat. I tried to comfort them with God's promises to His own in times of famine. May God incline many hearts to remember the dear Santhals, and may all this trouble be the means of thousands turning to Jesus in every part of India."

These harrowing statements were by no means exaggerated, as I soon found out when, on the beginning of the week following my arrival in India I made my first trip to the famine district. To give an adequate description of what I saw is utterly impossible. My language falls far short, and the space at my disposal is entirely too small to say even all that I could say. I did not need to go very far before I saw the reason why God had sent me here with means, and if I had had a hundred times more there would still have been hungry mouths unfilled.

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The government agents were after me to capture this donation to be distributed through their hands, but to this I would not consent. A committee had been appointed to distribute such contributions, and I was told it consisted of Parsees, Mohammedans, and Hindus. Our donation was a *Christian* contribution, and the Christian people of this country rejoiced at the course we took. The general traffic manager of the great India Peninsular Ry. Co. sent me word that he would assist me, that all freight and the use of the telegraph wires were to be given me without cost.

I found the country very dry and the winds very hot. The thermometer registered from 85 to 110 degrees in the shade. Cattle, and in fact all animals were very thin and gaunt, and the sights which I witnessed along the way were pitiful indeed. Men, women, and children cried for aid. The children were naked, and many were but walking skeletons. Missionaries took in many, and the government had started work to give the people employment.

I visited a number of places, and the people almost trampled a person down. The first place I visited was Akola, Berar Province, where missionaries fed the poor that came from the country. I wish our American people could have seen these poor folks coming eight to ten miles for a teacup of corn and thus escape starvation. Many children had been gathered that were almost gone, many sick, many with sore heads, others with mouths and tongues so sore that they could not eat, and with leprosy, small pox, cholera, and the like other pests. O, what a sight in this land of heat and starvation! Here was where the Home and Foreign Relief Commission rep-

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FAMINE-STRICKEN CHILDREN, JUBBULPORE.

FIRST VISIT TO AKOLA, BERAR. DISTRIBUTION OF GRAIN.

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resentative first opened his hand to bring relief to these poor people. The appreciation they showed cannot be described. After the many thanks were expressed and I had left, the poor natives inquired who that man was. I was told they prayed for me and sent me word to come back that I should talk with them.

That the work of gathering in and caring for these children was often opposed, the following, of many similar incidents, will show.

A heathen woman found a little orphan girl who was in great want. She took her to Miss Harding, who gave her shelter. This was too much for the Hindus of Mankar, a girl might starve—who cares? But to be taken in and fed by an English lady, that was too bad, why she might become a Christian! So they gathered themselves together, and more than a hundred of them summoned up the courage to attack two English women. The girl was taken away, and having accomplished their object, she was cast adrift, and may now be seen in the bazaar with the pariah dogs, living on what she can find, no man caring for her body or soul. As the matter was reported to the authorities the police brought an action for trespass against the rioters, and promptly seized two or three of no importance. The ringleaders, who are well-to-do men in the village, cannot be found by the police, yet, strange to say, other people constantly see them.

From Akola I went to Shegaon, Berar, where the poor assembled. I found a dear missionary who said, "My wife and I do all we can, but what shall we do? This morning 800 were here; we just give as we have it,

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and trust the Lord. We were just praying the Lord to remember them, and He answered just in time." I stopped here and a great number were fed. They get them to assemble in one place, and then pass them out through a narrow passage where each receives a small cup of grain.

The photographs reproduced on these pages of the destitute and starving in the Central Provinces and elsewhere, are simply heart-rending to contemplate. A hundred lectures could not portray the hideous character of the work which the famine has done in this "land of plenty and abundance" with the effect with which one of these photographs can. There is such misery, such suffering and such eloquence, in everything about the 'subjects' of these pictures that the hardest heart cannot look upon the representations without being warmed into pity. We cannot for a moment doubt that the talent, energy and enthusiasm that were being pressed into service for the benefit of the famine-stricken were of the best sort. But though delivering lectures and writing in papers may bear the desired fruit as far as the *elite* of the community is concerned, we contend that lectures and articles, however moving they may be, cannot appeal with equal success to uneducated minds; these can be best stirred up by being presented with actual representations of the starving and the dying.

No one can describe the feelings that are awakened in such a place of need. I do not think our dear brethren in America have ever done a nobler work. They have made themselves known and felt.

From here I went to Chandon, Berar, and then to Khamgaon where the same interest in the work was shown.

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Khamgaon, Berar. W. Johnson feeding 800 starving people, per day, with grain supplied by Home and Foreign Relief Commission through Geo. Lambert.

DISTRIBUTION OF GRAIN AT SHEGAON, BERAR.

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The next station where I stopped was Sohagpur and from there to Jubbulpore, and oh! the sights and conditions of things would, if described, fill a large volume. I was now in the heart of the famine district. I was treated with the greatest of respect by the missionaries and natives. I sent home some pictures of which half-

At Sohagpur. Famine group receiving grain. Photo sent by Rev. Butler.

tones now appear on these pages, and from which the reader can see for himself the pitiful condition of things. I had thus far paid out 1,750 rupees for the poor and I am sure the Lord has registered this sum and none of the contributors will lose his reward. O, if our dear people could only have seen how much their gifts were appreciated. I took a receipt for all that I paid out.

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In one district there were 625 deaths out of every 1,000 inhabitants. This seems almost impossible, but it is *true*, and without help *all* would have died of starvation in a short time.

I left Jubbulpore on the 19th of May and went to Allahabad and then up to Lucknow, as that was a very much stricken country.

About one week later I returned to Bombay. I had by this time partly organized a plan of relief, through good, reliable men. Many of our Americans and Europeans died all around from various diseases. Many thought I could not endure it, but the Lord helped me. Traveling was very hard, as the heat was so intense. I traveled mostly by night from one place to another, the course being first carefully laid out. I stopped mostly with the missionaries, of all denominations, and found them all thoroughly devoted to their work. The Christ life was clearly manifest, and I am satisfied that they are a wonderful power in India, especially in this time of need.

The photograph, from which the picture on page 59 has been reproduced in *fac simile*, was sent us by Mr. E. J. Butler, of Bankheri, near Sohagpur, one of the smaller stations of the Friends' Mission in Central India. Mr. Butler writes: "They are Bankheri lads. Poor creatures, emaciated like the taller boy in the photograph, are to be seen very commonly, and yet the unseen distress is probably *far* greater than that which fills us with sorrow and pity." The taller boy died from the effects of long privation.

Mr. Butler adds: "We have a Relief Works of our own here—leveling, drainage, &c., of the Christian Cem-

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etery. In Hoshangabad, the Mission is just commencing to bank up a public road that will provide work for many hundred (500 I believe), whom the Municipality is now compelled to dismiss for want of funds. Joseph Taylor's temporary refuge for orphan boys at Seoni has received 150; and Miss Nainby has nearly 100 in a similar institution in Sohagpur."

A letter from Rev. J. W. Johnson, of Khamgaon, Berar, will explain the situation at that place very well. It is as follows:

"It is a sad fact that the people of India are joined to their idols of wood, stone, silver, etc. One old man came

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tottering into the compound and said, "Sahib, we have sinned; God has not." While many make this confession because they see grain in sight, which has been expressly sent for them, still we have many so interested in the Gospel that they come to both morning and evening services, receiving only a little grain at the morning service.

In January while touring in our district, we began to see that the famine was upon us, and it would be likely to drive the people into our stations, but they came sooner than we expected. In March we attended our Native Convention, and on our return home on March 27th, we found from four to five hundred people at our doors asking for *bread* and *work*. The Lord had already sent us a little money through our Mission, so we bought bags of American corn and began to preach and give a half-pint to each adult.

In a few days the number increased to 600, so we began to limit the number by turning out (after careful examination) all religious (?) mendicants and strong men, who would be likely to get work on the Relief Works. We write it with confidence that we have not been imposed upon by parties who are not really in want, for all of these four or five hundred people have come from villages

WITHIN A CIRCUIT OF THIRTY-FIVE MILES.

In the district we have witnessed many taken to jail for stealing grain. In several of the villages the headman has opened pits where grain has been stored for years, only to find it wet and rotted, yet we found in one place a large number of low caste people trying to eat of this rotted grain. Some would take a mouthful of the bread and then vomit it up. One noonday in April a

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company of low caste men from a village five miles away came into the compound and demanded work of me. They said the headman of the village had sent them away to beg. It is from among thousands of such people that we now have an average of 400 per day who assemble orderly at 7 o'clock A. M. promptly, hear the Gospel with marked attention for an hour, receive their corn, and some go away assuring us that that they will be on hand in the evening to hear the Gospel without the inducement of another allowance of corn. We have had joy unwritable and full of glory, to see how the preaching has affected some of them.

One evening after preaching to them for an hour, we gave to each a ticket good for a cup of grain extra next morning. The next morning after preaching, all who had no ticket did not receive extra. One woman, by mistake, had taken an extra allowance without a ticket. After going out of the compound, she stood for a while as if in distress about something and then coming back spread the corn before me, saying, "Sahib, here take back one cup, I had no ticket." I asked her what caused her to bring the corn back. She replied, "The story of the true God which you tell us convicted me."

We have had several to ask for baptism, but for two reasons we have refused them. 1st. We do not want helpless Christians on our hands (if you will allow the expression). We believe it is a dishonor to our Lord. 2nd. We want to help close the mouths of those who say the missionaries are taking advantage of the famine to win the people through their stomachs. They cannot be turned from their idols to the true and living God through their stomachs.

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We have sent three men to the hospital who when they came into our compound were so weak with hunger that they

FELL DOWN UNABLE TO EAT.

Two of these died. At different times, in the last three months, women came so weak that good, nourishing food seemed to do but very little to save them. We sent one to the hospital where she recovered. The others with much attention and light foods are doing well. We have also received some children whose parents had beaten and sent them to beg or die. A few have beseeched us to take their little girls into the Girls' Orphanage in addition to the large number brought there from the district east of Jabalpur.

The Lord use *these facts* to stir the hearts of His own people to *pray*—practice—and preach. For a *great* door and effectual is opened unto us, *and there are many adversaries.*"

For the photograph from which our illustration is reproduced, we are indebted to Rev. J. O. Denning, of Narsinghpur, not far from Jubbulpore. He writes: "The famine has brought to view hundreds of orphans, bright, intelligent children, but without home, friends, or bread. I have sent away 203 of such children to Bombay, Poona, and other orphanages. We are very anxious to take in at least 100 more boys here; but we have not had support for more, every resource visible being taxed to its utmost. And we have no more room. But now we are looking to God to provide us both a building and support for the boys. When we take these boys in, it is not merely to keep them till the famine is over and then turn them out.

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FAMINE VICTIMS AT JUBBULPORE.

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We expect to keep them for some years, give them a primary education, teach them a trade, and especially lead them to a personal knowledge of Christ and of His word.

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CHAPTER V.

SECOND VISIT TO THE FAMINE DISTRICT—EXTREME DISTRESS—VISIT TO THE GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS—GREAT MORTALITY.

My second visit to the famine district was made from Bombay in company with Rev. J. E. Abbott, Secretary of the American Marathi Mission. Our first stop was at Rahuri, about 200 miles east, by rail, of Bombay. Distress was in most painful evidence on every hand. Hundreds of hungry, famished men, women, and poor children were anxiously looking about and asking for something to eat. "OH FOR SOMETHING TO EAT!" That was the great anxiety, the great heartrending cry that was echoed and re-echoed in our ears all over the land, until even in sleep the cry still came in the same sad tones that fell upon the ear during the long days. Some parents, in their great extremity, discarded their caste restrictions and begged the missionaries to take their poor starving children, to save them from the slow, cruel death that must otherwise await them. Some begged for clothing, others for seed grain, and many cried like children who are afraid in the dark; death by starvation was so terrible to them, and the reality of it they could see daily.

Some of the starvelings followed our bullock cart for miles piteously pleading for something to eat. They would keep this up until from sheer exhaustion they were obliged to fall behind. The report had been circulated

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In the Compound. Rev. W. O. Ballantine, Distributing Agent, Rahuri.

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that a "Sahib" (Hindu for gentleman or man of mercy) was coming to help them, so as we entered the compound or enclosure about 5 P. M., a great crowd had gathered and were waiting for something to eat.

Dr. W. O. Ballantine and his dear wife were busily engaged in helping and feeding the poor. Many who were ill received medical attention from the doctor. They soon told me, however, that they had not enough means to help all of this throng of people, so we ordered R's 500 worth of grain for the poor on the Home and Foreign Relief Commission's account. The grain was brought in during the night, and next day the distribution began therefrom. I wish, my reader, that you could have been there to witness the occasion. Some fell down with their faces to the earth, others threw themselves at my feet, to show their appreciation of the kindness shown.

Dr. Ballantine, Rev. Abbott, and myself started next day for the Government Relief Works that had been established to give the famine-stricken people some employment, not because their services were so much needed, but simply to give them something to do, in return for which the government gave them enough, and just enough, to keep soul and body together.

I was informed that there had been about 7,000 people employed here, but 4,000 had recently been removed to another government station.

The men were quarrying stone from the side of a rocky ledge and taking it down a short distance, where women and children were sitting in rows with hammers. They held the stone in one hand and wielded the hammer with the other, breaking the stone. This broken stone is used

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for ballast on the pikes and railways. Poor women and children! It made my heart weep for them, sitting there in the burning India sun, most of them bareheaded, and many of them mothers with babies in their laps with nothing whatever to shield their darlings from the terrible heat of the sun. Can you, dear reader, imagine how the hands, heads, backs, and *hearts* of these poor mothers must have felt? Some of the mothers laid their babies aside,

Famine People at Rahuri, at Dr. W. O. Ballantine's House—from Photo by J. E. Abbott.

and there were the poor little things crawling about in the deep dust like worms, many of them with sore eyes—no wonder; the sun and dust would surely affect them in their helplessness and ignorance—and oh! they looked *so* poor! I noticed that many of the poor mothers were weeping as we

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GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS, RAHURI.

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passed by. Sad, indeed, and hopeless was the case of many. One can realize the distress and want only by seeing the actual condition, and when once seen it will never be effaced from the mind.

The men received only about four or five cents each per day, the women about three cents each, and the children who could work, accordingly. All the hammered stone was measured. It required seven basketfuls to obtain the full day's wages of three cents! We had provided some small change for the occasion, and began by giving all the mothers who had babies in their laps four annas (about 7 cents) apiece, but after we had given out all the small change a number were still left unprovided for, so we gave a Christian man some money for which he was to procure small change and give to the remainder. A cooking shed or "kitchen" had been erected where the little children who could not work were fed, during the day, and in the evening they could go to their parents. Large numbers of the people slept out in the open air, although the government had erected sheds or camps for their accommodation as shown in the background of the illustration. But many a weary head lay down after a hard day's work to rise no more. In one relief camp as high as 70 died in one night! The government did a praiseworthy work in trying to keep the people quiet by keeping them at work, for in some places there were severe famine riots, the desperate people breaking into and ransacking the grain markets and many were killed. The government paid small wages, but the people were kept alive, and kept from universal pauperism. Thus the Works served a two-fold

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purpose. It must be remembered too that hundreds of thousands had to be fed, hence the need of strict economy by the government. Indeed there is no other government on the face of the earth that has done so much for the development of a colony as has the British Government in

Children fed at the Kitchen of the Government Relief Works, Rahuri.

India, all the vituperations and slanders of foreign prejudiced jingoists and howling maledictors to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our next station was Ahmednagar, 25 miles south of Rahuri. Here are the headquarters of the American Missionary Board. At this place we found many dear missionary friends busy in the work. I found that about every missionary makes him or herself responsible for a certain number of children or famine-stricken people to feed and care for. Each one of a number of young

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missionary ladies had a group of poor children in different parts of the city whom they had gathered, and are now giving them one meal a day, and are instructing them in the way of Christ, looking unto the Lord for grace and means to carry on the work. One dear aged missionary lady, Mrs. Bissell, who has lived in India for many years, and has brought up a family and buried her husband, is still actively engaged in the work, looking after the wants of the poor whom she has taken under her care. At certain hours of the day hundreds gather about her bungalow (cottage) for grain, and they are not sent away empty-handed. Her son, Rev. H. Bissell, and her daughters are also among the busiest of missionary workers.

To see such activity, such wise financeering, such earnest devotion, was very encouraging to one engaged in relief work, and their work of love was liberally supported by the Home and Foreign Relief Commission. Schools and industrial homes have been established for the benefit of the poor classes, all of which are worthy of support and encouragement. Other missionaries whom I met here were Rev. Smith, Rev. E. S. Hume, Rev. Fairbank, Rev. Winsor and others, all of whom were doing their utmost for the relief of the poor sufferers that were struggling with starvation.

Although this district was not in the heart of the famine country, yet the high prices and the lack of rain had brought about all of the natives to the last extremity of destitution. Thousands were found along the wayside and in the villages asking for "something to eat." Oh that piteous prayer! It still rings in my ears, for it was

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heard everywhere continually. Cattle had starved by the thousand; others had been driven away, many gaunt specimens that were left were offered for as low as eight annas (less than 25 cents) per head. Others could be had for the taking away, so that the poor owners, who hold their domestic animals in very high esteem—some of them look upon the cow as a sacred animal—would not hear the sad moanings or see the death struggle of these poor beasts. Many cattle were found along the way lying down—they had become too weak to stand, while many others were just in the last throes of death. From the "Quarterly Journal" of the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha, for the period from January to April, 1897, a copy of which is now in my possession, I make the following extracts regarding the condition of the cattle. The Journal gives reports of the general condition of things from all the villages in or affected by the famine district, but those only in which cattle are mentioned will be here quoted:

"ANE, Taluka (a taluka is about the same as county) Junnar, Nov. 30, 1896.—Fodder is quite insufficient, and there being no government forest in the vicinity, the condition of cattle is causing grave anxiety. Cattle are dying. Half the soil has remained untilled, and the yield in the remaining half is hardly two annas in the rupee. Rabi sowings are nil.

"BORI, Taluka Bhimthadi.— Fodder insufficient and there being no government forest, the deficiency cannot be made up. . . . Water insufficient. . . . Emigration of cattle and men continues.

"CHINCHOLI, Bhimthadi.—Fodder scarce. Government forests thrown open. Water insufficient. . . .Cattle

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Very poor orphans of Dr. E. S. Hume's and other industrial schools, Ahmednagar, fed by the Home and Foreign Relief Commission. Teachers and helpers in the rear.

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starving. Pevs and fodder stacks damaged by the late rain. Cattle offered at one-tenth of the usual price, but even this does not induce any one to buy them.

"CHAKAN, Khed, Nov. 26, 1896.—On account of the early, heavy rains much of the Kharif sowings became damaged and the late sowings are withering on account of want of rains. . . . Water for cattle and men hardly sufficient for two months. (The reader will remember that it was *five* months before rain came.—*G. L.*) There are even now some people in the village who get but one meal in two or three days.

"DHOND, Bhimthadi, Nov. 16, 1896.—....Fodder scarce. Forests thrown open, but there is nothing to graze upon....Cattle are sent to the market in large numbers, but there is nobody to buy. Many children badly require relief, but nothing is yet done for them.

"DIKSAL, Indapur, Dec. 12, 1896.—Cattle famishing for want of fodder. The situation on the whole is very hard.

"JUNNAR, Junnar, Nov. 15, 1896.—Cattle are dying for want of fodder. Forests not yet thrown open. The outlook is horrible. No relief works yet opened. Prices have doubled. Weavers have emigrated. The Local Fund Committee has not yet moved....Property and person are becoming insecure. Crime increasing. Wanted, an increase in the police force.

"NIMBGAON, Indapur, Dec. 2, 1896.—Forests have been partly thrown open. The cattle are dying for want of fodder, and it appears to be ordered that the cattle here should be removed to Thana.

"PATASA, Bhimthadi, Nov. 9, 1896.—Yesterday, after estimating the work the male laborer on an average re-

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ceived 4½ annas and female 3½ for 6½ days! The situation is very hard. It is feared that if this state continues, many people will die of starvation. Cattle already dying for want of fodder."

The above places are all in the Poona District. In the district of Satara, comprising an area of 3,087,783 acres, with a population of 1,225,999 the conditions were described in about the same language. In nearly all of the districts petitions were forwarded to the government for a remission or release of revenues (taxes). This was done in the famine of 1876–77, and many people were enabled to pull through. In many towns there was not nearly enough money left to pay the taxes.

In the district of Sholapur the famine raged with truly heartrending severity. The whole district was famine-stricken. The area is 2,905,194 acres, with a population of 750,689. As early as the close of 1896 reports like the following came from there:

"AKLUJ, Malsiras, Dec. 1, 1896.—Fodder is insufficient. No grass in forest. On relief works nearly 12,000 are employed. Many have been refused employment for want of implements. In surrounding villages there is scarcity of water....200 cattle have died here for want of fodder.

"JINTI, Karmala, Dec. 11, 1896.—One-fourth of the population is already without food. Wages on relief work too low. Fodder is very scarce.

"KARKAMB, Madha, Dec. 2, 1896.—Fodder nil....No grass. Nearly 500 cattle have died....Relief works too far off to be useful....Water famine here....Cattle have become an intolerable encumbrance.

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"KARMALE, Dec. 4, 1896.—Cows are selling at 8 annas, 200 cows have been sent to the Poona Panjarpole, and 100 more to the Nagar one. Butchers are reaping their harvest. Fodder entirely insufficient....On the Test work nearly 2,000 men have been employed. In the B and C divisions the wages are 1 anna 12 pice and 1 anna 7 pice respectively for the men; for the women, 1–7 and 1–6 respectively; for children, 1–6. The 900 children who are without work each receive 9 pice per day...The large majority with their little children are required to sleep on earth without a shelter. The misery of these people is indescribable. The grain supplied is execrable....It is absolutely necessary that the destribution should take place in every village. At Jinti and Ghoti there are many persons starving for want of food....Two men have died of starvation at Pangar.

"MADHE, Madhe, Dec. 12, 1896.—Fodder insufficient ....Many people are starving. It is complained that the laborers at the government works do not get their pay regularly or at the place where they work....Water is barely sufficient for fifteen days....Nearly 4,000 cattle have died, others are already half dead.

"NARKHED, Dec. 10, 1896.—The condition of the cattle is horrible. Kharif is almost nil. Rabi is nil.

"PANDHARPUR, Dec. 15, 1896.—Local Fund Committee is now unable to do anything. Nearly 10,000 people and nearly 5,000 cattle have emigrated....Credit is due to the Mamlatdar for his efforts. Horses, oxen, and buffaloes sell at one-twelfth their normal price. Many people give their cattle to any one who will support them. Unable to bear the dying agonies of the cows, etc., the owners hasten

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to sell them to butchers, so that the cattle may at once be killed....Highway robbery, thefts, etc., are the order of the day!

"KASEGAON, Paudharpur.—Grain-stock insufficient; prices have trebled. People are ready to be employed, but they do not get any employment . . . . . Payment of wages to those employed is in many cases delayed to a fortnight or even a month. It is very difficult to get grain on credit. Wages very low. The weak and lame are not well cared for.

Ten thousand weavers have left Sholapur in the hope of getting help or work elsewhere. At Uplai-Budruk people are dying for want of food. In Agarkhedo, Bijapur District, as early as January 1897, cattle were dying for want of food. A perfect panic prevailed, crime being on the increase. People preferred imprisonment to freedom, because there they could get more food.

"BIJAPOOR, Nov. 24, 1896.—The distress of cattle is indescribable. Thousands have perished . . . . . Cattle disease and cholera are prevalent in some places. Nearly 4,000 people are employed on relief works. Work heavy, wages low, accommodations wretched. Orphans are dying. Nearly 800 cattle killed every week. The Collector is exerting every nerve to collect the whole revenue. Water is quite insufficient.

"HIPARGI, Shindgi, Nov. 22, 1896.—Prices doubled. Fodder nil. Nearly 50 per cent. of the cattle have died. Crime is on the increase.

"HARTI, Indi. — Fodder nil. Condition of cattle beyond description. Grain cannot be had even by well-to-do people. The situation is simply miserable.

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"MUDDEBIHAL, Indi, Dec. 1, 1896.—The situation is horrible. Nearly 75 per cent. of the village cattle are dead, 11,000 have died for want of fodder; 17,000 have been killed; 3,000 people in want of food."

A report from Dharwar District shows that "in three whole Talukas *not a blade of green grass* was to be seen. The water supply never was plentiful here in good years; now there is *hardly any.* Streams and wells are dry. Grain dealers had enough grain to last for six months, but they were *withholding it from the market in expectation of higher prices.* It is estimated that 30,000 people will require relief in these three Talukas for eight months. At three rupees per head per month it would mean 720,000 rupees necessary to sustain life in three Talukas alone."

And so the dreadful tale continues all throughout all the districts of the Central Provinces. The reader will however remember that this was half a year before my arrival, and that the distress and misery increased daily during all that time. Hence the mind may vaguely imagine the awful condition of things as I found them upon my arrival, and of the utter inability of one, or of a dozen, or of ten thousand persons similarly situated as I was to reach *all* who needed help. But even a tale of horrors becomes monotonous, hence I shall refrain from saying more on this particular theme at this time.

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CHAPTER VI.

VISIT TO PANDITA RAMABAI'S HOME FOR WIDOWS —NOBLE WORK OF A NOBLE WOMAN—DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME—A SURVIVOR OF THE GREAT FAMINE OF 1876–77.

Before returning to Bombay, I paid a visit to the Home for Widows, at Poona, established by that noble native Christian woman, Mrs. Pandita Ramabai. Here I found many of the poor child-widows, the victims of the heathenish superstition or custom of India. In India a widow, among her own native people, is an outcast, or as good as one. She has no rights which any one is bound to respect; no claims upon society or property; she is simply a slave, at the mercy of the relatives of her dead husband. The saddest part of it all is that among the native Hindus a woman has no voice in the selection of a husband; other people who have only a financial interest in the matter attend to that. Thus it often happens that a child of very tender years is married—better say, sold into slavery—to some brutish individual old enough to be her father, whose only recommendation for a favorable consideration by the matrimonial agent lies in a well-filled purse, and whose excesses send him speedily to an unhallowed grave.

Thus thousands upon thousands of native children become widows, with a life of hopeless misery before them. In former years the only hope for happiness for a widow in the life beyond, according to Hindu belief, lay

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in throwing herself upon the Suttee, or burning pile, upon which the remains of her husband were consumed. This horrible practice has been stopped by the British Government, but the elevation of the moral and social condition of these widows is a matter that can only be accomplished by the benign and saving influence of the Gospel

Stone marking an old Suttee ground, where formerly Hindu widows were burned alive on the funeral pyre of the husband.

of Jesus Christ. Government may prevent the barbarous Suttee rites, it cannot by legislative enactments change the belief of the people; the lowly, earnest missionaries, going forth in the power of God, can alone accomplish that.

No one in India has done more for the poor in India in this time of need than has Mrs. Pandita Ramabai.

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She was a sufferer in the famine of 1876–77. Her experiences are full of interest to every honest man and woman, and all should read them, as they throw so much light on India. We had hoped to present the readers a half-tone reproduction of her photo in this chapter, but owing to a misunderstanding in the order for the same we are unable to do so. However, we will here give her experience in her own words:—

I have long been wishing to thank the kind friends who have so generously sent help at this time of our need, and now I am glad to be able to write a few lines to express my gratitude. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." I pray to our Father to reward you all abundantly for your kindness to us, and thank you with all my heart. An honored friend who has just called on me, asked me if I had made my present needs known to my friends in America. "No," I said, in reply to her question, "I have made my needs known to the Heavenly Friend who says, 'Be careful for nothing,' and 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee,' and I am glad to acknowledge with deep thankfulness, His mercy and care for mine and me." He is daily answering my prayers in sending the needful daily bread, and the heathen living around us are finding out that our God is a living and a prayer-answering God.

Several friends have asked me to give an account of my visit to the famine districts, which I do very gladly! I must, however, preface this account with a few of my recollections of the last famine. Many people who lived and worked in it will remember how millions of poor people were starved to death, and how the great part of

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Madras Presidency and of the Southern Maratha country were laid waste by the famine of 1876. When I heard of the present famine and its havoc in the Central Provinces, my heart sank within me, and I cried to God for help in behalf of those dear country-people of mine.

I feel deeply for these poor dying people, because I have myself known what it is to suffer from hunger and thirst, and have seen

MY DEAREST RELATIVES DIE OF STARVATION.

My recollections carry me back to the hard times some twenty-two years ago. The last great famine of Madras Presidency reached its climax in the years 1876–77, but it began at least three years before that time. I was in my teens then, and so thoroughly ignorant of the outside world, that I cannot remember observing other people's condition, yet saw enough of distress in our own and a few other families to realize the hard-heartedness of unchanged human nature.

High caste and respectable poor families who are not accustomed to hard labor and pauperism, suffered then as they do now more than the poorer classes. My own people among many others fell victims to the terrible famine. We had known better days. My father was a landholder and an honored Pandit, and had acquired wealth by his learning. But by and by, when he became old and infirm and blind in the last days of his earthly life, he lost all the property in one way or another. My brother, sister, and myself had no secular education to enable us to earn our livelihood by better work than manual labor. We had all the sacred learning necessary to lead an honest religious life, but the pride of caste and

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superior learning and vanity of life prevented our stooping down to acquie some industry whereby we might have saved the precious lives of our parents.

In short we had no common sense, and foolishly spent all the money we had in hand in giving alms to Brahmans to please the gods, who, we thought, would send a shower of gold mohurs upon us and make us rich and happy. We went to several sacred places and temples, to worship different gods and to bathe in sacred rivers and tanks to free ourselves from sin and curse, which brought poverty on us. We prostrated ourselves before the stone and metal images of the gods, and prayed to them day and night; the burden of our prayer being that the gods would be pleased to give us wealth, learning, and renown. My dear brother, a stalwart young fellow of twenty-one, spoilt his health and wasted his fine, well-built body by fasting months and months. But nothing came of all this futile effort to please the gods—the stone images remained as hard as ever, and never answered our prayers. Oh that we had found out then that, "Every man is brutish in his knowledge, every founder is confounded by the graven image; for his molten image is falsehood." "The idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie, and have told false dreams; they comfort in vain."

We knew the *Vedanta* and knew also that we worshipped not the images but some gods whom they represented—still all our learning and superior knowledge was of no avail. We bowed to the idols as thousands of learned Brahmans do. We expected them to speak to us in wonderful oracles. We went to the astrologers with

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money and other presents to know from them the minds of gods concerning us. In this way we spent our precious time, strength, and wealth in vain. When no money was left in hand we began to sell the valuable things belonging to us — jewelry, costly garments, silverware; and even the cooking vessels of brass and copper were sold to the last, and the money spent in giving alms to Brahmans till nothing but a few silver and copper coins were left in our possession. We bought coarse rice with them, and ate very sparingly, but it did not last long. At last the day came when we had finished eating the last grain of rice—and nothing but death by starvation remained for our portion. Oh the sorrow, the helplessness, and the disgrace of the situation!

We assembled together to consider what we should do next, and after a long discussion, came to the conclusion that it was better to go into the forest and die there than bear the disgrace of poverty among our own people. That very night we left the house in which we were staying at Tirpathy—a sacred town situated on the top of Venkatghiri—and entered into the great forest, determined to die there. Eleven days and nights—in which we subsisted on water and leaves and a handful of wild dates —were spent in great bodily and mental pain. At last our dear old father could hold out no longer, the tortures of hunger were too much for his poor, old, weak body. He determined to drown himself in a sacred tank near by, thus to end all his earthly suffering. It was suggested that the rest of us should either drown themselves or break the family and go their several ways. But

DROWNING OURSELVES

seemed most practicable. To drown one's self in some

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sacred river or tank is *not* considered suicide by Hindus, so we felt free to put an end to our lives in that way. Father wanted to drown himself first, so he took leave of all the members of the family one by one. I was his youngest child, and my turn came last. I shall never forget his last injunctions to me. His blind eyes could not see my face, but he held me tight in his arms, and stroking my head and cheeks, he told me in a few words, broken with emotion, to remember how he loved me, and how he taught me to do right and never depart from the way of righteousness. His last loving command to me was to lead an honorable life, if I lived at all, and serve God all my life. He knew not the only true God, but served the —to him—unknown God with all his heart and strength; and he was very desirous that his children should serve Him to the last. "Remember, my child"—he said–"you are my youngest, my most beloved child. I have given you into the hands of our God: you are His and to Him alone you must belong and serve all your life."

He could speak no more. My father's prayers for me were, no doubt, heard by the Almighty, the all-merciful heavenly Father whom the old Hindu did not know. The God of all flesh did not find it impossible to bring me, a great sinner and an unworthy child of His, out of heathen darkness into the saving light of His love and salvation. I can now say to the departed spirit of the loving parent —"Yes, dear father, I will serve the only true God to the last." But I could not say so when my father spoke to me for the last time. I listened to him, but was too ignorant, too bewildered to understand him or make an intelligent answer. We were after this dismissed from father's pres-

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ence; he wanted an hour for meditation and preparation before death.

While we were placed in such a bewildering situation, the merciful God, who so often prevents His sinful children from rushing headlong into the deep pit of sin, came to our rescue. He kept us from the dreadful act of being witnesses to the

SUICIDE OF OUR OWN LOVED FATHER.

God put a noble thought into the heart of my brother, who said he could not bear to see the sad sight. He would give up all caste pride and go to work to support our old parents, and as father was unable to walk, he said he would carry him down the mountain into the nearest village, and then go to work. He made his intention known to father, and begged him not to drown himself in the sacred tank. So the question was settled for that time. Our hearts were gladdened, and we prepared to start from the forest. And yet we wished very much that a tiger, a great snake, or some other wild animal would put an end to our lives. We were too weak to move, and too proud to beg or work to earn a livelihood. But the resolution was made, and we dragged ourselves to the jungle as best we could.

It took us nearly two days to come out of the forest into the village at the foot of the mountain. Father suffered intensely throughout this time. Weakness caused by starvation and the hardships of the life in the wilderness, hastened his death. We reached the village with great difficulty, and took shelter in a temple, but the Brahman priests of the temple would not let us stay there. They had no pity for the weak and helpless. So we were

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obliged again to move from the temple and go out of the village into the ruins of an old temple where no one but the wild animals dwelt in the night. There we stayed for four days. A young Brahman seeing

THE HELPLESSNESS OF OUR SITUATION

gave us some food.

The same day on which we reached that village, my father was attacked by fever from which he did not recover. On the first day at the beginning of his last illness, he asked for a little sugar and water. We gave him water, but could not give sugar. He could not eat the coarse food, and shortly after he became unconscious, and died in the morning of the third day.

The same kind young Brahman who had given us some food, came to our help at that time. He could not do much. He was not sure whether we were Brahmans or not, and as none of his co-villagers would come to carry the dead, he could not, for fear of being put out of caste, come to help my brother to carry the remains of my father. But he had the kindness to let some men dig a grave at his own expense, and follow the funeral party as far as the river. Father had entered the order of a Sannyasin before his death. So his body was to be buried in the ground according to the commands of the Shastras. As there was no one else who could help to carry the dead, my brother

TIED THE BODY IN HIS DHOTI LIKE A BUNDLE,

and carried it alone over two miles to its last resting place. We sadly followed to the river bank, and helped him a little. So we buried our father outside that village, away from all human habitation, and returned

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with heavy hearts to the ruins of the old temple where we had taken our abode. The same evening our mother was attacked by fever, and said she would not live much longer. But we had to leave the place; there was no work to be found and no food to be had. We walked with our sick mother for a while, and then some kind-hearted people gave us a little food and money to pay our fare as far as Raichur. There we stayed for some weeks, being quite unable to move from that town owing to the illness of our mother. Our life at Raichur was a continuous story of hopelessness and starvation. Brother was too weak to work, and we could not make up our minds to go to beg. Now and then kind people gave us some food. Mother suffered intensely from fever and hunger. We too suffered from hunger and weakness, but the sufferings of our mother were more than we could bear to see. Yet we had to keep still through sheer helplessness. Now and then when delirious, mother would ask for different kinds of food. She could eat but little, yet we were unable to give her the little that she wanted.

Once she suffered so much from hunger that she could bear it no longer, and sent me into a neighbor's house to beg

A LITTLE PIECE OF COARSE BAJREE CAKE.

I went there very reluctantly. The lady spoke kindly to me, but I could on no account open my mouth to beg that piece of bajree bread. With superhuman effort and a firm resolution to keep my feelings from that lady, I kept the tears back, but they poured out of my nose instead of my eyes, in spite of me, and the expression of my face told its own story. The kind Brahman lady, guessing what was

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in my mind, asked me if I would like to have some food, so I said, "Yes, I want only a little piece of bajree bread." She gave me what I wanted and I felt very grateful, but could not say a word to express my gratitude. I ran to my mother in great haste and gave it to her. But she could not eat, she was too weak. The fever was on her, she became unconscious and died in a few days after that. Her funeral was as sad as that of my father, with the exception that two Brahmans came to help my brother and me to carry her body to the burning ground, about three miles from the town.

I need not lengthen this account with our subsequent experiences. My elder sister also died of starvation, after suffering from illness and hunger. During those few months before our sister died, we three traveled on foot from place to place in search of food and work, but we could not get much of either. My brother and myself continued our sad pilgrimage to the northern boundary of India and back to the east as far as Calcutta. Brother got work here and there, but most of the time we lived a wanderer's life. Very often we had to go without food for days. Even when my brother had work to do, he got so little wages, only four rupees a month, and sometimes much less than that, that we were obliged to live on a handful of grain soaked in water, and a little salt. We had

NO BLANKETS OR THICK GARMENTS

to cover ourselves, and when traveling we had to walk barefoot, without umbrellas, and to rest in the night, either under the trees on the roadside or the arches of bridges, or lie down on the ground in the open air. Once

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on the banks of the Jhelum, a river in the Punjab, we were obliged to rest at night in the open air, and tried to keep off the intense cold by digging two grave-like pits, and putting ourselves into them and covering our bodies —except the heads—with dry sand of the river bank. Sometimes the demands of hunger were so great that we would satisfy our empty stomachs by eating a handful of wild berries, and swallowing the hard stones together with their coarse skins.

Four long years we suffered from scarcity. We did not mind it much as we were young and strong; we could stand it much better than our poor old parents and weak sister. The heavenly Father very mercifully removed our parents from this earth; and that none of their children, whom they loved so much, died or were separated from them in their life-time, gave us some satisfaction, but the memory of the last days of their life, full of sorrow, almost breaks my heart. I would never have written this account had not the

NECESSITY OF MY PRESENT SITUATION

obliged me to do so. None of my friends can ever understand what my feelings are for the famine-stricken people unless they know that I have had once to go through the same experience as that of the starving thousands of Central India. Yet I must say that suffering alone is not able to produce sympathy for other sufferers. My own experience with the unconverted state of mind, and the present knowledge of my fellow country women and girls, whom I have ample opportunity to study, shows that suffering in itself has rather a hardening effect on the human heart. It takes away almost all delicate feelings from

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the soul, making it as hard as a stone. I can quite understand now what God meant when He said to Israel, "I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and I will give you a heart of flesh." Unless God change our hearts through the wonderful regenerating action of His Holy Spirit, we never have true love and sympathy for our fellow-men. Later on I shall give an example of this. But now I must pass on to the chief subject of this article.

A little over four months ago I heard of the distress of the people in Central India, and at once my heart went out to them in sympathy. The human common sense said, "You had better stop here, and 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it here.' You have no means and no strength to do what you wish. Your powers are limited, and you will not be held responsible for not doing anything to help those famished people. Indeed, what can a weak woman do to help the dying thousands? Besides the Government of India and other benevolent people are doing what they can to relieve the poor and needy. There is nothing for you to do." I tried to quiet my conscience in this manner, but louder and louder spoke the voice of God from within my heart: "Remember the days of old;" "Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondsman in the land of Egypt and the Lord thy God redeemed thee;" and, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

PRESENT FAMINE SCENES.

I could no longer keep still, and about a month ago, started off for the Central Provinces where two workers had already been sent, who had found out by the time I went that there was a large field of work for those who wished to do something to help the poor sufferers.

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A missionary lady, Mrs. Drynan, of Rajputana, accompanied me part of the way, to gather some children for mission orphanages of Poona. We went to Sohagpur first, and began the work at once. We found out from the good people there that we could not get the orphan children without the permission of the government. So our first business was to go and see the physician in charge of the Hospital, and the Tahsildar in charge of the Poor House. We went to the Hospital too early, about 8:30 in the morning; the doctor was not there; but right before that Hospital were walking three little famished skeleton-like forms, and this first sight of their distress I shall never forget. The three children, we found out, were of the Chamar caste. Their father had died some time ago, and the mother died only the day before. The eldest was a girl of about seven, the second a boy of five, and the youngest a baby boy three years old. The girl was protecting herself from the intense cold with a covering of rags, but the two boys had nothing on their bodies. Their wrinkled faces and the ghastly death-like expression told the story of the terrible suffering they were in.

ALL OF THEM WERE CRYING FOR FOOD,

and as we had no food with us, we could give nothing to them. The youngest had sore eyes, and could scarcely open them. The poor babe was suffering from dysentery, so much so that his intestines had been exposed and were almost falling out, and yet he was dragging his miserable body through the streets in search of food. To add to this misery, he fell down and hurt his back, frightened at the sound of a bullock-cart and the loud call of the driver. The blood flowed freely from the injured part, which

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was already so sore and painful, but there was no one to care for him. He was crying, but tears were not to be seen in his eyes. The children were right before the Hospital, but no one showed any signs of pity. We were under the impression that we might not touch the little orphans before we had permission from the government officials.

The agony and dismay I felt at seeing that sight cannot be told in words. I was perfectly powerless and could do nothing but cry to the Father to help me. As we could do nothing, we had to harden our hearts and turn our steps toward the Poor House, where we expected to find the Tahsildar. The memory of the three little ones, especially of the youngest child who I am sure could not have lived many days after that, haunts me to this day. Whenever I think of them my heart is filled with indescribable sorrow. I could neither sleep nor rest for the thought of them for many days. We did not get the children, though we tried our best. It took us so long to go and see the officer in charge of the Poor House, and by the time we returned, they had gone somewhere, and no one could tell us where they were. I went again to that place, made a thorough search all over the town and round about it, but did not find them. Perhaps they fainted on their way to the town in quest of food, and fell down into some ditch on the roadside and died there of hunger. The Lord have mercy on us all, and give us repentance for not going to help such innocent little sufferers.

It will take me too long to describe all that I saw and heard at the Poor House and Relief Camps visited. So I will say in general what most affected my mind.

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The first Poor House we saw was no house at all. It was a grove on the outskirts of the town. Groups of famished people were seen sitting all around the grove. Some were lying down in heaps, or sitting or lying in ashes on the dirty ground. Some had rags to cover their bodies, and some had none. There were old and young men, and women and children, most of them ill, too weak to move about, and many of them suffering from leprosy and other unmentionable diseases. Bad men, immoral woman, pure young girls, innocent children, and old people, good, bad and indifferent, were freely mixing and conversing with each other. They slept in the open air or under the trees at night, and ate the scanty and coarse food provided by the government. The food was nothing but dry flour and some salt. An accustomed eye could at once see that

THE GRAIN WAS ADULTERATED WITH EARTH

before it was ground into flour. There were several starving orphan children who could not cook for themselves, and had no one to work for them. So they had either to eat the dry flour or depend upon the tender mercies of their fellow-sufferers, the older persons, who *took as much of their food as they could*, with the right of their might.

The poor people seem to have lost all human feeling. They are most unkind toward each other and the little children around them. They do not care even for their own children. Some parents eat all the food they get for themselves and for their little ones, and become quite fat, while their children are starved and look like skeletons, and some are even in a dying state, and yet their fathers and mothers feel no affection for them.

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Parents can be seen taking their girl-children around the country and selling them for a rupee or a few annas or even for a few seers of grain. The food given to the children is snatched from their hands, and eaten by their stronger neighbors. In some places, the government officials give two pice or more to each child, or old and sick person, unable to work, but what can a baby of two or three years of age do with two copper pieces in its hands? The pice are soon stolen and the little ones

LEFT TO DIE OF STARVATION.

In other places—food, *i. e.*, wheat or jowari flour and some kind of pulse, are cooked into **dal* and **roti* and then distributed to the poor.

The government officials are kind, and are doing what they can to help the poor people at the Relief Camps and in the Poor Houses. But the means at their disposal make it impossible to meet the demands of the needy ones. What are a few thousand rupees among so many thousands, to be supported for months? Perhaps about eight or ten annas or, at the most, a rupee per month is allowed for each person; and how much and what kind of grain will that sum bring? Alas! alas! for the poor who are obliged to eat the food given to them at the Poor Houses. Few of the subordinate officers, such as the *Mukadams*† and cooks who have it in their power to give or withhold from the poor the food sent for them, have any heart or conscience. The grain, the very cheapest kind, is bought and ground into flour without being cleaned of the sand and earth it contains. Then the heartless cooks steal the flour and put a quantity of earth into it, while

* A kind of soup or gravy. † Overseers.

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they cook the *dal* and *roti*—and nobody notices that the food is thus adulterated. The poor people are too much afraid of the *Mukadams* to complain to the higher officials. The flour and pulse so adulterated, when made into *rotis* and *dal*, do not look any better than cakes of cowdung.

The people in the Poor Houses are in such a degraded condition that even the pigs, who wander round about our villages, do not begin to be compared with them in filthiness. The absolute nakedness of almost all little children, and hundreds of older people covered with dirt, and sometimes with filthy rags, their skeleton-like bodies full of frightful sores, and their sad wrinkled faces wearing a ghastly, deathlike expression, and their forlorn condition, are all

AN INDESCRIBABLY SAD SIGHT.

Many of the so-called Poor Houses are open grounds with a sort of fence all around them. Some Poor Houses are nothing but sheds temporarily erected to shelter the people. The miserable men, women, and children, who find shelter in these places, are baked in the sun in the day, and freeze in cold at night. In some place these Poor Houses or grounds are divided with a thin fencing, where men and women are placed separately. But this arrangement is not much of a protection to the women. The devil is at work, even in these Poor Houses and Relief Camps, and they are not fit places for young women and girls to be in. The European and native officers employed to look after the interest of the dying thousands are hard at work, and try to do as much as they can. But it is impossible for them to find out what goes on behind their backs. The sepoys and *Muskadams* are the real masters and rulers of these

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places. Take for instance a Poor House containing over two thousand poor people, and a Relief Camp where over 15,000 people are working. What can one or two, or half a dozen, superior officers do for these thousands? They are obliged to leave the work in the hands of the *Muskadams*, who can do whatever they like. They use their sticks and tongues freely. They pull and push the working coolies, even women. Young men can be seen everywhere talking to girls and women under the pretence of doing the *Muskadam's* work.

This is no good sign at all. Wicked men and women are everywhere on the look-out for young women and girls. They entice them by offering sweetmeats and other kinds of food, clothing, and fair promises to take them to nice places and make them happy. So hundreds of girls, young widows, and deserted wives, are waylaid as they go to Relief Camps and Poor Houses in search of food and work, and taken away before they place themselves in the custody of the government. The wicked are not afraid of the judgment of God; they are sinning away their lives in the midst of the fearful scenes of famine and pestilence. They are carrying on a

WHOLESALE TRADE IN YOUNG GIRLS

who have been obliged to leave their families and wander away from home in quest of food. In many cases parents have fallen a prey to the famine, and left their young girls to the tender mercies of their neighbors, or fellow travelers, or other wayfarers. Such girls easily fall into the hands of wicked people.

Here is an instance which will convince you of the truth of this story:—A young girl of fourteen, and her lit-

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tle sister of about eight years of age, were left orphans and taken possession of by a wicked man at Itarsi. I happened to see her in the streets and asked her who she was. She told me her whole story, and said she would let me have her sister, who was not wanted by her cruel master, and that she could not come away for fear of that man. I wanted to rescue the poor child, but was at that time unable to do so. I prayed to the Lord to show me the way —and in the next week He sent help. A young missionary gentleman came to help me. He went to he police station and took her away from the man who had kept her in his possession against her will. She was sent to the mission bungalow with a servant, but her former master carried her away by force. Again the missionary went to the town and fetched her, and that very night I took her to Jabalpur, and now she and her sister are placed with some good missionary ladies who w ll take care of them. The elder girl, poor child, is ruined for life, and is suffering from horrible disease. May the merciful Father help these children!

One of my workers was walking on the road one day when she saw a little girl about twelve years old sitting on the roadside. She looked sad and hungry. My worker spoke kindly to her, and found out that she was an orphan. When the worker asked her if she would like to come to me, the girl said she had an older sister, and would go anywhere with her. In the meanwhile the sister, who had gone to wash, came back to the place where the child was sitting. From her my worker heard their pathetic story. Their father had died about three weel s ago. They had no one to take care of them, and did not know

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where to go to get food. They were on their way to the Relief Camp. Some one had told them that there was a lady near the place, who had come to gather some children to give them a home, so they had come to the Sarai to look for her. From this statement we knew

THEY WERE LOOKING FOR ME,

but I left the Sarai before they came, and so missed seeing them.

My worker then asked the older girl, who is about fourteen, if she and her sister would like to come and stay under my care The girl said she would; only she did not want to be put into a bad life. She begged of my worker with tears in her eyes, that she should be allowed to remain pure, and be placed under the care of good people. For she had met with many bad people after her father's death, and they had tried to tempt her into a bad life; but she had resolutely refused to go with them. While this conversation was taking place, half a dozen or more wicked men had gathered around my worker, and were about to take the girls away by frightening them out of their wits, but God saved the children from the dreadful fate, and they were safely brought to me.

But supposing no timely help had reached these girls, what would their condition be to-day? How long could they have resisted the bad men, and how would they have protected themselves in the Relief Camps? God help the young girls and young women who are obliged to go to Relief Camps and Poor Houses! The sight of the pitiable condition of these poor orphan girls brought to my memory the state which I was in some twenty-two years

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ago. I bless and thank God for not having allowed us to go to the Relief Camps in the days of our need. My sister, a fine young woman of twenty-five, and myself, a girl of sixteen, would have easily fallen into the cruel hands of the wicked people of such places. The very remembrance of the Relief Camps and Poor Houses and the condition of our sisters there makes me shiver, and I tremble with fear for several thousands of young women and girls, who are being sacrificed to the devil in these hard times.

Another young girl of about fifteen was sometime ago wandering away from home, when a respectable-looking man told her to go home with him and help his wife in the household work. She consented, and went with him. He gave her nice clothes and food and for a few days all went on nicely with her, but the devil was at work in his heart. Other demands were made on her, but the girl said she had gone to his house to work, and not for any other purpose. He then said that she should not get good *sari* * and food, unless she consented to follow his wishes.

"Very well," she said, and put on her old rags, threw away the good *sari*, and went out on the streets again to beg her food. She was picked up on the same day by a kind lady, and is safe with me now. There are not many such girls who will

RESIST THE DEVIL IN FACE OF STARVATION AND DEATH.

God be thanked for protecting the virtue of these innocents. But it has been my sad lot to see many little girls ruined for life. Even the little children seemed to have lost all their innocence and were acting like little

* A woman's chief garment.

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devils. What lies, what thefts, what indecent language! "Oh God!" I exclaimed when I saw them, "save us, save our nation from utter destruction." It seemed as if nothing short of a great flood would be able to wash away all this sin from the face of our country. I wonder at the mercifulness and longsuffering of our Father, who is still bearing with us.

It is impossible for the government officers alone to look after the little children and to protect the virtue of young women and girls. There is a large field of work for you and for me, if only we undertake to do it. Old people and middle-aged persons and delicate women who are unable to break twelve baskets of stone, and carry it to the appointed place, and who cannot get their wages at the Relief Camps unless they do so much work every day, need our help. The sad sight of aged men and delicate women stretching forth their sore hands and begging you to help them, pouring out their sorrow into your ears, and lamenting over their hard fate, while their tearful eyes look straight into yours to find out if there were a particle of sympathy for them, is altogether too much to bear, for a person having a heart of flesh.

Why do not good Christian people in England and America send money to the missionaries in this country, who are so anxious to help the poor people, and are trying hard to do as much as they can for them, but cannot do more for want of means? The great motherly heart of missionary ladies is yearning for the dying children and other poor of the Central Provinces. Let benevolent people send generous donations to them for feeding and caring for the Lord's little ones. Men can do much,

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but all godly women must come forward at this time, and care for little children and protect young women whom the government officials are not able to help and care for. It is woman's work, and cannot be left to the officers and their subordinates.

My sympathies are excited by the needs of young girl-widows especially, at this time. To let them go to the Relief Camps and Poor Houses, or allow them to wander in the streets and on the highways

MEANS THEIR ETERNAL DESTRUCTION.

Ever since I have seen these girls in the famine districts—some fallen into the hands of wicked people, some ruined for life and turned out by their cruel masters owing to bad diseases, to die a miserable death in a hopeless, helpless manner; some being treated in the hospitals, only to be taken back into the pits of sin, there to await a cruel death; some bearing the burdens of sin utterly lost to the sense of shame and humanity—hell has become a horrible reality to me, and my heart is bleeding for those daughters of fond parents who have died leaving them orphans. Who, with a mother's heart and a sister's love, can rest without doing everything in her power to save at least a few of the girls who can yet be saved from the hands of the evil ones! So, regardless of the trying financial state of my school, I went to work in the Central Provinces to get a few of the helpless young widows.

The Father, who is a very present help in trouble, has enabled me to get some sixty widows, forty-seven of whom will go to school to study, and others will work.* Over eight hundred and fifty rupees were spent in fetching

* This number has already been considerably increased.

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them here. Of this amount about Rs. 525 were given me by friends, and I thank them for it. To go to work to get these widows, to fetch them here from Central India, and to feed and clothe them, is an expensive business. Harder still is the work of civilizing them and teaching them the habits of cleanliness. Some are little better than brute animals. The filthy habits they have acquired during this period of famine have become second nature with them. It will take a long time to civilize and teach them. We can do all things in the power of the Lord. The Lord has put it into my mind

TO SAVE THREE HUNDRED GIRLS

out of the famine districts, and I shall go to work in His name. The funds sent me by my friends in America are barely enough to feed and educate fifty girls, and several people are asking me how I am going to support all these girls who may come from Central India. Besides their food and clothing, new dormitories and dining rooms must be built. Our present school-house is not large enough to hold more than one hundred girls at the most. And how are these emergencies to be met?

I do not know, but the Lord knows what I need. I can say with the Psalmist—"I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me," and He has promised that "Ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God that hath dealt wondrously with you: and My people shall never be ashamed." My girls and I are quite ready to forego all our comforts, give up luxuries and live as plainly as we can. We shall be quite contented to have only one meal of common, course food daily if necessary, and so long as we have a little

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room or a seer of grain left in this house, we shall try to help our sisters who are starving. It seems a sin to live in this good house, and eat plenty of good food, and be warmly clothed, while thousands of our fellow-creatures are dying of hunger, and are without shelter. If all of us do our part faithfully, God is faithful to fulfill His promises, and will send us the help we need at this time.

I humbly request you to pray for me and mine, that we may be made strong in the Lord, and walk by faith and not by sight. Believe me,

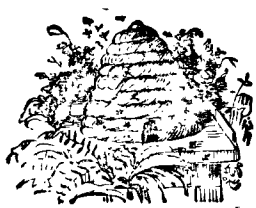
Yours in the Lord's service,

RAMABAI.

P. S.—The good missionaries at Hoshangabad, Itarsi, Narsingpur, Jabalpur, and Bina have been very kind to me and helped me a great deal in my work. Our dear friend, Miss Richardson, of Bombay, went to work with me, and has aided me by giving passage money for the girls whom I brought here. I thank all these good friends for extending their help and for their goodness to me.

RAMABAI,

Sharada Sadan, Poona, January 20, 1897.



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CHAPTER VII.

PANDITA RAMABAI'S SECOND FAMINE TOUR—HELPERS IN TIME OF NEED—INDUSTRIAL HOMES FOR WIDOWS—THE WORST FAMINE DISTRICT—IRRELIGIOUS AND BRUTISH YOUNG MEN.

Of Pandita Ramabai's second famine tour the following is an account, given in her own words:—

I left Poona on the evening of January 24th, with the intention of gathering a few more widows. I felt that it was a clear call from the Lord, and that I should not lose time but go to work, though I could scarcely see my way; the future looked rather dark. I had no money in hand, nor any friend to help me in finding the girls. In this condition I reached Itarsi, and through the help of Mr. G. Swan, of the Friends' Mission, I made the acquaintance of the Hindu Superintendent of Bager Relief Works. This Mr. Buckhle is a very kind-hearted gentleman and takes great interest in the poor people. He, like myself, has experienced something of the sufferings of the famine-stricken people and told me that he had been helped by one of our well-known reformers, educated at his expense, and is now filling a very good position in the government service. He naturally feels sympathy for the poor people working under him, and is conscientiously doing everything in his power to relieve their sufferings.

Would to God that there were many good people like him looking after the interests of the poor famished people in the Central Provinces, in Relief Camps and Government

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Poor Houses. He helped me to gather sixteen orphan children whom I sent to the Friends' Mission to be placed in their orphanages. There seemed nothing further to be done in that place, so I waited there till the next morning to take the first train for another place. But I did not know where to go or what to do; I was alone and downcast; but as I opened my Bible, the Lord gave me Ps. 55: 22, as my portion for that day and for ever. I did cast my burden upon Him and was sitting quietly waiting for the train to come. It was a fine morning and nature seemed to smile all over.

A train came at last and in that

CAME AN ANGEL TO HELP ME,

in the shape of our dear Miss Richardson. I was very, very glad indeed to see her, and asked her if she had any special work in hand. She said she had nothing special to do, but was waiting upon the Lord to guide her. I knew very well what God had sent her there for; I needed some one to help me, and she was just the person who would take a hearty interest in the work. I told her what the Lord had told me to do, and said that He had sent her to help me at this special time of difficulty. She kindly consented to co-operate with me for some time, and God so arranged every thing for us that we lost no time but set to work at once.

Miss Richardson made the acquaintance of several Deputy Commissioners of famine districts and induced them to accord us special permission to get the widows and orphan children from Poor Houses. I was able to get over 100 widows in this second visit, and Miss Richardson has, I believe, sent over 150 children to different mission

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orphanages, and the Lord also gave me nearly 150 orphan children to send to different orphanages. I have 139 widows and six non-widow girls in all, some forty more girls have left, or have been sent away for various reasons. All my girls are doing well and learning to read and write. Later on I shall give you the particulars of what is being done for them. But first of all I must tell you something of what the missionaries are doing for the poor people of the Central Provinces.

The Friends' Mission at Itarsi, Hoshangabad, Seoni, and Sohagpur, are doing splendid work. Miss Hooper, of Hoshangabad, has started an

INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR WIDOWS.

She is teaching different industries to the women she has gathered around her, but she greatly needs a good helper and money to go on with her special mission. She is an able and sympathetic woman; I do not know another woman in the Central Provinces who is more fitted to work among the widows. I wish to see 100 or more widows gathered in her home and taught by her to love and serve God and work for their own country. Christian people who have the means cannot do better than aid such a good work as that of Miss Hooper.

My heart is especially dr wn toward another heroic young lady, Miss Franklin, of the Christian Mission at Damoh. Damoh is

THE WORST FAMINE DISTRICT IN THE CENTRAL PROVINCES.

It is situated in the midst of vast tracts of uncultivated land, and miles of jungle surround it. The people there are dreadfully poor and uncivilized. Miss Franklin has been

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GROUP OF FAMINE MOTHERS, WITH INFANTS.

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at Damoh for more than three years and has witnessed dreadful suffering of the famine-stricken people all that time. No one who has not lived in that part of the country can have any idea how hard and dreary a field of work is Damoh district. But missionary women have gone there in the name of the Lord to live and work in that desert place. I could not but love and admire Miss Franklin and her sister, when I saw them laboring day and night for people who are not the least grateful for what is done for them. It is a thankless and weary task, but these two Christian women are engaged in it for the sake of love. Nothing but the constraining love of Christ could induce any person to go and live at such a place as Damoh.

I wished very much that I had the means and time to help Miss Franklin in her work among orphan children and the poor people in the villages all round Damoh. If Miss Franklin had money and two good Christian helpers she would be able to help hundreds more of these dying people. She has about 120 little boys in her orphanage. Almost all of them came to her in a very poor state and some in a dying condition, but she and her good sister have become true loving mothers to these poor orphans. The boys have been so well taken care of, that they do not look like famine boys now. They are getting to be quite fat and well behaved, civilized children. The little ones who have been deserted by their parents and relatives, and by them given up as dead, are living in the sunshine of love. It did my heart good to see those dear boys laughing, skipping, dancing, and bounding after their adopted mothers. To-day, after being a few months under the motherly care of Miss Franklin, these boys are tasting

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the love of God, reading His word, and singing hymns. Miss Franklin has not worked in vain. God has blessed her disinterested efforts for the good of the people of Damoh, and 120 children growing up under her care, and hundreds of women whom she visits in the villages around, will rise and bless her. God bless them! I hope He will put it in the hearts of many good Christian people to help these sisters. I wish very much that Miss Franklin had at least 1,000 boys and girls.

I was very much pleased with the Industrial training given by the Friends' Mission to their converts and orphan children. I saw 100 or more men and women working in the weaving establishment at the Friends' Mission at Itarsi. Under the able management of Messrs. Swan and Kilby, the weavers are producing different kinds of excellent cloth of a very good and durable quality. I have bought a quantity of it for my famine girls. It costs a little more than the cloth in the bazaars, but it will be cheaper in the long run. The colors are very good and the patterns tastefully harmonized, and the cloth washes well. Missionaries and other friends who have large orphanages will do well to send their orders for cloth to

THE CHRISTIAN WEAVERS' CO., OF ITARSI.

They will be encouraging the self-support of the Christian weavers. It is more important to encourage such industries for Indian Christian people, than simply to teach them to read and write.

One special feature of the Friends' Mission which attracted and pleased me was that the Christian people and orphanage under their care were not Anglicized in any way. European boots and shoes and jackets and Mem-

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A WELL CONDUCTED FAMINE STATION, CENTRAL PROVINCES.

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saheb's dresses and European Padree saheb's dresses are unknown to the Indian Christian people of the Friends' Mission. They are contented with their simple *dal* and *roti* and never miss tea, coffee, English bread and biscuits. Smoking of tobacco and drinking wine are altogether discouraged. I wish it was so everywhere, but unfortunately many of our Western India Christians try to make themselves look like Europeans, and, not being contented with Indian food and dress, they live above their means and run into debt. The habit of smoking and drinking also overcomes many Indian Christians of Western India. Catechists, preachers and pastors following their heavenly calling are not ashamed of their parched lips made impure by the smoke of tobacco and alcoholic drink. Oh that their lips were touched by one of the seraphims with the live coal taken from the heavenly altar! Then they would preach the pure Gospel and turn the hearts of many wicked people to our heavenly Father.

FAMINE WORK AT JABALPUR.

The C. M. S. Mission, at Jabalpur, is doing a very noble work for the famine people of that district. Mr. Gill, the former superintendent, started a Poor House for all people at Jabalpur and established another Poor House for children only at Cutni. At both these places the work was so nicely and systematically carried on that the Poor Houses looked like comfortable camps. Poor people and children are well fed and comfortably housed in huts specially built for them. Cutni is one of the worst places near Jabalpur, but the children's orphanage started by Mr. Gill looked like a beautiful oasis in the desert. I saw over 190 boys and girls beautifully clean and nicely dressed and

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well cared for at Cutni orphanage. Mr. Gill was working at Jabalpur for six years, and he is well beloved by Christian people; the Poor House at Jabalpur and the orphanage at Cutni may be called the crown of his missionary work. He has, however, left for England but the work will not suffer as it is placed under the care of Mr. Latham, who is as good and kind and able a worker as Mr. Gill.

The Wesleyan and Methodist Missions at Jabalpur are also doing a splendid work for orphan children. They have hundreds of boys and girls under their care. The Wesleyan mission establishment has started weaving and spinning industries for its children. Some of the boys in that establishment are showing great intelligence and ability, and it is pleasant to see them deeply interested and busily engaged in their work.

ORPHANS AT SAUGOR.

Mr. and Mrs. Lundborg, of the Swedish Mission, are also carrying on a deeply interesting work for boys and girls at Saugor. They have large orphanages; the children in them are very well cared for. Mrs. Lundborg is a truly good mother to these children; although she has a large household and is occupied with many duties, yet she gives them personal care.

Mr. Lundborg laid the foundation for a large substantial building some years ago, but the directors of his mission disapproved of his building an expensive house, for they thought there was no use for it, so the building was given up and the foundation was left as though it was laid in vain, but the Lord knew what was going to happen. Mr. Lundborg's work of many years is now

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crowned with success, and the building on the old foundation is going on rapidly and will soon be occupied by over 100 boys, who are being brought up and trained under these good missionaries. Not only is the new building going up, but a large workshop, formerly built by the government and given up by the city authorities as a profitless work, has been placed at Mr. Lundborg's disposal and he will make very good use of it. Here many of the orphan boys of Saugor will be trained as smiths and carpenters. May the Lord bless the good missionary in his efforts to raise the condition of the starving people of the Saugor district.

Mr. and Mrs. Denning, of the M. E. Mission at Nursingpur, have started an orphanage at their station. I have not had the pleasure of seeing it but hear hopeful and encouraging accounts of good work being done by them. They have gathered hundreds of children and sent them to different orphanages and have very kindly helped me to gather widows from Poor Houses in Nursingpur district.

I owe a great debt of gratitude to all these missionaries whose names I have mentioned here, and many other good kind people who have helped in the Central Provinces, and I most gratefully thank them for being so kind to my people and myself.

EARLY DAYS OF A LARGE WORK.

You will be interested to hear of the early days of Mrs. Bruere's work for the famine children. It was at the time of the India National W. C. T. U. Convention at Poona that Mrs. Bruere expressed a wish to me to get some famine children. She had no money in hand. Her

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wise friends advised her not to venture into this work in the absence of all means. These good friends to whom she naturally looked for sympathy and support discouraged her in every way, but she looked to God for support, and made a beginning of the splendid work for famine orphans which she and her husband are now carrying on. Those were the days of great heart agony, and dear Mrs. Bruere seemed almost crushed under the terrible burden. But God honored her faith. He gave her nearly 100 children and the means to support them. To see her go forward in this God-inspired work, against the dictates of human wisdom, was a great inspiration to me. May the Lord bless her and her husband, and strengthen their hands.

I have heard with joy that Miss Patteson, a veteran zenana missionary, has opened a home for destitute widows. I do not think a worthier or more capable lady worker can be found to do this special work in the North-western Provinces. She has begun her splendid work at Chunar, near Benares, and I hope Christian people in India and abroad will help her with their prayers and their money.

Notwithstanding all that is done for the famine people they seem to be wanting more help. I have not changed my opinion in regard to government Poor Houses and Relief Camps. I know that in some places the management of P. or Houses is better now than it used to be in the earlier months of the famine, the bodies of persons taking shelter in them are no doubt better cared for, but they are morally and spiritually imperiled. It cannot be otherwise while inferior, irreligious and brutish men

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continue to be employed as *Mukadams*, cooks, storekeepers, watchers, and managers in the Poor Houses and Relief Camps.

In one of the Poor Houses when looking for young girls and widows, I enquired of a girl about fourteen if she would like to accompany me. She said she would but that she was "kept" there by some one. I did not understand her at first, so I asked her three times over, to know if she was detained there against her wish, but I understood the dreadful meaning of that word "kept" when an old woman sitting beside her explained it to me. This was in a government Poor House where the government officers are supposed to protect the virtue of young women detained under some pretence or other. I told the Deputy Commissioner of that district about it. He was staying in the same town. He nodded his head, and said that it is quite possible that such things are happening in the Poor Houses, but he cannot help it.

The poor workers in the Relief Camps are not only underpaid, but out of their little pay they have to spend a certain sum to please the *Mukadams*, who in their turn have to bribe their superiors in order to get employment. Young women have

EITHER TO STARVE, OR SELL THEIR VIRTUE.

There is no other alternative for them.

While traveling in Central India I came to know that the average Anglo-Indian's attitude toward missionaries and their work is not only that of indifference but of opposition. In Bundelkhund and other native territories the Rajas, I hear, are not so much opposed to missionaries going to live among their people, as are English soldiers and other white men in authority.

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Some of the ladies of the American Friends' Mission tried to live in the Guna Cantonment, so that they might be able to extend their work round about the place. But the British soldiers living there opposed their plan and refused to allow the missionary ladies to stay in their neighborhood.

An English lady, the wife of a military officer, and the only lady living there, asked why these missionary ladies should not be allowed to remain at Guna, they were but women, and could not do any harm to the soldiers, But the English soldiers knew better than she the

POWER AND INFLUENCE OF GODLY WOMEN.

They said the women are the worst creatures, for did not Dr. Kate Bushnell and Mrs. Andrew—those two dreadful women—expose the doings of the high military officers? And can they ever forgive the sect and sex to which those two women belong? So their resolution about not allowing those missionary ladies to stay at Guna was unanimously passed and carried out.

The reasons for not allowing the missionaries to gain a footing in native territories are that many of the British soldiers and officers are given to dreadful vices, and as they can have their own way in native territories much better than in British India, they do not want anybody, who may be a check to their waywardness, to live near them.

Guna and many other places are thickly peopled with simple, submissive, ignorant people. The soldiers get hold of any pretty girls they may take a fancy to and "keep" them. The parents of the girls, many of them high caste and respectable, bewail their fate, but are

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powerless in the presence of the British soldiers. These devils in human shape keep the girls so long as they want and turn them away when they get tired of them and get new ones to satisfy their lust. Wicked men and women who trade in young girls know well where to find their customers, and government Relief Camps and Poor Houses help their trade.

Detaining the young girls in Poor Houses and Relief Camps, and not allowing the real friends and well wishers of these poor creatures to rescue them, means helping sinners in their awful trade. For the wicked gain time, make acquaintance with the girls, tempt them with fair promises and get them to run away, where they are beyond the reach of their friends and relatives. I suppose the advocates of legalized vice do not mind this and will not take notice of it. But Christians in India and England must wake up at this time and try their best not to allow the dreadful demon, the C. D. Act, to come into existence again. The

BIRTHRIGHT OF INDIAN WOMEN HAD BEEN TRAMPLED DOWN

long enough. If the C. D. Act comes into existence again, British iniquity will reach its climax and God's vengeance is sure to come down on the ruling nation. The wicked must not think that the poor ignorant women of this country have no defender; for "Their Redeemer is strong, the Lord of hosts is His name: He shall thoroughy plead their cause."

Several friends have advised me not to try to get any more girls from the famine districts, but I leave it to God to decide. If He will that I should get more girls He

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will send them to me; if not, I shall be contented to stop where I am. I do not want to come in the way of some one else—nor have I any ambition in regard to filling my school with a large number of girls, but simply want to help as many as will come to my home according to God's will. I am hoping that I may be able to save a few more girls from the famine districts.

Some domestic difficulties necessitated my return earlier than I expected. Great trials and distress awaited me here, but I was mercifully kept ignorant of these while I was in Central India. One of these many trials was that some strange, unknown cause had prevented our American friends from sending the usual allowance. For more than six weeks we were daily kept in fear of starvation. But the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow knew our needs, and He somehow put it into the hearts of His children to send me money for the support of my girls.

Want of means to support the girls was not the only difficulty I had to face on my return home from the Central Provinces. Some of my special friends were angry and displeased with me for having gone to get girls from the famine districts. To add to this the plague had come on us. The suburban municipality of Poona came down upon me like a thunder-storm. Order after order was sent by the city authorities to do this, that, and the other thing within twenty-four hours.

I WAS TO REMOVE OVER ONE HUNDRED GIRLS WITHIN TWO DAYS.

I had neither the place nor the means to take them away. When I said this to the city Magistrate, (Mr. Plunkett)

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he said that, as I had brought the girls from the famine districts, I might send them away if I liked; but he did not think it necessary to take any further notice of our distress and difficulty. To have brought the girls here to save them from starvation and death was my great sin! He told me to take them to the segregation camp if I had no other place to send them. He would not allow me to keep any famine girls in Poona even if I hired large houses at great expense.

I was not to be allowed to enlarge my old school buildings at Poona. Our compound containing nearly three acres of ground was to be occupied by only thirty people. The reign of terror had begun in Poona; unsympathetic Moghuls, and not Christians and civilized men, seemed to have begun reigning over this city. An old experienced man should have known better than to order me to take over one hundred girls to an open ground and expose them to public gaze. Our Poona men, of all men in India, are famous for their disregard of women's feelings, and our dear old Magistrate has sadly come under their influence. He is but a weak human being after all, and I do not wonder at his contracting uncivilized habits of treating women in such a way as he treated us. He thinks that women are a bad lot and very difficult to manage, but I cannot help being glad to think that he had a woman to nurse him and rock his cradle when he was a helpless little baby. Our city Magistrate ought to be very thankful to God that He created women to care for man and make him happy.

Mr. Plunkett ordered me to remove my girls from this place within forty-eight hours. I knew I could not

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keep them all in the house and had put up sheds for them in the compound, but the sheds were of no use now. I could not send the girls to the segregation camp; and I therefore made up my mind to send them to Telegaum about twenty miles away. They had no proper shelter there. The water was bad and the sun very hot. One of our old girls, a nice healthy child, the only child of her old father, died of sunstroke within a week after their removal to Telegaum, and several other girls became very ill. Two other girls died later on. They were too weak to stand the hardships of out-door life.

The removal of the girls from place to place and consequent increase of sickness among them, added largely to my expenses and anxiety, but I was upheld by the merciful Father in all these trials. We could not stay long at Telegaum. So I had to make some arrangement for the girls. There is a farm at Kedgaum, belonging to our school. It is about 40 miles from here. We have a large piece of ground, but there are no shade trees anywhere near the place, and to live there in this hot season is not safe. But there was no other place where I could take my girls. So several large sheds were erected on a suitable piece of ground which was fenced with babul thorns. A little over five weeks ago I took all my girls to dwell at Kedgaum. The heat is intense there. Notwithstanding all our efforts to keep the girls well, they are getting sick. They are too delicate to stand the heat. They get fever and sore eyes. Our old girls and some of the helpers who are staying at Kedgaum are suffering from the effects of the unbearable heat.

My eyes have been nearly blinded and I cannot do much writing, and my business has to be neglected

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against my wish. A house must be built to shelter the girls. Our Poona Municipality is determined not to allow me to enlarge our school house. So I am thinking of requesting the Collector to allow me to build a house on our ground at Kedgaum. A large cattle shed is under construction there, and we shall be obliged to live in it with our cows and bullocks when the rains come down. But we cannot always live in the company of our brute friends. I am planning to build several little houses for our new girls, so that

THEY MAY LIVE IN SEPARATE LITTLE FAMILIES.

Some of my old girls who have been trained for the work in this school will take charge of these houses.

The houses to be built at Kedgaum will cost over 12,000 rupees. The new structure in our Poona compound for some of the new girls (commenced before the trouble with the Magistrate) will cost 7,000 rupees; I have paid 4,000 of this amount, and have money in hand to pay the remaining part. I am sure that the Lord who knows our needs will send me the money to build the new houses on the farm.

The bright and intelligent girls can be taught in this school and others can stay on the farm, learn to read and write a little, and acquire some industry which will help them in after life. They will also help in gardening and dairy work on the farm. Had it not been for the heat and a few other disadvantages I would not be sorry to have my school at Kedgaum. The new school seems to be taking shape and the work is becoming well organized. The wild famine girls are divided into little classes and given in charge of their trained sisters. They are learn-

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ing regular habits of life and getting to be quite nice and civilized. Each girl has some work to do, and learns in school certain hours of the day. My old girls have nobly come forward to assist me in this work. It has been quite an inspiration to some of them, and they are glad to practice what they learned in books and talks all these years.

It is quite pleasing to see some of the old girls vieing with each other in doing deeds of kindness and helping their new sisters. The youngest girl in charge of one of the classes is about fourteen years of age. She was left to die when a baby by her own father, and was kindly taken care of by a good man and his wife. The man died a few years ago, his wife and the adopted child came to our school. The widow, after being five years in my school, became a Christian of her own accord, and her adopted child followed her example.

This child has adopted a little famine girl about three years of age, and is truly a mother to the helpless, unattractive baby. The little mother has twenty-three small children in her charge, and this class is really the best managed in the whole new school. I have brought six little girl-children along with the young widows. All these have been adopted by six of the old girls and are very well taken care of. All these new little ones were in a sad condition and would have died had they not been so well cared for.

A baby of about two years was found by a policeman on the roadside in Damoh District. The Deputy Commissioner sent her to the missionaries there and I took her from them. No one knows whose child she is n r what

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her name is. The child seemed to have lost all sense. She would neither cry nor laugh or smile, and would sit for hours like a stone statue, her sad little head turned on one side. She would not talk nor ask for food if no one gave her anything to eat, nor would she cry for hunger and pain if beaten by unkind famine girls. This was most sad to see and I could not bear to leave the little one and come away from Damoh.

As I was bringing some girls from Damoh, I found two little girls wandering away in the jungle in the dark night. We were traveling in bullock carts and stopped for an hour or so to rest in the midnight on the roadside in the jungle.

A WOLF WAS PROWLING AROUND

that place in search of food and came very near one of our carts as we were getting ready to go away. Just at this time two little girls about eight or nine years of age came near us. We found out from them that they had no one to take care of them. Their parents had died and the two little girls, one or them a Brahman and the other a Chamar girl, were wandering in search of food. They had no place to rest nor a friend who would care for them. I asked them if they would come with me and they gladly consented. It was a great joy to feed these hungry little ones and to rescue them from death, as it were, for the hungry wolf would have killed them that night had not the merciful heavenly Father guided our footsteps to that place. I left the Chamar girl with the missionaries at Jabalpur and brought the little Brahman *widow* with me.

Two days and nights of hard traveling in the bullock carts brought us to the banks of the river Herna, about

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twenty-three miles west of Jabalpur. It was a fine morning and nice scenery around, and the clear stream of water flowing at the foot of the mountain was a great inducement for us to stop and rest a little on the lovely banks of the Herna. We all got down from the bullock carts, washed and refreshed ourselves with a cold meal and a drink of the clear cool water of the river. By and bye one of the famine girls,

NOT SATISFIED WITH WHAT SHE HAD TO EAT,

made her way into the field and picked some green gram from it. Others were about to follow her example when my attention was drawn by their suspicious movements and the mischief-maker was brought back to the resting place, and the corn taken from her and quietly returned to the owner of the field. After this the little girl and her followers had a lecture on honesty and were left to reflect on what they had seen and heard. Soon after, it became evident that the lecture had not done much good to the ringleader of this band of little thieves, for she had left the party and disappeared.

I thought I would let her go her own way and not try to get her back, so did not say anything about it. But one of the drivers of our bullock-carts went after her a long way and brought her back. I thought I would like to teach a lesson to her and to others by making an example of her, and told her that she need not have run away in that manner, that I was perfectly willing she should go if she did not care to remain with us, and I was not willing to take her back into our family as she had not shown herself worthy of such a privilege. She pretended to cry and repent, but I could see from her face that it was

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not true. Not wishing to encourage such bad conduct before the other girls, I told her she might go away and I would not take her with me.

The evening came; at about 5 o'clock all our carts were loaded and made ready for the night's journey. The long procession of seven bullock-carts started slowly. My cart was in the rear, so I could look on the scenery behind. The little offender spoke a few words and said

NATIVE BUFFALO CART FOR HEAVY DRAYAGE.

she had made a mistake in going away but now wanted to go with us. I thought she did not speak all this from her heart and still refused to take her. She said she would follow us on foot if I did not take her in the cart. I wanted to see if what she said was true, and ordered the carts to start without allowing her to get in any one. The poor girl stood there for some moments, and then her

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thin legs seeming not able to carry the weight of the body, she sat down on the ground and looked on the starting procession of carts in silence. I still held on, ordering my driver to go slowly, hoping all the time that the girl would get up and follow us. But she did not, her repentance did not seem genuine. A few of the passers by gathered around her after we left her. They spoke to her but she did not get up and they went their way. They did not care for her.

I had seemed very cold and indifferent, and perhaps the poor girl thought that I did not love her and did not care to come to such a loveless person. So she sat there quite still, and my cart went on. It was getting dark, the sky was clouded and looked as though it was going to rain. The dark mountain range and the river bank, now deserted by people, formed the background of that living picture of misery and helplessness. The world seemed very, very wide, and on it was thrown one little girl, friendless, homeless, and helpless. The picture is

EVERLASTINGLY ENGRAVED ON MY HEART.

I shall never forget the lonely figure sitting there on the elevated ground under the dark sky. The sad picture was too much, too much for me. I ordered the driver to stop the cart, for I could not move an inch from that place.

My heart burnt within me, and I thought of the sublime love of the dear heavenly Father for me. How often I have rebelled against Him and gone my own way, and how many countless times He has called me back and taken me to Himself. "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a

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way that was not good, after their own thoughts." This is as true of me as of Israel. And yet how often has the loving Father caused me to hear His voice saying, "How long wilt thou go about, O thou backsliding daughter?" "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." "Return thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you, for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever." The Lord taught me a precious object lesson of His love in that desert place, and His Holy Spirit took Rom. 5:8 for a text, and showed me that just as I was the object of His love, so ought the poor wandering girl be an object of my love.

I sat still in the cart for a few moments to take in the whole picture of the thing before me, and then motioned that girl to come to me. She was too far away to hear my voice, but she saw the motion of the hand calling her, and

AT ONCE BOUNDED AND RAN TOWARD ME,

looking as though a new life had been put into her dead soul. I felt very happy to see her face brightened with hope, and it was such a relief to me to take her back into my family. This girl Girija, a child of the mountain, for this is the meaning of her name, is a well-behaved child and is now getting to be civilized and learns her lessons well.

In conclusion, I must thank all the good and kind friends who have so generously given toward the support of my poor famine girls. I am very grateful to them and to you for all the kindness you have shown to me. The Lord will bless you and reward you as you deserve.

I have some money left in hand, which will be used for the buildings to be built to shelter the famine girls

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and for their support as well. For this and all other needs I shall look to God. He says, "I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."

Yours in the Lord's service,

RAMABAI.

Poona, May 6th, 1897.

Concerning the work of gathering and caring for the widows and orphans, for Pandita Ramabai's home at Khedgaon, Miss A. Parsons, of the Poona and Indian Village Mission, says the following in a letter written on the 20th of September, 1897:—

The Lord has during this month of September given me the privilege of being among some of these dear people to see for myself how abundantly He has been answering prayer. The greater number of them are in Poona, attending the school in Ramabai's Home, but as only a limited number are allowed there, the rest had shelter at Khedgaon, about 36 miles from Poona, where Ramabai has land which is now being built upon and a comfortable home made for them. It is at Khedgaon where I am with them, and the Lord is giving some very glorious times here, both among the women and in the surrounding villages.

Yesterday we had a reinforcement of sixty-four women and children, so that we number between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty. A big happy family! Doubtless some of the home people would like to know a little about this big family. They are a sad,

PITIFUL SIGHT WHEN FIRST THEY COME.

How shall I describe them! Some too weak to move almost, some through want of cleanliness and proper food

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are covered with sores, that it is painful to look at them, others through sheer poverty have been reduced to wearing the same article of clothing for such a very long time that it is impossible to stand near them without feeling faint through the very unhealthy odor proceeding therefrom. Praise the Lord for what a few months in the Home have done for such! They are not only clean, and the majority of them strong and healthy, but they have wonderfully toned down through the Christ-influence that has been exerted over them, and now instead of quarrelling and fighting, they gladly do anything for one another, or for those who are in charge of them.

Coming from the Central Provinces they could not speak a word of Marathi, or understand it either, and it was with difficulty that some of those who had the care of them could understand what they said, such was the mixture they spoke. The Lord has so wonderfully answered prayer in this matter that though as yet they do not speak much, yet they quite understand when spoken to in Marathi, and the Gospel which is given to them now *only* in Marathi, (or to these at Khedgaon) is having a marvellous effect upon them. Some have accepted Christ as their Savior, and many of us who are older in the Christian life might well envy them their simple faith in a God whom they believe not only has made a way of Salvation from sin for them, but one who cares for them and promises to supply their every need. Some might ask, How are their needs supplied? As far as I know, Ramabai looks to the Lord alone.

Now a word or two as to the "daily routine." At 6 A. M. they can be seen in a field close by where there is a

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very large well which affords them no lack of water for a good bath, and they return looking all the fresher for it. Then the food for the morning meal is measured out to a certain number who take it in turns to do the cooking. A certain number are portioned off to grind the corn for the bread, which is simply large flat meal cakes but very substantial. While they are doing this, others are preparing the vegetab es which are *not a few*. Ramabai has very large vegetable gardens out here, which are now repaying her for the labor spent on them. The rice is cooked in large vessels which would make the "washing coppers" at home appear small! In due time the cooking is finished and a bell rings which calls all the girls to prayers in the school shed. What joy it gives me to be with them, then they've learned several Marathi hymns, and sing so very heartily, and as none of them can read as yet, a Bible story is told, and to make sure that they understand it, questions are put to them, and it is very encouraging to hear the answers given. Then come prayers; when they too are taught the meaning of prayer as well as how to pray for themselves.

After this is over, at 10 P. M., each girl brings her own large brass plate and drinking vessel and the rice, etc., is dealt out in no small measure. Those who are not very strong are cared for and well supplied with milk diet. At 11:30 A. M. the school bell reminds them that the time has come for them to learn their alphabet, for as yet few of them have got much farther on than what they call "the first lesson;" besides learning to count and learning their tables. School being over, cooking operations begin again for the evening meal at 6 P. M., after which each one

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washes and scours her own brass vessels, and all retire to the large bungalow for the night. Each one unrolls her bedding, and what a scene greats us as we enter about 7 P. M. for prayers! Imagine, one *very long* room with no furniture (except a chair or two) thus allowing room for bedding for about one hundred people!

The stories connected with some of these dear women and children are sad in the extreme....One is a little widow about nine or ten years of age. Her

HUSBAND DIED WHEN SHE WAS FIVE,

and she's had anything but a happy life since....A few evenings ago we were late in going to have prayers with the girls, so when we got to the door we found this dear little widow had gathered all the women and children together, and was praying aloud with them, and they repeating the prayer after her. How the heart of our Father God must have rejoiced as He heard such requests and thanksgiving as ascended from that room. "Our kind heavenly Father, we do thank You for bringing us here, giving us such dear friends, and especially for Ramabai. O our kind Father, those of us who love You, we want You to keep our hearts very clean, and those who don't love You, quickly clean their hearts, and keep them clean by Your Holy Spirit dwelling in them. O our kind Father! take care of all of us in this Home and the Poona Home to-night, bless all who look after us, and abundantly bless Ramabai and Sunderbai who take such care of us. Now Father! we thank You for Jesus and for what Jesus promises to do for us. Take care of us to-night and forgive us wherein we have given You pain to-day, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

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I praised the Lord for the privilege of hearing such a real, simple prayer, and I'm sure our home people will join me in offering a big praise note for "what God hath wrought" in less than a year in some hearts out here. Truly He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Eph. 3:20. To Him be the glory.

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CHAPTER VIII.

FAMINE WORK AMONG THE GONDS—AN ANCIENT TRIBE —DIFFICULTIES IN RELIEF WORK—HORRIBLE INSTANCES OF DESTITUTION AND SUFFERING—SUFFERING FROM RAIN AND COLD—CHOLERA IN THE CAMP.

The following letter from Mandla, Central Provinces which is in the very heart of the famine district, will be read by all with much interest. God grant that it may tender many a heart to the sufferings of others. The difficulties here detailed are but a sample of what I found almost everywhere. The letter was begun March 4, 1897, and finished nearly two months later, and is as follows:—

Those of my readers who have only lately become interested in the Gonds may like to know a little about their life and character. They are the largest of the aboriginal tribes of India, numbering over two million persons. For many centuries they were the rulers over a large part of Central India, but their power was overthrown, and they are now nearly all cultivators, living in villages scattered over the wild hilly country in Central Provinces. In character they are brave, peaceful, quiet, honest, and truthful; and although we do not find them quick of understanding, we do find that when once they have grasped the truth, and decided to accept it, they are firm in their adherence and do not go back. Their language is Gondi; it has no written character and is spoken only in certain

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districts, and chiefly by the women; as a rule Hindi is understood by them, and is often, in a corrupt form, the only language they use. The houses in which these people live are built of mud and bamboo; they are very dark, with low doorways, and with a low thatched roof. All day long both men and women work in the fields, and at night the men have often to sleep there too, in tiny grass huts, in order to keep away deer, monkeys, peacocks, or pigs from their crops. The women work as hard as the men, and will carry equally heavy loads, but with this difference, that the men carry things in bhangies on their shoulders, while the women carry everything on their heads.

Visiting amongst these people is not altogether an easy task, for their villages are to be found many miles apart from each other, and in thick hilly jungle. There are no roads between them except in one or two places, and indeed at times only a practiced eye can detect even a footpath through the high grass or dense forest. My readers will understand from this how difficult and expensive a matter it is to convey food to the further parts of our district.

A year ago scarcity was beginning to make itself felt amongst the Gonds, the Baigas (another aboriginal tribe) and the Pankahs and other low-caste Hindus. Three years of bad harvest, and now one of almost total failure of the "kodo" and "kutki,"—the millets on which these hill-tribes subsist, being unirrigated crops and growing chiefly on stony ground,—have reduced the villagers to starvation. During the winter of 1895 people here were, many of them, living on roots and other jungle produce;

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in 1896, as the year advanced, they lived on fruits, berries, and jungle seeds, and when these failed, on *leaves*. What wonder that in April, May, and June cholera swept away hundreds of these half-starved creatures, and when the rains set in, and cold and damp were added to their sufferings they fell by *thousands*, in the jungle, in their houses, by the roadside and at our very doors. Government is doing much to relieve the terrible distress. In this district where the population is 330,000, about 23,000 people are on Relief Works, and the numbers are still increasing. There are four centres where work has been started for as many people as like to come, and seventeen places for smaller numbers; there is also a hospital in Mandla, and a large Poor House, part of which is allotted to orphan or deserted children.

"Oh well!" some one says, "what more do you want! none need starve unless they choose; if government is doing all this, what need is there for private help?" Let me answer this question, and I think in explaining the difficulties in this district I shall be speaking of those which exist elsewhere.

(1) Many of our villages are at least 20 miles from any government Relief Works; the people must therefore desert their houses and fields, sell their cattle and goats, (but here the difficulty comes in that no one can afford to buy them!) sell their ploughs, or leave them to rot, and go off to live at the Relief Works, where so long as the famine lasts they will receive sufficient pice to feed themselves. Some, with an eye to the future, try hard to save a few of these pice, but it is only by nearly starving that they are able to do this.

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At the end of the famine the Relief Works are closed, and these people by hundreds and *thousands* will find themselves with no cattle, no goats, no ploughs, a tumbled-down hut and empty fields; nothing else except the few pice they have saved.

Rather than thus give up their homes, the Gonds will struggle on to the last. Government lends them grain to sow, the winter rain has softened the ground, fodder for their cattle is plentiful, they plough their fields, sow their grain, and then night after night watch their crops and protect them from the depredations of wild animals, living meanwhile on roots, leaves, berries, etc., which grow in the jungle.

Day by day they become thinner and weaker, cholera carries off many, and of the remainder some at last give up in despair, and reduced to the last stages of starvation, try to make their way to the nearest Relief Works. Almost too weak to walk they start off, and while some get there and become in time strong again, others drop by the roadside, or if they do reach their destination, it is only to succumb after a few days to the effects of hunger, exposure, and fatigue.

(2) Another difficulty in the way of getting village people to the Relief Works is that they are afraid of them. They have wholesome fear of the ruling power, but unfortunately this is often exaggerated into a foolish and unreasonabe dread of coming into contact with that power in any way unless compelled. We find that in these cases our only way is to keep people for a time until their confidence is won, when we can often persuade them to go on government relief.

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With regard to the government Poor House the difficulties are greater still, for those who go there are of course not allowed to come out without permission. To jungle-folk such confinement is well-nigh unbearable, besides being an added cause of terror. I believe that many Gonds and Baigas would sooner die in their homes or in their native jungle, than submit to the restraint of a government Poor House.

(3) Next comes the difficulty of the sick and aged, and of the children. When a family is trying to struggle on until the next harvest, those who begin the struggle as strong, hearty, full-grown men and women may be able to pull through, while the sick, the aged and the children, with their weaker constitutions, fail to get sufficient nourishment from the indigestible food on which they have to feed. What are they to do? They cannot leave their friends and relatives and go off to live in their helplessness amongst a crowd of strangers. It is only by help in their own houses that they can be saved.

(4) Orphans and deserted children I need hardly plead for; they plead for themselves to every heart, and any one can understand, with a moment's thought, that children whom we rescue and keep directly under our care are much more likely to have a chance of life, than those at Relief Works or at the government Poor House, where such personal, individual care is simply impossible. At one centre of relief alone I am told that there are 3,000 children! Where such numbers have to be dealt with, one feels it would be cruel indeed to send any of the sickly little ones who may come into our hands, so long as our friends at home will supply us with funds to feed and clothe and shelter them.

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(5) Clothing is another thing for which private charity is urgently needed.

The government regulations make no provision for clothing; they undertake to give work to those who need it, and to pay the workers sufficient to buy food, also they relieve gratuitously those unfit for work. Clothing must be provided for apart from this.

From what I have said above it will be seen that there is a very wide scope for the use of private charity, and that through this channel many may be saved who would otherwise perish miserably. I want now to tell you something of how the funds entrusted to us are expended.

Between Mandla and Marpha, across the centre of the district, we have several rest houses, besides Patpara (seven miles from Mandla) where some of our missionaries reside. At these rest houses we have started giving relief according to the following rules:

(1) Wherever villages are far from Relief Works, we make all possible enquiries about any people we see in bad condition. If they have no fields or cattle to keep them at home, we promise them sufficient food for the journey to the nearest Relief Works. In order to obtain this they must come for it with their household goods ready packed, and must start-off at once; if they are very weak, however, we feed them for a few days first. When they have received their traveling allowance they are made to understand, that, if they return, nothing more will be done for them. To any people who have cattle, ploughs, and fields we give a small weekly allowance of grain for each person.

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(2) When we find it impossible to overcome at once the prejudices or fears of people, and to induce them to go to the Relief Works, we either feed them for a time, and having gained their confidence, persuade them to go; or else we give a small portion to any member of the family who is sick or old, tell the children to come to us for cooked* food, and leave the other people to reflect for a few days on their folly. This probably has the desired effect, and one or two members of the family venture to the Relief Works. They come back after a few days and report that shelters are provided, that wages are given daily, that with great care they can save a little money after a time, and that they have not heard of any cases of people being carried off to the tea plantations or anything else dreadful. This good news causes a general exodus, and perhaps others in the village, gaining confidence, join the band, and come to us for their traveling rations.

(3) The sick and aged are helped as far as possible; their helplessness and weakness are sufficient to make them elligible, though at the same time we endeavor to find out whether they have any relatives capable of supporting them.

(4) Orphans and deserted children we can only provide for pending enquiries. These we feed, clothe, and in many instances carefully nurse them, too.

(5) Clothing we have so far not given, except in a very few cases, and those chiefly children. A firm of drapers in Calcutta very kindly sent us a large parcel of remnants of cloth, flannel, and other warm materials:

* Children have no caste, but grown-up people will not, as a rule, take cooked food from our hands.

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from these we had little jackets made, which we gave to our orphans and to other children who seemed especially in need of warm garments.

Here I must not omit to mention one prominent feature of the work, namely, *children's kitchens*. At each of the relief stations, all the needy children in the neighborhood assemble twice daily, and are provided with food ready cooked. They eat it then and there, the object being to insure that the children themselves are benefited. We find these kitchens are very much appreciated both by children and parents, and at the present moment in our various stations about 420 children come daily for their meals.

During the past winter Mr. Molony and I have been living in one or another of the rest houses, starting the work in each and revisiting them from time to time.

At Marpha, the headquarters of the Gond Evangelistic Band, Mr. Price and Mr. Hack have their hands full. Children come twice daily to be fed, and people come from all the country around, and at all hours of the day begging for food. The really needy receive an allowance of food at once, then their cases are enquired into as far as possible, and they are dealt with accordingly. Repairs are going on at the bungalow, and some are put to work there; their daily wages then come out of the repair fund given by the C. M. S. The work at Diuari (twelve miles off) is also supervised by the Marpha missionaries.

At Patpara, Mr. Fryer and our two new missionaries from Australia, Mr. Law and Mr. Holloway, lead a very busy life: their work will interest you and I must give a short account of it.

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Within the last few months five buildings have been erected in that compound, and one not far from it.

(1) An orphanage for boys.

(2) An orphanage for girls; and in connection with these a small house for the house-father and his wife, with a cooking room for the children, also a shed for cows and goats.

(3) A children's hospital, and beside it a small house for a nurse.

(4) Temporary home for deserted children, and for poor sick people too emaciated to be sent to the Relief Works.

(5) A lepers' home, quite away at the further end of the compound.

(6) A cholera shed, to which any cases of cholera in the compound or in the village can be removed; this is some distance away from any house, and out of the compound.

The work of building these places has been done a great deal as relief work, and the people have received their pay in grain for themselves and their children.

At two villages we have had wells dug as work for the people, and we hope to be able to have them bricked, as government has given us a grant of Rs. 100 to do one, and the owner of the village seems inclined to undertake to pay for the other. These wells will be a permanent benefit to the villagers.

With regard to our orphanage our intention is that it should be as far as possible a village orphanage for village children: the boys will learn ploughing and general farming, weaving, mat-making, and perhaps a little carpentry, besides having to help in making and thatching

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their own houses: the girls will do the cooking, sweeping, looking after the babies, washing, etc. All the children will receive also some amount of schooling, and daily instruction in Scripture. At present we have from 60 to 70 little ones, some of whom have been with us for several months; they are strong and well, but the new comers are often a sad sight.

Let me take you into the hospital now and show you our little friends there. Ten beds are occupied, but of these five are only cases of fever and cough or other minor complaints; if you turn to the beds on your left, however, you see enough to bring the tears to your eyes, and to make your heart ache.

No. 1. An orphan giri, terribly thin, and suffering from dysentery, as so many of these starved people do. She is improving, and will pull through all right, please God.

No. 2. A little girl about two years of age, though from her size you would put her down as not more than six or nine months. She and her mother arrived some days ago in a terrible state of emaciation. The mother is now able to work a little, but the baby is too weak even to raise herself; she lies their resting her weary little frame, and taking from time to time all tne nourishment we can venture to give her in her feeble condition. She is the most good-natured baby of all here, always ready with a smile of welcome. If you ask her "How much food have you eaten to-day, little one?" she stretches out her arms as wide as she can and answers with a smile, "So much!" as if to show that she has had as much as she could wish for. We hope that this little one may live; she has a sunny nature and rarely cries, in spite of all she suffers.

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No. 3, like No. 2, has come with her mother; she is the worst case in the hospital, and there is little hope that she will survive. Her mother was too weak and ill to attend to her; she was terribly dirty, and all down one side were large open sores. These were alive with maggots, which had eaten the flesh away *to the bone*, both at the elbow, the thigh, and the ribs. The daily cleaning of these places is a terrible business, and the child's screams of pain are pitiful in the extreme. Even now after a fortnight of the tenderest care, the elbow bone is bare and a good part of the arm and side are perfectly raw, while the child is little more than skin and bone, and looks withered up like a monkey.

Looking at these two children, and remembering many others whom we have fed and tended, I can quote with truth from a letter published not long ago in an English newspaper, and can from my own experience fully endorse the terrible description given. "I have....in India seen men, women, and children with the skin sloping backward from the lower ribs to the hip-bones; no stomach at all; every detail of their anatomy visible; the head merely a skull, covered with skin; the eyes blazing with fever. I have seen these skeletons walking, crawling, dying and dead. I have seen those to whom solid food meant death. No one who has not seen such a sight would believe to what extremity the human frame can be brought." This is true in every detail, and I may add that we have had many come to us in a condition when one glance at the *face* has been sufficient to tell us with sad certainty that we are speaking to one who is *doomed*, whom no human aid can save. But this is a digression, let us return to the hospital and look at bed No. 4.

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No. 4. The little girl lying there suffers much and constantly, her teeth are tightly clenched and she keeps up an almost incessant low moan, very pitiful to hear, and breaking out from time to time into a cry of pain. We hardly expect to pull her through. Some days ago a policeman found her lying in a jungle, thrown away, deserted by her parents, and left for the wild beasts,* the vultures and the crows.

No. 5 is an orphan boy; he arrived some time ago and was very bad at first with sores over a great part of his body; these are now healed up, but he is still frightfully thin. We hope, however, in a few days to have him trotting about all right.

At present Mr. Fryer is doing all the work of attending to these little sufferers, with a few of the elder orphans to help him. We are most anxious however to relieve him of so heavy an addition to his many responsibilities, and are trying to secure the services of some one competent to take charge of the hospital under his supervision. With regard to our Lepers' Home there is not much to say; it is built at the farther end of the compound, away from all other houses. Although only finished a few weeks ago it has about 26 inmates; these are not all lepers, for many have brought their children who at present show no signs of the terrible disease with which they are tainted. One of the saddest sights I have ever seen was a poor woman covered with leprosy and with three tiny children to look after, one of them a baby in arms and *taking its mother's milk!* If only we could take the child away, we might save

*Both jackals and birds will attack living people if they are ill and weak, and I have heard of a child rescued when the crows had already attacked its face.

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it from the awful fate which in all probability awaits it. But the mother will not part with it, and we have no power to compel her. It makes one shudder to think that that dear little baby's only nourishment is milk from a leper!

On our last journey from Marpha to Patpara we brought this woman and her children with us to the home. We had also in our company, a leper with his hands and feet almost gone, another whose face was attacked, and a little orphan girl, so we were rather a strange caravan, especially as one of our servants went off his head and gave us considerable trouble. Our last stage from Khajri to Patpara is a long one, so we sent the lepers on a day before we started, in order to give them a rest halfway. The woman and her children managed all right, but one man was very weak and we found him and his companion out in the jungle quite unable to proceed. Mr. Molony had to ride back one and one-half miles to the nearest village and have a doolie made to convey the poor helpless one to the home.

The temporary home for deserted children and sick people is not yet finished, but we hope to have it ready in a few days; the cholera house too is in progress of erection.

April 7, Marpha.

Once more we are out at Marpha, and I have leisure to finish this letter: the past month has been a busy one and constant fever has made me unfit for any extra task.

Mr. Molony and I were called here suddenly as we were living at Khajri rest house. A letter came from one of the catechists saying that Mr. Price was ill, and as he was alone (Mr. Hack having gone to Allahabad for his ordination) we only waited to collect a few coolies to

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carry necessary food and bedding, and then started at once, reaching the next rest house the same night, using bamboo torches to light us the last part of the way. At 3 o'clock next morning we were up again and Mr. Molony rode straight on to Marpha before breakfast, a twenty-four mile ride done partly by torchlight. I had to travel more slowly in my tonjon, and to rest my men, did not start until the afternoon when I traveled only as far as Dinari and stopped there for the night. Getting up at 3 A. M. and making the men light a large fire, I saw the coolie loads packed. Soon we were off, two torch bearers leading the way, I in my tonjon coming next, and a long line of coolies and servants bringing up the rear. At last it began to get light, we crossed a river, the servants were cold and so was I! We made a bonfire of the remaining torches and had a good warm, then on we went through thick forest and over rocky *nalahs*, pushing on quickly in the cool, fresh air, and arriving at Marpha before the hot sun had time to bake us and weary us out. As usual crowds of children came running to meet me, and a crowd of men and women gave me a welcome at the bungalow.

Mr. Price was very bad the day Mr. Molony arrived, but he is now a great deal better and able to get about. In a few days we are expecting Mr. Hack here, and then we shall return to Mandla for Easter, after which we hope to come out again into camp, and spend the hot season at Khajri and Muria Rachka rest houses: we may also remain there for the rains if the roofs prove to be sufficiently water tight now that a fresh coating of thatch has been put on.

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When we were there during the Christmas rains we had to sleep with a waterproof sheet over our feet, and a big basin on the bed to catch the water where it fell somewhat copiously! Last Saturday we had an equally uncomfortable experience here: a violent storm of wind and dust came up suddenly, the thatch was blown off in bundles, and then in sheets, bamboos and all, one end of the church being completely bared and opened to the sky; then down came the rain on the top of the dust, pouring in from the roof and drifting in from the doorways, over tables, books, beds, and everything; pictures (unframed) were torn from the walls and went whirling out across the compound in company with letters, papers, books, collars, dusters, and all kinds of things. We tried to get the bamboo screens over the doorway, (there are no doors) but some were blown away, others broken by the force of the wind. We rolled up the beds and threw a waterproof over them, and were thankful afterwards to find two of the blankets and two mattresses dry enough to use that night. When the storm was over the result was chaos both in the house and out; the verandah was a pond, and the drawing room had a small river running through it. All around the bungalow were piles of grass from the roof, while the roof itself looked as if people had been tossing hay on it.

The full number of people now on our hands is 800;* of these 450 are children, and the rest are either women with children, or sick and infirm folk. The numbers are increasing daily although we send off as many as we possibly can to the Relief Works.

*May 2. The numbers are now over 1,000.

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Our worst time will be when the rains come I fear, for the damp and cold bring all kinds of sickness to the already weak and sickly people, and many of them are absolutely without any clothing beyond a strip of waist-cloth.

It was a pitiful sight after the storm on Saturday to see tiny children, almost skeletons, crouching in corners, without a thread to cover them, their bony arms clasped tightly across their chests, whilst the cold, damp wind struck sharply against the poor little shivering forms. I had *one* warm jacket left for them all! I gave it to the worst child I could find, and then fled to escape the pleadings of the others. No one who has not seen it can know a tithe of the awful misery that "famine" means. Hungry women lose their womanly tenderness even for their own children. I have seen a woman snatch at the food in her starving baby's hand, while the poor mite fought furiously for it: there have been cases in this Province of parents eating their own children to stop the pangs of hunger, and a case was recorded not long ago of a woman burying *alive* her tiny niece, (already a skeleton, and too weak to resist,) because there was not enough food for them both! The child was discovered and rescued, and is, I believe, doing well, although one arm was broken by the heavy earth. Her story is that first her aunt took her out into the jungle and left her for the beasts and birds, but she had strength to crawl back home, after driving off with some difficulty the crows and vultures that gathered round. A few days later the woman took her out again, and to insure success, *buried* her; fortunately she was too weak herself to bury her deeply, and

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the child got her mouth and one hand free. A man passing through the jungle saw the little hand moving, and rescued the poor little one from its awful position. Alas! while I am writing this, one more of the children here has succumbed. She has been living in the compound for a week, and receiving food and medicine. This morning she went out as usual into the sunshine for warmth, had a drink of water at the well and lay down near it. I suppose a fit of exhaustion came on, and now she lies there dead. Mr. Molony has just been to see her, but nothing can be done, the little life is gone out. Oh, it is heart-breaking.

April 8.

Sad news has just come from Patpara. One of the children in the orphanages has cholera, three children of one of the servants have died and others are down with it. Four cases occurred in the village not long ago, two ending fatally, but we had hoped that the prompt measures taken had stamped it out; this fresh appearance of it amongst the children is a very serious matter. I know that you will pray for us in all our difficulties and anxieties, and I am very certain that God will hear and answer your prayers, giving us the guidance and strength which we need. I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

E. H. MOLONY.

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CHAPTER IX.

THIRD VISIT TO THE FAMINE DISTRICT—THE BRETHREN MISSION AT BULSAR—BARODA AND AHMEDABAD—GREAT DISTRESS, BUT NOT SO MUCH FAMINE—RELIEF COMMITTEE.

My third tour into the interior was made in June. From Bombay I went northward to Bulsar, where the Brethren (Dunkard) denomination have a mission station in charge of W. B. Stover and wife and Bertha Ryan. These dear people are earnestly engaged in the good work, and although they are not in the immediate famine district, yet want and scarcity were very evident in their district. Indeed, missionaries have not come to India for a pleasant visit or a "good time" in the general acceptance of that term, but to do hard work for God. A number of orphans from various parts of the famine district have been gathered in and are being cared for and trained for God's service. These dear people are deserving of the most cordial support.

Baroda, a beautiful city of fine palaces and gardens and the capital city of one of the Native States, was one of the stopping places on this tour. The Rev. S. V. Karmacker, with whose dear household I was quickly made to feel at home, treated me with every kindness. Both he and his wife were actively engaged in the good work, as they had gathered a number of famine-orphans from as far as Jubbulpore whom they were keeping at their own expense. Mrs. Karmacker, I learned, was connected with

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one of the native prince's hospitals for women and children. This prince, or chief, was a fine, intelligent man, thoroughly interested in the welfare of his State, apparently thoroughly enlightened as to the temporal needs, at least of the day. He was also greatly impressed with the noble effort of the Christians of America in behalf of India. Ah, the Christian religion, manifested by practical fruits, will make an impression, even upon those who, by virtue of heathen environments and superstitious teachings, are far from the kingdom.

Other missionaries and native workers here—among them, R. V. Tikekar, if I remember his name correctly—were likewise earnestly at work in behalf of the famine-stricken.

At Ahmedabad the Christian Alliance have established a Mission, in charge of Miss M. D. Fecke. To this place Rev. J. A. Sprunger, of Chicago, sent a large part of the money contributed from various sources for the relief of the famine-stricken. In this was shown the wisdom of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission in sending one to see where the need was *greatest*, and to spend the contributions there, for Ahmedabad lay fairly outside of the really famine stricken district. However, to the credit of the missionary above mentioned, the money sent for the relief of the destitute and starving was with the greatest conscientiousness sent to the places where it was most needed, a noble act, which cannot, I am sorry to say, be said of all the money that was sent by other well-meaning Americans to friends and missionaries in India, not that said missionaries did not make good use of the money sent them, but rather that the funds sent them for the feeding of the starve-

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lings, were used in building up mission schools, etc. But I would not dwell upon this; such cases were the exception, not the rule, and the mistake may have been more one of the head than of the heart.

During all this time since my arrival in India, I had been anxiously watching for word regarding the shipment of the cargo of corn and beans from the Pacific coast, in charge of Rev. R. G. Hobbs, of Jacksonville, Ill. In due time I learned that *that* cargo was destined for Calcutta and that it had left on the "whaleback" steamer "City of Everett," and would arrive at its destination probably about the end of June. A telegram from the Home and Foreign Relief Commission also informed me that the plan of sending more corn via New York and Gibraltar had been abandoned, owing to the lateness of the season and the danger of having the cargo injured by the hot weather enroute, and that the money would be sent instead of its value in grain. Great was the disappointment of some of the missionaries when the change of plan became known, for, they reasoned, that a dollar would buy five times as much corn in America as it would in India. This was very true, but subsequent events, as I shall state them, will show that the Home and Foreign Relief Commission were providentially guided in the change of plan, and that, had the corn instead of the money been sent, the distribution of the San Francisco cargo would have been seriously hampered, and many more lives in the meantime have been lost by starvation.

As an instance of the sad disappointment occasioned I take the liberty of publishing a letter written me on the subject by Mrs. Pandita Ramabai as follows:—

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Nowgong, Bundelkhan, July 4, 1897.

Dear Brother: It was very kind of you to come to see me at Poona. I was glad indeed to know from you what you wish me to do with the money you have given me, and for the amount you have given for free distribution, it shall be used as desired by you, and I leave it with my friends right here in these famine districts where it is most needed. I do not find words strong enough to express my grief at the news which you gave me—that the grain which has been gathered in America for our starving people will not be sent here at all. I do not know who suggested the sale of the corn, instead of its free distribution among our poor people. The Lord forgive the men or women whoever made this dreadful suggestion. I think they have not felt the pangs of hunger, nor seen the famine-stricken people dying by the hundreds and thousands for want of food. Our crying need in Central India just now is *food* and not *money*.

Our government has spent most of the money gathered for famine relief, in paying high salaries to the officials, who are employed in the relief service. The remainder of it has been taken by *Mukadams* in the shape of bribe, and very little of it has fallen into the hands of the starving people. The mistake on the part of our government was inevitable, I suppose, but why should our American friends make such a dreadful mistake as to send us money instead of corn? Did you ever consult the poor people of the country on this point? I have a little relief work going on in our School Farm, at Khedgaon. There the people are not starving like those in this part, but still there is a growing scarcity of food, and other

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necessaries of life. We give work to nearly 100 poor people, and many widows with children, and other relatives who depend upon them for support have been helped at this time of distress. Some six months ago when I visited the Farm, about fifty workmen and women gathered about me and begged me to buy and store up about 1,000 rupees worth of grain, and pay them in grain and not in money, for the work they would do for me. This, to my mind, was a very strong evidence to the growing scarcity in our part of the country, and I came to know then that the poor people wanted food and not money alone. I therefore was rejoiced to read in the papers that you had brought a ship-load of corn, and that more corn was being sent from America to this country. And it is a great grief and disappointment to learn from you that our generous American friends are not going to send the corn that they have gathered for us. I wish you, and other representatives of the American Famine-Relief Commission, would travel in these famine districts and see for yourselves what is needed here, and not depend on the opinion of those good people who have perhaps never visited famine districts, and write their opinions from the hill-tops where they are making themselves comfortable in these hot days.

As my friend and I go around in these famine districts, we get hundreds of poor people around us in every village, who come to us and beg for food. We give them a few pice; but one, two, or four pice will not satisfy the stomach of the hungry individuals, so they keep on begging for more money—old women, young children, and starving men follow us miles and miles begging for more

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money all the time. We know perfectly well that one or two pice will not buy a single meal for them, but what can we do? We have not much money to give them, so we turn a deaf ear to their cries, and pass on to the next village. How much better it would have been if those

Hindu maiden found near a tree. She had wandered about for food till she fell down exhausted, and died of starvation.

engaged in relief work had had some grain to distribute! I hear that the American people are selling the corn at the rate of eight or ten cents per bushel. Now, you know that ten cents when converted into our money, are no more than four or five annas at the most. Five annas of money will not support a family even a single day, but instead of that, if you had given a bushel of corn, which is nearly one and a half maunds, it would have supported a family over a month, and the poor people would have been saved from starvation, and blessed you

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all their life. The rains have commenced in this part of the country, thank God, but five years of dreadful famine have devastated the land; cattle and people have died by the thousands, whole villages are deserted and the land is overgrown with jungle bushes. It will take at least two years before the land can be brought to its former state.

Carrying corpse for burial. Rear carrier himself at death's door.

A few poor people have taken heart now and are seen working in their fields, but many of them do not have cattle or farming implements. So men, women, and children are seen working in the waste fields with their ready hands, but not much of farming can be done in this way.

The starving people will soon get over-worked and die of starvation. How very necessary it is at this time of their need to supply them with *food*, so that they may

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get a little strength in their limbs to work in the field to raise grain for their support next year.

Money is needed to supply the people with clothing and other necessaries, but grain is more needed. O, for a thousand ship-loads of grain to distribute among these starving people!

A man who died of starvation buried by comrades who are threatened with the same fate.

Those of us who have gathered children from famine districts need money to be sure, but we should not get it at the sacrifice of the starving thousands. I am sure the Lord will not bless our school nor our missionary work, if we take this money which is meant to save the lives of hungry people. Why can we not depend upon the Lord for money and all other things for the support of our schools and mission work, the silver and gold, yea, "the fulness of the earth are His," and He will provide for our famine children.

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So, dear friend, if you still have it in your power to get the corn for our hungry people, please get it now as soon as possible and give it to them where they need it most. You can give us money for our schools—we shall be thankful enough for your help in that direction—but do not sell the grain so cheaply and deprive our starving people of the food gathered for them. I am writing this to you from these famine districts. I am an eye-witness of the sufferings of the people; have myself felt the pangs of hunger, and am telling you what I know to be the fact, that the starving people of Central India need *grain* more than *money* at this time.

The Lord help you in doing your work for our people.

Believe me, yours in the Lord's service.

RAMABAI.

The sentiment expressed in the above letter did not obtain universally among the mission and relief workers, however. Those who understood the circumstances urged me to have the money instead of the corn sent. The need was urgent, the money, or draft for the same, could be sent by telegram, but not so with the grain, and as there was grain enough in India to feed the people, but not enough money in the hands of the poor, starving people to *buy* it, the advantage to them of having money becomes evident. Of what use would a thousand ship loads of corn be to people who had starved to death while the grain was on the way? True, had the grain been started four months earlier it would have been different, but it was not a question of what might have been, but of what shall be done *now*. Hence it was that the grain that had already been shipped by eastern contributors for the New York cargo

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was converted into cash, and the money was forwarded by cable.

As the time came when the cargo of grain from San Francisco might be expected any day at Calcutta, I left

NATIVE HUT. PEOPLE IN SORE NEED.

Bombay for Calcutta, passing through the famine district and stopping at Jubbulpore, or Jabalpur as it is often spelled. A committee that had been appointed from representatives of the various missionary societies in the country to distribute the $40,000 sent to India through the *Christian Herald* of New York, met here to formulate plans and arrange for the proper distribution of the funds. A fuller account of this meeting will appear later. But oh! the horrible distress everywhere visible as we passed through the country. It was, however, a comforting thought that the government was now making the most strenuous efforts to render all the relief possible. But it

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Your Humble Servant Feeding the Poor at Jubbulpore.

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was a herculean task, and notwithstanding all that could be done, people died by thousands.

The scenes baffle all description. The stoutest hearts were melted to tears. It is true that by this time the rains had become general, thank God, in the famine district, but there were "yet four months until harvest," and the suffering was intense, and Jubbulpore was well in the

NATIVE PLOWING. C. P., INDIA.

centre of the famine district. I saw one poor mother with a baby. All she had for a covering was a ragged loin-cloth and a rag over her head, while her poor little baby had nothing but the ragged remnant of a child's shirt The rain was pouring down so that it ran down off the poor child who was crying from hunger and cold, the air being chilly. Think of it, dear mothers! Like a hen who would shelter her brood this poor mother sat down on the

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ground, and leaning forward she held her child close to her to protect it from the elements and to keep it warm.

Dr. A. L. Duff (surgeon), in the employ of the government on relief work, was taken with the fever at his work. He was not a Christian, but his mind had been so filled with the horror of the sights about him that in his delirium he

NATIVE SWEEPER, JUBBULPORE.

continued to cry, "O, the poor people! They must die! What can I do for them! Oh, I can do nothing!" Thus he continued until his voice was hushed in death.

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FAMINE-STRICKEN GROUP, OF JUBBULPORE.

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My heart bled for the poor little children who were out in the open, unprotected, hungry, cold, crying, *dying*. Seeing one group that especially claimed my pity I bought about one hundred blankets and had them distributed. You should have seen the gladness with which these dear little fellows received the gift of the "Sahib." It caused tears of joy to be able to make them so easily and quickly comfortable and satisfied. But thousands of others were not thus provided for, and many succumbed, for the poor little emaciated bodies, it seems, can stand the heat and sun much better than they can stand the rain. Indeed, while the rain was hoped for, prayed for, it was nevertheless dreaded, because of the increased mortality among the sufferers on account of it.

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CHAPTER X.

ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA—THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE—AN AFFLICTED EMPIRE—ARRIVAL OF THE "CITY OF EVERETT"—UNLOADING THE GRAIN—APPORTIONMENT OF GRAIN—RETURN TO THE FAMINE DISTRICT.

From Jubbulpore I went to Calcutta on the 20th of July. There were no signs of famine in this part of the country. The fields were green, and the condition of the people so very different from that of those whom I had but so recently left. Nevertheless this part of the country also had not been left unscathed, for, as though no part of India was to remain untouched by the hand of affliction, a destructive earthquake shook all of that part of India lying between the Himalayan mountains and the Bay of Bengal. This calamity had occurred but a few weeks before my arrival, and while but a slight tremor was felt in the region of the Himalayas, it moved with almost telegraphic velocity south-eastward, with ever-increasing power so that it brought Calcutta and other cities in Bengal to the very verge of ruin, while in the farther eastern province of Assam the destruction was greater. But more of this will be said at the proper time and place. Suffice it to say that upon my arrival at Calcutta workmen were everywhere busy rebuilding the structures which the earthquake had shattered.

Calcutta, the capital of India, and seat of the Supreme Government, is situated principally on the east bank of

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the Hugli or Hoogli River, about 80 miles from the seaboard. It may be called the Chicago or New York of East India. A large part of the territory which it occupies, especially what is now the finest part of the city, was, less than a century ago, a malarial swamp, some of which was actually below the level of the

High Court, Calcutta, in finest part of city, the site of a former swamp.

Hugli. The mortality in the early history of the town was so great, that the name of Calcutta, derived from the village of Kalighat, was identified by mariners with Golgotha, the place of a skull.

The chief event in the history of Calcutta is the sack of the town and the capture of Fort William in 1756, by

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Suraj-ud-Daula (supposed to be a corruption of the name Sir Roger Douglas) the powerful Nawale (Nabob) of Bengal. Most of the English officials in the employ of the East India Company—who owned the town—fled to the mouth of the Hugli River. The Europeans who

THE HUGLI RIVER, BELOW CALCUTTA.

remained were compelled, after a short resistance, to surrender themselves to the tender mercies of the young prince. The prisoners, 146 in number, were driven at the point of the sword into a chamber a little less than twenty feet square, with but two small openings or windows. The maddening influence of the vitiated air in this, the hottest season of the year, had an indescribable effect upon the prisoners, and in the following morning but twenty-three tottering, disfigured prisoners were left to describe the horrors of the "Black Hole of Calcutta," so vividly depicted by Mr. Holwell, one of the survivors.

This fiendish act was most fiercely avenged by Robert (afterward Lord) Clive, a young officer of the East India Company, who, at the head of the English forces

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GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.
ঈশ্বর জগতের প্রতি এমন প্রেম করিলেন, যে আপনার একজাত পুত্রকে প্রদান করিলেন, যেন তাঁহাতে বিশ্বাস কারী প্রত্যেক জন বিনষ্ট না হইয়া অনন্ত জীবন পায়।

Mrs. Mary Jewson's Orphanage, Calcutta, and home of the Author during his two days' sickness.

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wrenched an empire with a thousand cities out of the hands of the cruel Nabob, on the 23d of June 1757, at the great battle of Plassy, on the banks of the Hugli and not far from Moorshedabad, then the capital of Bengal, and equal, in size, to London at that time.

But we are digressing into a historical line of thought, so we will return to the present Calcutta with its fine palaces and government buildings, and its population—including suburbs—of over a million. While there was no famine in or about Calcutta, yet in the outlying districts some distance away the pinch of want was painfully felt. I found a faithful, devoted band of helpers in the family of Rev. Mr. Jewson of Calcutta. These excellent people were thoroughly conversant with the needs of the people and were ready and eminently capable to help in the distribution of relief funds. Mrs. Jewson has established an orphanage, and many dear children are there receiving a tender mother's care and learning the true way of life.

Up to this time I had been graciously blessed with good health, and although the weather at times was for me almost intolerably hot—the thermometer ranging from 90° to 110° in the shade—yet I had borne up well and was enabled to continue my work without interruption. But shortly after my arrival in Calcutta, probably from the fatigue of travel and the change of other conditions, my strength suddenly left me. I was attacked by a high fever and for two days it raged unabated, greatly reducing me. I thought perhaps the Master was ready to call me home. Nevertheless at the end of two days the fever left me, and, thanks to the kind attendance of the dear family where I made my home, I soon recovered suffici-

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ently to resume my work. May a gracious and bountiful God abundantly reward them for this loving kindness to me.

That the reader may obtain some idea of the fatiguing nature of the work of inspecting the famine field, and that in that hot climate it is possible to overtax one's strength, I shall here give a sample program of an afternoon's work as laid out for me by the missionaries. I take that which refers to my visit at Ahmednagar on the 30th of June, as that happens to be the most convenient within reach.

Arrive, 11:59.
12:15–1:30, Visit and conference with Rev. H. G. Bissell.
1:30–2:00 P. M., Dinner at Mr. Bissell's.
2:00–2:30, Girl's school. Miss E. Bissell.
2:30–2:45, J. S. Haig, Esq.
2:45–3:30, Rev. J. Smith.
3:30–3:45, Miss Stockbridge.
3:45–4:45, Buroodgaw.
4:45–5:15, Mrs. Bissell. Afternoon tea.
5:15–5:30, Diet kitchen. Dr. Julia Bissell.
5:30–6:30, Drive to poor quarters of the city.
6:30–7:30, Rev. R. A. Hume.
7:30–8:00, Supper at Mr. Hume's.
8:15–9:15, Station conference.

While the precious cargo had not yet reached Calcutta, yet a cablegram sent from Singapore on the 27th of July brought the glad tidings that the "City of Everett" had spoken there and would be due at Calcutta about the 8th or 9th of August. It was decided that the Grain Distributing Committee should sail down the Hugli

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and meet the incoming steamer, which finally hove to in the harbor on the 9th of August. Great was the joy everywhere.

In a short time the message had been carried all over the famine district "The grain from America has come."

There was however some difficulty in discharging the cargo and sending the corn out over the different roads to the famine district. While the Telegraph Co. had generously placed the service of their wires at my free use, the railway companies felt that it would not be wise to show partiality to the Christians in the matter of free transportation, as in preference to the Mohammedans, and other bodies. At the same time the *Christian Herald* funds had not been reserved for this emergency, there were no native funds at hand and there was a dilemma. It had been decided that the sixteen carloads that had been contributed through the Home and Foreign Relief Commission should be put in with the rest of the cargo for distribution. This part of the cargo was easily discernible from the rest in that the sacks in which this corn was shipped were of stronger material than those holding the remainder of the cargo, and were stamped in large letters of which "HOME AND FOREIGN RELIEF COMMISSION" were the most prominent.

How to overcome the difficulty and get the grain moved was a grave question. Efforts had been made to get free or at least reduced transportation and a donation of money, but they had so far failed. Seeing the danger of delay —and delay meant death to many—I hastened to the bank, and, proving by my letters the amount of money in the

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hands of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, though not yet received by me, the bank generously gave me the use of all the money I needed; to be paid back when more money came from America. I then bought $8,000.00 worth of grain from the rest of the Committee, thus giving me control of so much more grain, and at the same time giving them money with which to move the rest of the cargo. There had been at one time a slight disposition on the part of one or two to appropriate all or nearly all of the cargo to the exclusive use of one organization; but that calamity was happily averted, and now the American Mission Board, the Christian Mission, the Baptist Mission, the Salvation Army, Christian Alliance, Episcopalians, Friends (Quakers), Methodists, Mennonites, Lutherans, Reformed, etc., all had a hand in the glorious work, and right harmoniously did they labor together.

Good fortune, or, better, a favoring Providence, did still more for us, for soon after these arrangements had been made, the distributing Committee received from the Mission House Fund a contribution of 20,000 rupees to be used in sending out the grain. Almost simultaneously with this came the magnanimous offer of the Bengal and Nagpur Ry. Co., tendering us free transportation over their system, which reached into the very heart of the famine district. "Thank God," said we; "now to the work." The venerable Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one of the grandest and noblest of men, showed in this instance that the grave responsibility of presiding over the affairs of the Methodist people and their work in India had not been misplaced by his church, for he labored faithfully, successfully and, in general, satisfactorily in apportioning the grain.

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UNLOADING THE GRAIN FROM THE "CITY OF EVERETT," CALCUTTA.

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The corn had been thoroughly kiln-dried before being loaded at San Francisco, and was preserved by the hand of God from all injury and reached Calcutta in prime condition, and the unloading of the ship began at once. It was a refreshing sight to see the yellow corn peep out of the sacks, the evidence of the impartial generosity of the Christian farming communities of the Western States.

Some of the sacks had been made of too frail material and had burst, causing the grain to be dropped in streams along the deck and down the side of the steamer into the water. When I remembered how but a few days before I had seen poor starving children crawling along the streets of Jubbulpore, picking up every stray grain they could find, I was up in an instant in rebellion against such wilful waste. Calling upon the phlegmatic official in charge of the disembarkation of the cargo, I commanded him in words more impressive and imperative than he may have been accustomed to, to stop immediately this waste by handling the bursted sacks more carefully, and making provision for all that had through his neglect already been lost. There was no further spilling of grain!

Without further delay the apportionments were made and the corn, beans, and rice were loaded on cars, fourteen tons to the car, and started toward the thousands of hungry mouths waiting, oh, so long, for food. The total amount of grain contained in the cargo was, 23,010 sacks of corn, 9,777 of rye, 5,777 of beans, 8 of wheat, 45 of flour, 7 of middlings, and 5 boxes of crackers. The sacks contained an average of a little more than two bushels each. It was an eloquent expression of charity and good-will from the people of America to their dusky-hued, starving brethren of India!

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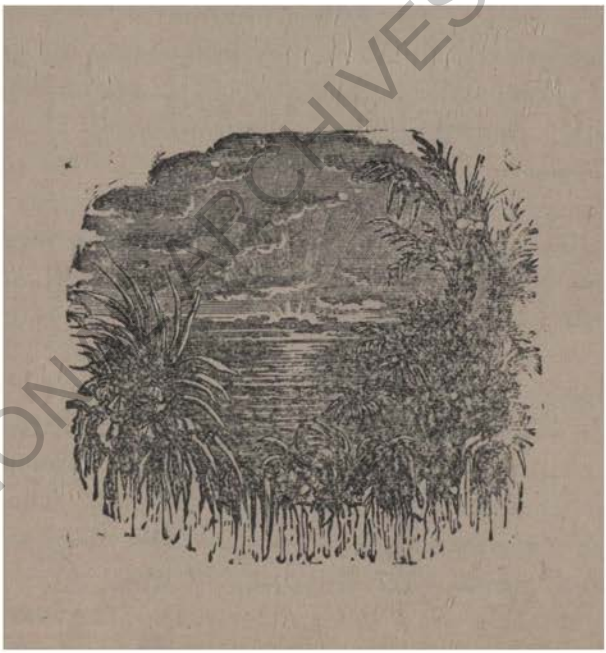
After spending some more time in Calcutta and vicinity, I returned to the Central Provinces to personally look after the distribution of some of the grain.

It would take too much time to give a detailed account of this work, or to tell the reader of all the expressions of gratitude given by the missionaries and famine-stricken people who received grain. The Lord, who knows all our thoughts and motives, reward the donors, and use the occasion to the advancement of His kingdom among the people of India.



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CHAPTER XI.

RETURN TO BOMBAY FROM CALCUTTA VIA BILASPUR, NAGPUR, AND BERAR DISTRICT—WONDERFUL CHANGES WROUGHT BY RAINS—GREEN FIELDS, BUT NO RIPE HARVEST —FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

I left Calcutta on the evening of the 25th of August, almost all of the grain having been sent out by that time. My route lay via Bilaspur, Nagpur on through the district of Berar. If it was pleasant to bring funds to these people on my former visits, it was far more deeply satisfactory to bring them food.

On my way out to India I prepared a form to be used as a receipt, so that I might be able to give a satisfactory account of all the money and grain that passed through my hands. I thank God for having led me to do this for now I can show by the receipts which I have had bound into a book a full and complete account of every penny and bushel of grain placed at my disposal in India. The distribution was, in itself, after all, a matter of business, for which I must give strict account before God and men, and the officials in India admired the plan followed by me. I herewith give a *fac simile* of the blank I used. Each blank was filled out, signed by the missionary or relief agent receiving it, and stamped with the official *anna* stamp. Much of the grain thus receipted for I myself saw distributed.

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.....RUPEES. .....INDIA.....1897.

Received of GEORGE LAMBERT, *Agent of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, Grain and Provision to the Amount of.....Rupees and.....annas, for free distribution amongst the Poor Famine stricken, for which I have tendered my service, and agree to perform the same to the best of my ability.*

.....

Notes.....

.....

As before intimated, I stopped at Bilaspur, one of the most afflicted famine places in India. At this place about 600 were fed morning and evening. Most of these thus fed required personal attention as they were too far gone to prepare the food for themselves. The food was cooked, or ground and then baked. With the beans a kind of gravy or *dal*, as they called it, was made to be poured over the other. Their stoves and ovens are generally rather primitive affairs, as the accompanying illustration will show.

In connection with the feeding of these poor people some almost indescribably sad incidents might be related. Here at Bilaspur, after laboring hard all day, cooking, baking, and feeding, until all the food that had been brought for the day was distributed, about 100 poor sufferers still remained unfed, even though we had labored till late at night and were utterly exhausted. It was a distressing thought to take along to bed, and one well calculated to disturb one's slumbers, but we could do no more. At one place where a large number—about sixty I believe —were in a hospital consisting of a shed or tent, the de-

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mands of those outside in the compound were claiming the attention of the missionaries from early morning. Many of the patients had fever, others were sick, sore, and all were famished. The day was terribly warm and sultry even in the open air. From early morning till late at night the faithful missionaries labored to feed the hungry *outside*.

STOVE OR OVEN UPON WHICH FOOD IS COOKED.

By some misunderstanding as to the distribution of the work of feeding and giving drink these poor people in the hospital were overlooked. All day long they lay there in the heat and fever without anything, and it was not until late in the evening that the terrible mistake was found out; and alas! too late to help them for the daily supply of food that had been brought in had been given to those outside, and those most in need had to wait until the following morning before more food would be at hand! O, God, for-

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give the unintentional neglect! Morning came but some of the poor sufferers had succumbed during the night. Do you, dear reader, realize what it means to be a missionary at such a time and place? I cannot see how they can hold out as they do. The mental strain, nervousness, exhaustion, and all else which these sad surroundings bring, are more than human strength alone can bear, and it is only and clearly by the sustaining grace of God, by which they were enabled day after day and month after month to continue their work. It is true that they get the natives to help them; but these unregenerate natives themselves need watching. They are, many of them, a veritable personification of the description given by the apostle—full of deceit—and but little that is really helpful to the missionaries can be safely intrusted to them. No doubt the effects of the famine upon them makes this condition worse. The desire for self-preservation is so strong, and this, with the want of mutual sympathy among these heathen people, shows why they will appropriate to themselves all they can, even though their rapacity and selfishness means death to their fellows.

But the unregenerate heart is of the same nature even in our own country. The Golden Rule is perhaps just as flagrantly violated here as there, only perhaps in a different way, but in all parts of the world

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

During my stay at Bilaspur I also paid a visit to the hospital. Here were many who had been so reduced by starvation that their food would no longer digest, and one by one, as they passed out of this weary stage of suf-

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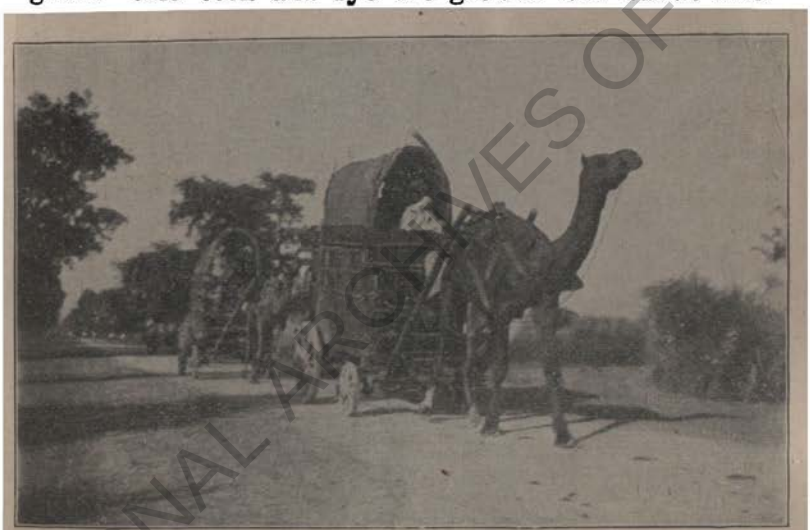
fering they were carried out by the "Deadman," as the servant who carries out the corpses is called, and their bodies buried or cremated, according to conditions or to their faith, for some of the castes always burn their dead while others bury them.

During the day the noise of the little native hand-mill is heard everywhere, as the native women grind the grain. The corn and rye are ground and baked into



CAMEL DRAY.

cakes, while as already stated, the beans are cooked into *dal*, to be eaten with the cakes and other food, such as rice or other whole grain.

From Bilaspur I went via Nagpur to the Berar district, which I had visited in May and June. Then all was dry and lifeless here; now the crops were growing and everything looked fresh and green. But let not the reader be deceived by the seeming inconsistency of green trees

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and fields, and starving people as shown in the following illustrations. Remember that while the recent rains had, after three years of drought, again started vegetation, there was as yet no ripe crop and the people were really in the worst stage of the whole famine just before the first crops began to ripen.

At some of the outlying stations it was all that the District Distributing Committee were able to do to supply

CAMELS BEING LOADED FOR THEIR JOURNEY.

the grain fast enough to keep the people from starving. The grain was usually brought in by night on camel or bullock drays or carried by camels as seen in the accompanying illustrations.

Here, as elsewhere, two crops are usually grown in the year, when there is a normal rainfall, but, when there is no rain, want stares them at once in the face, as the natives themselves are not like our American people,

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who work and lay up for time of need. Many of the natives that have land *work*, while others that are poor have nothing but to wait and trust, and thousands have received help. In Akola large crowds gathered for help, and indeed, sometimes a mob of about 1500 had gathered, and about 1000 were fed. Many that came were not worthy, so they did not receive grain.

Upon my arrival in Akola I learned from Mr. R. P. M. Stanley, manager of the grain sent there for distribution, that the city authorities would not allow the poor to be fed within the city limits, on account of the contagious diseases prevailing among the people. Accordingly arrangements were made to feed the 1800 or more famine-stricken people, of all castes and ages, that had gathered together outside of the city, by distributing grain among them. Many were the pitiful sights here witnessed. Mr. Stanley and the other Christian workers were required to exercise great discretion so as not to give grain to such as were not worthy or in real need, for, as the excitement grew higher and higher, many came who were not poor and intruded upon the good-will of the Commission by telling all kinds of falsehoods for the sake of obtaining grain. Children came for help, claiming that their parents were dead and had left them penniless. Of course they were simply the tools of their greedy parents. Others tried to steal around another way so as to get into the line a second time with those who passed by the distributing point. Thus, at times, it required rather harsh and apparently unkind treatment in order to protect the interests of the poor.

The grain had just arrived from Calcutta, and about thirty-five sacks, holding about two bushels each, were

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brought to the place in a covered wagon, similar to our American express wagons, and drawn by a span of bullocks. Most of the sacks bore the stamp of the "Home and Foreign Relief Commission," which impressed the natives very vividly. The illustration here given will convey to the reader a more comprehensive idea of the event.

The gift of grain was very highly appreciated by the people, and the dear missionaries at this place, under the direction of Mr. Stanley, who is manager of the different mission stations in this district, labored very hard to save the poor. Orphan children have been gathered in and fed, while at the same time they are being taught the Scriptures. Indeed, one can notice a great change in those even who have been cared for but a short time. Christian influence has a marked effect upon these dear little ones.

The Gospel is preached to the people at about all the Missions, where grain is given out. Orphan schools have been established in many places, and it is pleasant indeed to see the dear missionaries heart and soul in the work of caring for and training their dusky little charges whom the famine has put into their hands. This is one of the silver linings which they see upon the dark cloud of famine and misery. These orphans will become a power in coming years for the conversion of their fellow-men, and the missionaries feel that a grave responsibility rests upon them as teachers of the future native preachers and evangelists of India.

At Shegaoen, where I also stopped on this trip, many were fed. A grandmother brought two children, one three

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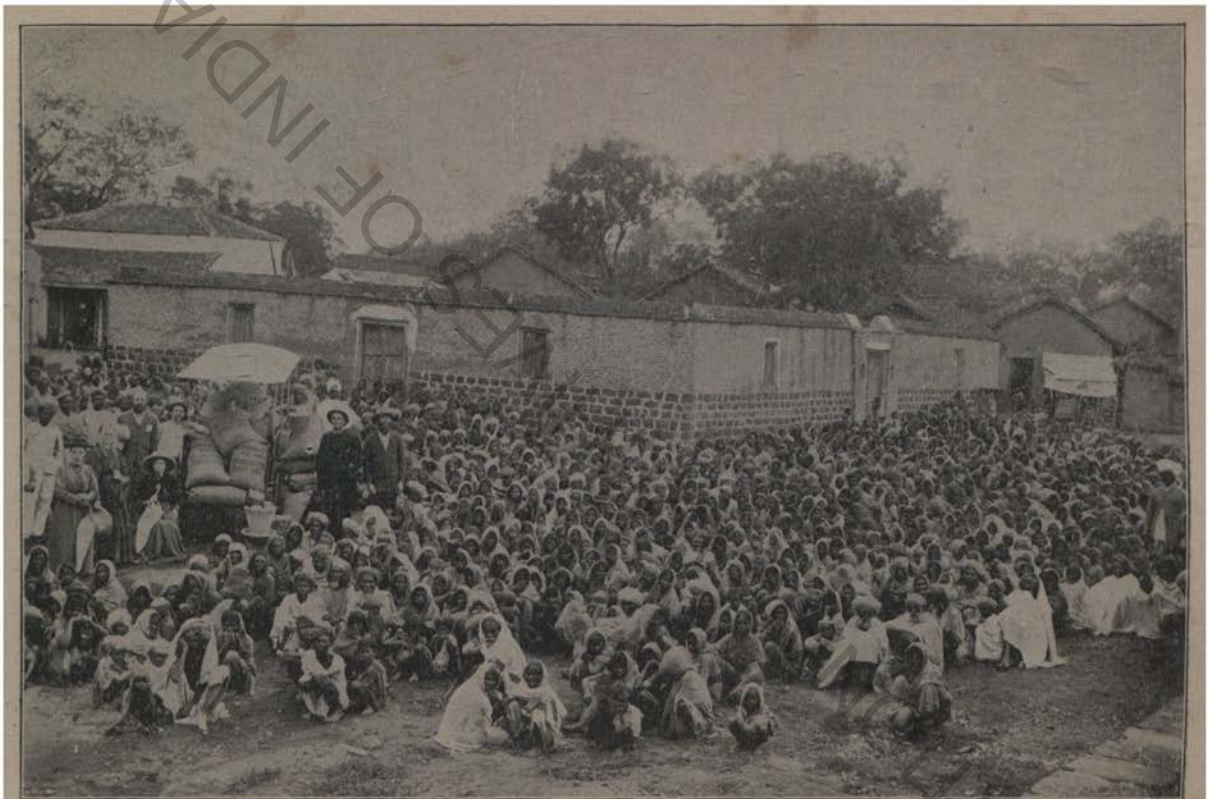

DISTRIBUTION OF GRAIN IN AKOLA, BERAR.

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ORPHAN SCHOOL AT AKOLA.

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and the other five years old, to this station to have the children taken in, or give them away, as they say. She said the other children had died, and these were very thin and lean, but they were very pretty. There was a woman about eighteen years old out under a tree who had just come there. I thought she would die. After she had taken some light food, and had rested, she told us on inquiry that she had a husband and that he drove her away, and then according to Hindu custom she was married to a second husband, with whom she had a child, but the child died and he drove her away. She also said, "My mother and father died from starvation about three months ago. I have three sisters, but they are not here, and I am left alone to die, so I came here and now here I am." Poor soul! She was kindly taken in and cared for. Nearly all the mission stations were crowded with such people, and the American grain caused much joy in the hearts of the missionaries and natives.

I was everywhere loaded down with expressions of thanks from the poor for the help rendered. "Many salaams," said they, which, in the native language, means "Many thanks."

On the 2d of September I was at Khamgaon, Berar, where Sister Alice Yoder, formerly of Penna., is laboring as missionary and teaching a school of orphan children. I found all happy, but very busy as the yards were surrounded with poor, sick, and dying, that were being cared for. One special group attracted my attention; all were mothers with small babes in a painful condition. They were provided with bread and milk, and others received cooked grain.

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Hundreds and thousands were seen whose days were numbered. They looked like persons who are in the last stage of consumption. There was nothing to encourage them; their constitutions were so broken down that food could no longer do its work. Many prayers were offered that the famine might soon be over.

Incidents showing the terrible state of things here at Khamgaon might be mentioned by the score. Sister Yoder told me that one day a poor little child came *gnawing at a rat that had died either of disease or hunger.*

Some poor children, who had been bereft of father and mother, wandered aimlessly about in the jungle or fields, for the poor little things did not know where to go. They just walked and walked, as little children will, until overcome by exhaustion they lay down, with not a friend in all this great world to pity or to find and help them. Too weak to walk they would crawl along, as the marks in the dust would afterward show, and at last *all* their strength was gone and their souls passed out of their prison dens. A few bones, or tufts of hair, were all that was left of them in a short time, for the vultures, crows, and beasts of the hyena family feasted on their poor emaciated corpses.

This was a common occurrence. Mr. E. M. Gordon, of the Christian Mission, Mungeli, C. P., in a letter to me, writes: "I have come into Mungeli from Selgange, (a new relief centre) for Sunday. My visit to Selgange, ten miles away, brought me face to face with famine in all its naked ugliness. It is worse than at Mungeli. I registered and gave tickets to 212 persons (they received their rations by presenting tickets that were given them)

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Distribution of grain, Khamgaon, Berar. In the group of ladies at the right the person in the centre is Miss Alice Yoder; at her left is Mrs. Johnson and at her right Mrs. Nelson.

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in fifteen villages, and return to register as many more. Some of those registered had lost relatives from starvation two or three days previously. Some half dozen were

SO WEAK FROM STARVATION

they could not get out of their cots. They were skeletons with a haggard, pinched look on their faces. We cannot

NATIVE BED. TWO FOUND DEAD IN A FIELD.

realize what it means to these people to be told 'Here is a ticket; go and show it at that place, and you will be given some rice every day.'

"On my way to a village in this section, I

FOUND THE LEG OF A BOY.

Hair was also lying about, but nothing more. We went to the village, found a girl and registered her name. Inquiring for her people, we were told that her mother had gone to bury the girl's brother, who, she had heard, was

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lying dead the night before. I at once took in the whole situation. The boy had died the night before, was eaten by jackals or hyenas at night, and

THE MOTHER WITH BREAKING HEART

went to bury him as soon as she heard of his death. What she found I have already described.

"That day I saw another body partly decomposed, surrounded by vultures and foxes; and that evening a woman lying by the wayside; she was all but dead."

But I must not dwell upon these sad scenes at this place. In another part of this book will be found letters from missionaries in which the condition of the poor people, and their gratitude for help provided them by Christian friends, will be more generally described.

From Khamgaon I returned to Bombay fairly well, but greatly fatigued from the hardships through which I had passed on this my fourth tour through the famine provinces.

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CHAPTER XII.

ORPHAN SCHOOLS IN BOMBAY—FIFTH AND LAST VISIT TO THE FAMINE DISTRICT—RAHURI, SHOLAPUR, AHMEDNAGAR, POONA, AND OTHER POINTS IN BOMBAY PRESIDENCY—SAD HAVOC WROUGHT BY FAMINE—GOVERNMENT AND OTHER RELIEF—RETURN TO BOMBAY.

Some time before my return to Bombay I received a telegram from J. S. Lehman, manager of the Mennonite Publishing Co., of Elkhart, Ind., asking if I were well. I was somewhat surprised that such a question should be asked, but in obedience to his request I sent a cablegram back stating that I was well. Later I found out that my illness at Calcutta had been reported to America and magnified until "Eld. George Lambert, agent of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission," had, "according to reliable reports received from India, died of fever, at Calcutta." The cablegram was simply sent by Bro. Lehman to assure my friends in America that I was well. It was simply one of the many cases of neighborhood gossip, for had I been dead my friends in India would surely have promptly telegraphed to the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, or the Mennonite Publishing Company of Elkhart, Ind., or, above all, to my dear family.

While the famine was not so severely felt in Bombay as in the Central Provinces, yet there was great want and distress even in the city, among the natives, and

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many institutions were actively engaged in relieving distress and teaching the children. The plague, which had played sad havoc in Bombay, had left many orphans to be cared for, and it was with much satisfaction that I saw how much the missionaries were doing for the children. At the M. E. Mission a school for girls has been establish, and much good is done. These native children seem to be gifted with specially fine voices, and their singing had an indescribable pathos. At one gathering of several hundred children I heard them sing in their own (Marathi) language the hymn,

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow."

It was sung in responses, and never before had I heard such sweet music from a group of children. Like a vast wave that would sweep away every vestige of doubt the response always came

"They shall be as white as snow."

That hymn, sweet to me before, has a still deeper, richer meaning to me since that time. Oh, the salvation of India, and of the world, lies in the acceptance of this grand, immortal truth that THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST cleanseth from all sin.

The effect of Christian training and care of children was beautifully exemplified to me in the case of Mrs. Haines' school in Bombay, photo engravings of which appear here. This excellent Christian lady and her native Christian helpers will be remembered with warmest gratitude by many who receive physical and spiritual help, and their work will, through pupils they have under their care, reach out until eternity alone will reveal the beneficent results.

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M. E. MISSION GIRLS' SCHOOL AT BOMBAY.

Girls and their native teacher in Mrs. Haines' School at Bombay.

In spite of all the hardships and sad scenes which surround them these missionaries are about the happiest people I ever met. Especially was this true of Sister Alice Yoder of Khamgaon. The joy of service for the

Pawpaw tree, from the fruit of which many natives sustained themselves.

Master and Redeemer pervades all their work and words, and one is spiritually uplifted by association with them.

In September I made another trip to the famine districts, taking in Rahuri, Sholapur, Ahmednagar, Poona, and other points in the district visited. The crops were

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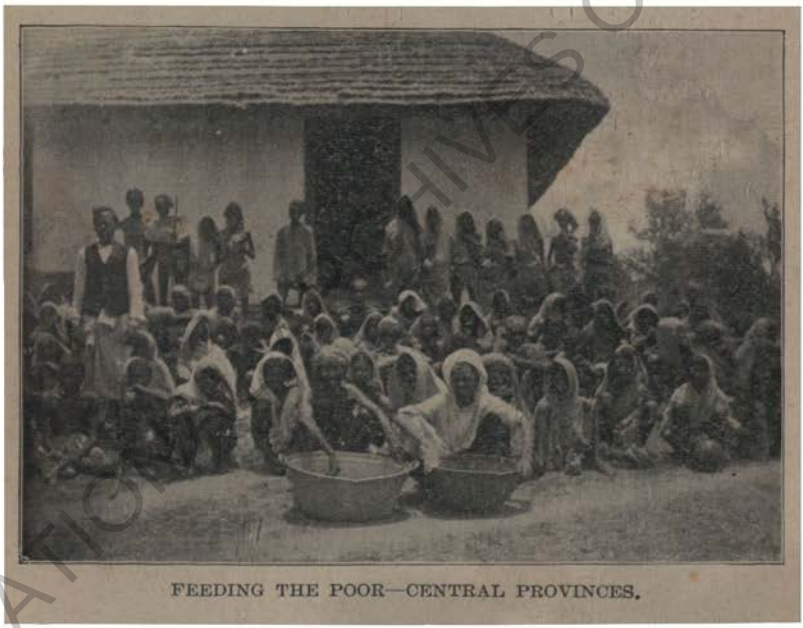
growing nicely, nature had been wonderfully revived by the rains, the few cattle that were left were pasturing in the green fields and had already made a wonderful improvement. The condition of the people was, however, still most deplorable. Many of them, in their desperate hunger, ate the green leaves of the trees, or the unripe fruit and grain. The effect upon them may be easily imagined. Cholera and dysentery followed, literally sweeping them away by the hundreds everywhere. But



FEEDING THE POOR—CENTRAL PROVINCES.

everywhere the missionaries were doing their best to relieve distress, and to render medical aid to those whose hunger was greater than their discretion. The effects of the famine are gruesome in many instances. Some of the emaciated victims have ugly "famine sores." Sometimes

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Girls in Mrs. Haines' school at Bombay, who were cared for one month.

Ahmednagar Committee distributing food provided by Home and Foreign Relief Commission.

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these sores eat their way clear through the cheek and jaw and other portions of the face, rendering the victim blind. These sores are often actually covered with filth, and, especially with the poor children, it is not an unusual sight to see flies and maggots in the sores.

THIS IS FAMINE!

as I beheld it. Oh what agony of suffering these poor, weak, helpless little creatures must endure! It is only after many washings that their sores can be entirely cleansed of the filth and vermin, and many are so far gone that recovery is impossible. Those who recover are very, very happy, and grateful, for they realize that they owe their lives to the efforts of the missionaries. The philanthropic conduct of the missionaries is so strong a contrast to the apathy of the natives for each other, that it makes an indelible impression even upon the children, and gives the missionaries a strong hold upon them.

A large part of the "City of Everett's" cargo had been assigned to the Distributing Committee of Ahmednagar, and as the agent of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission had been largely instrumental in this assignment, it was with much pleasure that I witnessed the distribution of the same. At Rahuri, where Rev. W. O. Ballantine is stationed, a considerable number was fed, and the Home and Foreign Relief Commission donated funds for the purchase of more grain as needed.

At Ahmednagar large crowds were fed, as can be seen in the accompanying engraving. The corn was ground and baked into cakes as seen in the foreground. The beans were cooked in a large kettle until they were thoroughly soft, and this constituted the *dal* or gravy eaten with the cakes.

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Several carloads of grain had been sent to Ahmednagar, as this was a large town with many poor people. North of Ahmednagar about six miles the government had established extensive Relief Works, where many people were provided for; I obtained an excellent photo of a group of Marathi children which I received, with some others, from Dr. Julia Bissell, of Ahmednagar, and now have the pleasure to show by a photo engraving of the same the excellent work done by the government for the relief of the poor at this place.

A number of institutions have been organized here for the benefit of the suffering, and especially for the children. So much depends upon the proper education of these children. They are not bound or hemmed in by caste prejudices, and in these schools they will learn of no caste distinction. The work of the Gospel, as well as the work of relief and even that of civil administration, would be so much easier if only this caste nuisance were unknown.

Among the dear friends who are laboring at Ahmednagar are Dr. E. S. Hume, Mr. H. G. Bissell, Dr. Julia Bissell, Miss A. Stockbridge; also, Mrs. M. E. Bissell, Ramaji Rakhamaji Chandkar, D. D. Saptal, Mr. J. S. Haig, and others whose names I cannot now recall. On page 214 is shown a reproduction of a photo of Mr. Haig's Industrial School. These children are taught not only habits of industry, but, as the name of the school implies, they are taught various trades, and agriculture as well. The Bissell family and Miss Stockbridge are also engaged in similar work, and on the whole, this vicinity is supplied with a most excellent corps of workers.

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Group of Marathi children at one of the Government Relief Kitchens, six miles north of Ahmednagar.
Photo taken at meal time. Cakes of bread and bucket of pulse, or dal, in front.
Officers, cooks and caretakers in rear.

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Mr. Haig's Industrial School at Ahmednagar. Orphaned starvelings saved by timely aid of Home and Foreign Relief Commission. Mr. and Mrs. Haig, agents and assistants in rear.

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Perhaps no better description can be given of Rev. D. D. Saptal's work than can be gleaned from a circular issued by him on the 15th of Sept., 1897, in which he asks for aid for his "Indigenous Mission." The circular reads as follows:

"Sir:—The state of affairs in Ahmednagar District is growing worse. Many farmers who considered it fortunate in not keeping half-starved animals on their hands have sold them at the lowest possible price, as fodder is selling at high rates. Grain is very dear. The condition of the human poor would have been no better had government not taken those timely and admirable measures to save human beings. But still comes the cry of distress, suffering, and starvation from various quarters of Ahmednagar District. Who can picture the agonies endured by the poor classes who have found themselves victims of terrible famine? Who will not be moved by the lamentable, deplorable, and distressful condition of poor Bhils, Mangs, etc., among whom we especially labor?

We have taken under our charge seven children from these districts. We believe that many will feel it a privilege to discharge the debt of Christian love to these children and to the converted Bhils and Mangs, who are plunged in the abyss of suffering. And who will not like to seek to win a way for higher things by showing a practical sympathy with the pressing material needs of them, remembering the injunction of the Practical Apostle?

Let it stir you to earnestness in being about your Master's business. Work while the day lasts, and whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Yours in His service,

(Rev.) D. D. SAPTAL,

Supt. Indigenous Mission."

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Dnyanodaya:—The well-known and widely circulated Christian paper of Bombay says about the state of the district where we labor as follows:—

"The state of things in Ahmednagar District grows more serious. No rain as yet in many parts. The Relief Camps are over-crowded. Cholera is carrying off its victims. *Corpses are found lying unburied on the road side for dogs to devour. Thousands of people in these districts are without clothes or blankets, etc., etc.*"

The following testimonials are added:—

"I am greatly interested in the work of the Rev. Dhanaji Saptal among the Bhils, Mangs, and others in the Ahmednagar Collectorate. It is a matter of thankfulness that an Indian Christian of his own accord, and unconnected with any Mission, is devoting himself to bring the Gospel message to those depressed and neglected classes. .....For this he needs the prayers, sympathy, and help of the Lord's people. I am sure every one who loves Jesus will not fail to aid him thus. 'To the poor the Gospel is preached.'

DHANJIBHAY NOWROJI,
Free Church Missionary, Bombay."

"TO CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—The Rev. D. Saptal is engaged in what I believe to be a really good work among the much-neglected Bhils, Mangs, etc., in the Marathi country, and I would venture to commend him to any who may feel glad to help him financially in his endeavors to spread the Gospel tidings among the heathen. Some months ago I had the pleasure of listening to an account from Mr. Saptal of his labors; and what he had to say seemed to be honest and credible, and it was certainly most interesting.

ROBT. D. PRINGLE,
General Secretary Y. M. C. A., Bombay."

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The people among whom this native minister works are well described in a circular issued by him about the beginning of 1897, from which we copy a part as follows:—

It is now about two years since I have been carrying on my Mission among the depressed classes, chiefly the aboriginal tribes of the Ahmednagar District; and I feel it my duty to submit a report of my humble stewardship to those of my Christian brethren, European and Indian, who have taken a personal interest in me and my work and favored me with their warm sympathy and wise counsel, as well as substantial pecuniary aid. The Lord has been most gracious to me, and I would, along with my fellow-workers, raise our Ebenezer to His honor and glory.

I am the son of a Christian evangelist who had labored as a Christian worker in the service of the American Mission. His earnest life and work early awakened in me a desire for Christian work; and immediately after I had finished my education, I was engaged as a preacher. After finishing my course in Theology, I was appointed as a Bible teacher in the Ahmednagar Mission High School, and afterward appointed pastor of the church in the city. Subsequently I was set apart for purely evangelistic work, and it was then that I came into close contact with the Bhils and other aborigines and felt drawn to devote myself entirely to work among them. I could not do this while in the service of the Mission, and therefore, with the cordial approval of the missionaries, severed my connection with it. The Rev. Dr. Hume, who is a genuine friend of the Indians, and who always regarded me as a Christian brother and friend, volunteered to become a member of the council which I formed for my guidance, and he undertook the duties of treasurer.

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I believe the burden of my support and that of my assistants ought to fall upon those for whose benefit we labor, and it is in this way that all non-Christian priests and spiritual teachers earn their livelihood. Of course, we shall have to conform ourselves to the simple modes of life followed by our people (at least, so far as in harmony with the higher laws of Christian decency and order), and honestly practice the principle of self-denial—a principle which emphatically is the basis of all Christian virtue, and the mainspring of all Christian philanthropy. And we trust that the Lord, who has put into our hearts this desire to serve Him, by serving the people among whom we are settled, will impart to us the grace of perseverance, and patient continuance in well-doing.

I am conscious that our evangelistic labors will be followed by social and educational results of great moment, and I hope, with the aid of government and the generous public, to open schools for instruction in reading and writing as well as in some useful trades. Possibly some of the converted men may take to cultivation, and "professional robbers" with converted hearts will thus develop into peaceful and useful citizens. That these are not vain hopes and anticipations will be evident from the following short sketches of converted men and women who form our present Christian community.

My labors are chiefly restricted to the Bhils, the Mangs, the Kaikadies and the Vadaries.

THE BHILS.

These people live among the hills, and support themselves chiefly by hunting, and selling such jungle products as honey, wax, etc. There are some of them who are cul

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tivators and laborers. But they are, as a class, regarded as professional thieves and robbers, and the police authorities treat them as such. They are subject to rigid police surveillance. Their code of morals is most primitive, and they do not think it always necessary to go through any matrimonial ceremony to give sanction to their social orders, but when united, they jealously guard the sanctity of their homes, the wife being not kept at home when the husband goes to the jungle. Polygamy is common among them.

THE MANGS.

A few Mangs are cultivators, but the majority earn their livelihood by making brooms, ropes, mats, etc., and by following the work of village watchmen. But like the Bhils they are notorious thieves and dangerous to lonely travelers. They and the Bhils chiefly worship *Mari Ai*, the mother goddess of cholera. Sometimes the boys are devoted by the Mangs to this goddess.

THE KAIKADIES AND VADARIES.

The Kaikadies and Vadaries are perhaps more degraded than the Bhils and Mangs, and are in absolute ignorance of the claims of the Gospel.

Socially the Bhils are higher than the other aborigines, and can touch the higher classes of the Hindus, and hold free intercourse with them. But the Mangs are superior in intelligence and show a great appreciation of the benefits of education.

My converts are exclusively from these two tribes, and including the children are about one hundred in number. Besides those admitted into the church by baptism there are scores of inquirers, and hundreds listen to

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the public declaration of the Gospel message. Some of the converts have a wonderful history.

THE BHIL EVANGELIST.

I met this young man in the town of Nagar, where he had come on business from his village twenty-four miles off. I took him home, instructed him, and subsequently baptized him with his wife. They attract their own people by their reformed lives. The villagers came in crowds to inquire about the new religion, which has effected such a change in them. These visits were so frequent that they interfered with their ordinary avocations, and the young man resolved to become a preacher; and since then he has worked as a religious teacher. This young man is a scholar, having attended a primary school, and his wife has just learned to read.

THE BHIL TONGA DRIVER.

This man was notorious for his contentious spirit and disturbing the peace of the village, and had been punished by the civil authorities with incarceration. After his deliverance from imprisonment he sought an interview with the Bhils in the town, who had turned "Mahars," *i. e.*, Christian. (The majority of the villagers who have embraced Christianity, being of that caste, the Christians have come to be called Mahars.) In his intercourse with the Christians, he did not at first show any desire to become a Christian, but gradually his indifference abated and he was baptized with his wife. I once heard him make a declaration to this effect, "I was once of a very violent temper and a source of great trouble to the people, but my new religion has entirely changed me. When my old habits assert themselves, I immediately call to

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mind the fact that I am a Christian and the evil demon is subdued." By my advice he has become a Tonga-driver, and is thriving in his business.

AN OLD BHIL AND HIS FAMILY OF FOURTEEN SOULS.

This old man came and lived with me, with his wife, his six children, one daughter-in-law, and five grandchildren. After having received instruction from me for a year, these persons were persuaded to go back to their village by the persecution to which they had been subjected by their caste people. They remained in the village only for ten months and then came back to me, praying for shelter again. They said that they did not feel happy amongst their people, and the children in particular missed the Christian songs and hymns to which they were used. They have been baptized and are in no way dependent upon me for their support.

HOW MANG THEATRICAL PERFORMERS BECAME LEADERS OF CHRISTIAN SONG SERVICES!

These were Mangs, who went about the district performing obscene plays and singing lewd songs. One of them was a drunkard and gambler. They are all now Christian preachers and are eagerly visited by the villagers to give them what might be aptly designated services of song. They are beautiful singers and attract large multitudes, who sit for hours together listening to their charming music and instructive expositions of the Christian doctrine, which the songs embody.

These are a few of the interesting cases of conversions which we can record, and they indicate the nature of the work that has been originated. The aborigines that have embraced Christianity are altogether weaned

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from idolatry and have ceased to invoke the dread gods that they worshipped. *Mari Ai* is now forgotten and the poor people even before cultivating their fields or engaging in hunting offer up a prayer to God in the name of Christ. Their altered belief and changed life have attracted the attention of even the government authorities. My assistants and myself were at first regarded with suspicion by the police authorities, and met with some opposition; but they soon discovered that our efforts had diminished crime, and our people were quite harmless and have ceased to molest us. Education without Christianity is impotent, and we trust the government, who seek the reformation of the aborigines, will acknowledge the service we are doing to them by patronizing our schools; we have at preset only two schools, attended by sixty children.

I beg to thank most heartily the following gentlemen, who have during the past years acted as members of the council, which assists me, and would request them to do me the favor and honor of discharging the same duties for the present year.

THE INDIGENOUS MISSION COUNCIL:

The Rev. R. A. Hume, D. D., *Treasurer*,	Ahmednagar.
Mr. A. M. Sangle, *Secretary*,	"
Rev. D. G. Mulhar,	Poona.
Pandita Ramabai,	"
J. Morris, Esq.,	Bombay.
A. R. King,	"

I would, in conclusion, beg the prayers, sympathy and counsel of all the children of God who may read this report, and express the humble hope that the govern-

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ment who are equally regardful of the claims of all their subjects, will patronize the humble efforts made on behalf of some of what are designated the *Depressed classes.* Subscriptions may be sent to any of the members of the council.

(Rev.) D. D. SAPTAL.
Independent Evangelist,
November 1, 1896. *Ahmednagar.*

In a letter from Rev. Saptal since my return home he says:—

"We have made, up to the present day, Nov. 12, 1897, many excursions among the surrounding villages, and most remote mountain districts, preaching in the open air, and in places of public view. This brought us into close contact with the people. They knew we had a message for them, and they have seldom or never been unwilling to listen to an affectionate statement of the "old, old story of the Savior and His love." Baptisms are a test of outward growth, and during this last year 47 people were baptized, and I ask you and your friends to unite with us in praying that those who have begun to run well, may have grace given to them to enable them to glorify their new Master, by adorning their profession of His name; and that continuing steadfast to the end, they may finish their course with joy. We need not say how much we need your prayers and sympathy—and we would request that you remember us at the feet of a merciful Father.

Foreign Missions have achieved much, but if Christianity must be naturalized in India, indigenous work ought to be encouraged and liberally patronized."

I found many earnest laborers in India that are not connected with any organized missionary society, and

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they are doing great good. Among them I must mention Bro. J. R. Godshall, a Pennsylvanian, who is doing an excellent work among the poor at Amraoti, Berar. He is a Mennonite, but is not sent out by any missionary society of the church. He also was remembered by the Home and Foreign Relief Commission with substantial aid. The Mennonites of this country should support Bro. Godshall in his work. He expected to move his orphanage of about fifty children about 100 miles eastward of Amraoti, to Wurrora, a new field.

To return to Ahmednagar. Nearly 300 orphan children in and around Ahmednagar have been left by the famine on the hands of the missionaries there to be fed and trained.

At Sholapur the famine raged with great severity, and the Home and Foreign Relief Commission remembered the place with a donation of money and grain. Rev. Edward Fairbank and his dear family, as well as others, highly appreciated the gift; not by any means the least of them all were the poor starving people who daily received of the bounties of the dear friends in America, for while the Home and Foreign Relief Commission through its humble agent *dis*tributed these funds and provisions, the warm-hearted, openhanded Christian people who *con*tributed these means of relief made the distribution possible and deserve the gratitude that is expressed.

At Poona a great work is being accomplished for India, as is evident when such workers as Pandita Ramabai are found there. But right here let me speak a word concerning the noble, practical work done by the

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Salvation Army. While many others are talking and writing, the Salvation Army is *doing*. No class of workers seems to come in quite as close touch with *all* classes of people as do these soldiers of the cross, nor did I find any whose account of all the help rendered them by the Home and Foreign Relief Commission was given in more exact detail and that showed wiser administration than did that of the Salvation Army at Poona. These dear, self-sacrificing, devoted people won my love and confidence, and I believe it was never more worthily bestowed, nor was help anywhere more appreciated or put to better use than here. They even change their names to the Hindu form, that in this way they may the better reach those for whom they labor. They have established an industrial school.

I know of no better way to give the reader a faint idea at least of their work than by publishing two of the letters I received from their workers at Poona, the first written Aug. 2d, the second, Sept. 29th, 1897. The letters are as follows:

"Dear Mr. Lambert:—I enclose herewith the receipts given by the grain merchants for the grain supplied to us. I have pinned to each receipt a little account of the work being done at each centre. At Shahganj, owing to a plague of locusts, which ate up a crop of corn raised by well irrigation, the keenest distress prevails. Many of the smallest ryots were unable to do anything with their ground—they have lost their all. Their credit now gone, they were helpless. They were willing to borrow and pay back on their crop after the monsoon. We felt, however, that this would only involve them further. We have

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therefore continued to give to our usual constituency Rs. 600 worth of grain monthly, and by the help of your kind donation have made grants of grain in altogether Rs. 500 worth to the poorest and most needy ryots. We should be glad if you could personally visit these centres and see what is being and what has already been done in these neighborhoods.

Will you kindly let us know whether we may expect to receive the 100 tons of grain we applied for some time ago? From every place we hear of rise in prices and it would appear that there is now a real scarcity of grain. Praying God to bless you much, I am,

Yours in the service of Christ,

YESU RATNAM,

Major, S. A.

"My dear Sir:—I have just been informed by Major Yhudda Bai, that you have called at her headquarters and left a note for Rs. 1,000 for the famine fund, she will have already expressed to you our thanks for the same; but I thought I might write you just a line to say how truly grateful we are for this generous gift and further evidence of your interest and sympathy with our famine operations. I am sure I need not assure you that this will be carefully and economically expended, and will not only be given to the destitute, but to the most needy. You may remember that of the last donation you sent, Rs. 500 were given out for seed grain in the Shargunj District, on account of the locusts having destroyed the growing crops.

I enclose you herewith the receipt for this amount, with the names of the persons to whom it was given, the

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Group of Famine Children now in the Salvation Army Industrial School, Poona.

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amount of grain with its money value, also with the cross of each person who received the grain; as they could not write, they simply were able to put their cross to the sheet. It is in a rather dilapidated condition, but this was through the officer who made the distribution not having a secure cover, and the rats have devoured part of it, and by passing it around getting the signatures it has also become mutilated, but I thought it would perhaps be of interest to you and would give you an idea of how it was distributed.

Major Yesu Ratnam has been inspecting our grain depots in the North and he is expected back in Bombay this evening, previous to returning to Poona. He reports that the grain which we received in Calcutta is being most carefully distributed in the districts to which it was forwarded, and that it will undoubtedly result in the saving of a great many lives besides relieving an untold amount of misery. Thanking you again for your generous and kindly sympathy and help.

Yours and His,

JAI SINGH,
Colonel."

But my chapter is becoming long and the time yet at my disposal in India is very short, so, dear reader, we will return to Bombay, where I spent the last few days of my stay in India, writing and receiving letters, visiting with friends and among the destitute and plague-stricken people in and about the city. Before giving the readers an account of my homeward journey, I feel that I must devote one chapter to the publication of some miscellaneous matter on the famine. Some of it will be clippings, and part of it will contain letters, but I feel that you will be deeply interested in reading this miscellaneous collection.

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CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES DESCRIBING CONDITION OF FAMINE IN VARIOUS DISTRICTS, AND ACCOUNTS OF RELIEF WORK—MISCELLANY ON FAMINE AND RELIEF.

In the following pages no particular rule will be followed as to time or place, as we realize that the reader cares more for facts than for arrangement, and while the letters are generally addressed to me personally, I wish it understood that I accept them only as addressed through me as agent of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission to those who by their contributions made this work possible. Some of these letters were taken from Indian papers. As most of my own were published in the *Herald of Truth*, of Elkhart, Ind., and the subject matter contained therein regarding the famine and relief is given in previous chapters, I shall not impose them upon your patience now.

Rev. N. E. Lundborg, of the Swedish Mission, Saugor, C. P., writes: "The famine here seems to be increasing; many people are dying of starvation. Last Sunday evening we discovered a poor woman lying in the ditch near the road, a short distance from our house. We brought her home, gave her some medicine, and sent her to the hospital. But I fear she was too far gone. The new-coming famine people surround me the whole day, begging to be taken in for work. I hardly know what to do about it."

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Rev. C. B. Ward writes from Yellandu: "I sent you a card from here, Monday, in haste. I mentioned that we had had twelve inches of rain in ten days. I was yesterday at Warangal, half way to Secundrabad, and there has been in the same time seven inches. Our tanks here have filled a little, not much. Those about Warangal, not at all.

"I found distress there had begun to be so great that not a few children, especially girl children, had been sold by their parents to a Mohammedan official. I went to those parts yesterday to start Miss Blackmar, of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society (M. E.) and Miss Ruth Partridge, on their way to Sironcha. I would like to speak for the poor of Sironcha; Miss Blackmar did something there before she came to Hyderabad in June. But distress has increased much since. I have two preachers there who write me begging some help for the starving. I gave Miss Blackmar fifty rupees of what has come in to help. Then I asked Miss Blackmar to write to you. Meanwhile, if you can send her fifty or one hundred rupees, it will be a great help, much needed.

"Though rain has come here, the poor who can't get credit are so many; the numbers coming to me are not decreasing."

Mr. G. L. Wharton, of the Christian Mission, Hurda, C. P., writes: "We still have over 500 on Relief Works, and turn away hundreds who want work. Miss Thompson feeds, some days, as many as 346 at her mid-day meal. We are making a careful examination of many of the surrounding villages, and we find much suffering and some actual starvation. M. J. Shah, of Timarni, writes to-day: 'More suffering here. People are starving. Lanes are full of these people.'"

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Mrs. E. M. Bacon, of Lalitpur, writes: "Your welcome enclosure came on Saturday, for which we are more than thankful. The famine, during the rains, is most pitiful. A cold, wet, shivering body, with an empty stomach, must be hard to bear, and so many die. Two, three, and four hours, it takes, every morning, to dispose of the poor creatures that drift to the bungalow, from villages or other towns. We border on two native states where there is great poverty, so they come over to us, some in the morning, others at mid-day, and again in the evening. There is no rest from the cry of hunger."

Rev. E. F. Ward, of Raj Nandgaon, writes: "Accept our hearty thanks for this kind donation for our work.

"We have received 243 children into orphanage up to date. There are 95 at present, some have been given to other Missions, some died, some ran away, etc. A missionary sister from Berar is here. We have given her 40 children to take back with her. At present we are feeding about 100 famine people, besides, with cooked food."

Pastor F. Rowat, in acknowledging a contribution from our famine fund, under date of August 9th, writes: "We find it difficult to obtain a local supply of rice for free distribution, therefore I purchase rice at a distance and have it brought here by rail.

"Last week I bought Rs. 250 worth of rice at Raniganj, and we are distributing it among the famine stricken at the rate of sixteen maunds, daily. The distress seems worse than ever, but the maize crop should bring relief in a month hence. A few days ago one of our native Christians came here from a village six miles distant, telling of

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a man who had died of starvation and of two others who were lying on their beds too weak to rise. Beside a large crowd of adults the starving children who come to us for help now number over four hundred. Of course we cannot give to all, but the sorting out process is no easy task, as nearly all show some signs of emaciation.

"We still provide employment for those able to work, but allow them to work half a day only, in order that they might not neglect their own cultivation. We are having

SPIRITUAL BLESSING IN THE WORK.

"Yesterday the headman of a Santal village stood up in our meeting and testified boldly of the grace of God. This man was formerly a bitter opponent of the Gospel, therefore his conversion has called forth much thanksgiving unto God. The Holy Spirit is working in our midst, and many are turning to God from idols.

"To Him be all praise and glory!"

Mr. William Franklin, of the "Christian and Missionary Alliance," writes: "In the name of the eleven stations, where we are carrying on famine relief of various kinds, I desire to thank those who have shared with us the privilege of caring for many of the poor suffering ones of India during this time of severe distress.

"We also thank God for the way He has supplied, from the many sources, the increasing demand for help. In some of the stations 800 or 900 are fed daily, and in others at one time as many as 1,709. In every station where it is possible some work is provided for those able to work. We had hoped that after the rains the distress would be less, but in our part of the country it has seemed only to deepen. In some places the Municipal Committee

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has relieved distress till their funds gave out and then pleaded with our missionaries to do what they could, and you have helped us to continue and further this help.

"But I want to lay

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE WORK

on your hearts, that of constant prayer, that this season shall not pass without spiritual results. We all believe God is using this time to speak to the hearts of the people to draw them to Himself.

"And we must do our part in helping God to carry out His purpose for their spiritual need. We have to praise God for evidences of real conversion, consecration, and sacrifice in some who are not yet baptized, but have turned from dumb idols to serve the living God and to wait for His Son from heaven. We have also to praise God for the physical strength given to our workers, as we know He has to others for the special time of strain. Your part will be to hold up in prayer the workers, who are toiling on the field."

Mr. R. S. M. Stanley, of the Alliance Mission, writes from Khamgaon, Berar, on Aug. 17th: "The distress is still increasing in Berar and Khandesh. The green leaves that the people are eating is just killing them right off. There is not a day passes but what there are several deaths from starvation, here in Khamgaon. Mostly such cases come from a distance and when they reach here they are too far gone."

Mr. C. B. Ward writes from Yellandu, August 18th, 1897: "I wrote you that I thought that we would need no more for relief work here. It is true that we have had good rains since the 15th of July—about eighteen inches.

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DISTRIBUTING GRAIN IN BERAR.

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But, to my surprise, the need has developed greatly about twenty to thirty miles to the east of us. One of our preachers is stationed twenty-five miles east of this at a place called Chattkonda. He has been over-run with the hungry. In desperation, the Buniah's shops were looted and the poor people came to him day by day asking for a little handful only. Samuel shared till all he had was gone. Last Thursday he started for here with four adults and nine children. Though but twenty-five miles away they did not reach here till Monday night. One woman, the mother of five children, when we gave her food became too weak to walk, and we thought she had cholera, We took her to hospital near midnight. But the doctor says it is only starvation, and that there is little hope of her living. The nine children we have taken into the orphanage with those we had before. Samuel goes back to-morrow to do what he can for the poor there in the way of improving our little mission property there, and to gather more children. He thinks there are twenty or thirty more children there who will be deserted by the parents soon if help be not afforded. There is really a worse state of affairs there than ever we have had, just around Yellandu. The reason for it seems to be that though rain has come many people were in no position to make any use of it. Grain all gone, money all gone, no cattle or seed, they have fallen to eating the green herbs and grass which will not sustain life, and they are dying of starvation and cholera."

Mrs. Carrie P. Bruere writes from Poona, on August 18th, 1897: "The following is an extract from the letter of a missionary friend in the C. P., received this morning:

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'We have secured permission to remove children—orphans—from two places where the condition of the people is even worse than it is here. We brought ninety-eight away at once and our man goes for a dozen or so more to-day. We have here now fifty-eight boys and forty-three girls. I know of no one who wants girls just now. The police of one of the places, the place from which we brought the ninety-eight, say there are a couple of hundred more parentless, homeless children there, to be provided for. Now if you want any of these children just as we take them in, 'fresh from the jungle' (except one or two scrubbings and clean cloth), come or send for them at once—we are in much difficulty to keep them from starving, as we have no place to cook for them, nor scarcely any place for them to sit.'

"We have room for more girls at Telegaum, and in a few days expect to receive seventy-six more girls; this will mean an additional expense of about Rs. 380 monthly, but we cannot refuse to take them, and will continue to look to the Lord for their support. We cannot expect a rupee from our Missionary Society, as it is already in debt."

Rev. Carl Erickson, of the Alliance Mission, Amraoti, writes: "The need of this part of Berar becomes greater day by day. Families from long distances come to us half starved and almost overcome by fatigue. This morning a family came into our compound almost exhausted. The man said

THEY HAD WALKED FOUR HUNDRED MILES,

and the last three days had received nothing to eat. We gave the children cunji, but one of the boys died in a few

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minutes of starvation, and some of the others are in a very critical condition. This is only one incident among the many that come before us daily. At present we give grain daily to over 1,000 people, besides employing about seventy, including children, doing various kinds of work. We have also opened a grain shop for those on government Relief Works, as they do not get sufficient to properly feed them. We hope to extend our work of relieving the poor people in the district soon, and thus give more substantial aid to the people. I might also add that some of our famine people have been converted, and are waiting for baptism."

Mr. G. L. Wharton, of the Christian Mission, Hurda, C. P., writes: "Since the rains have come, the government Relief Works have been broken up, and the distress has increased in this district. We are

BESET BY HUNDREDS OF DESTITUTE PEOPLE DAILY.

We are relieving in Hurda and our three outstations over 800 daily. Miss Thompson is giving a daily meal to 180 —mostly children. Our daily expense is at least Rs. 100, which, if we are to continue, calls for liberality from some quarter. We are relieving many widows and children, and occasionally helping a village of Kurkus and Gonds to buy a little seed for sowing. The people are very grateful and so are the missionaries, for the generous help the *Bombay Guardian* readers are rendering at this time."

Rev. Daniel Jones, of Agra, writes: "Very many thanks for another Rs. 100. Our gratuitous work is increasing, and all other branches of work are still in full swing. I have daily 225 doing relief work. We had a rarely happy time on Jubilee day.

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We made glad the hearts of 1500 people, and gave away fifteen maunds of flour. We believe this work of helping the poor is God's work, and He will seal it as His own. Many thanks for printing my Jubilee suggestion. One good sister has sent for a good bundle of cloth, to clothe poor women that are literally in rags. I am sending her, to-day, 160 yards of suitable stuff for skirts. I trust many more will follow her example."

Rev. J. O. Denning, of Narsinghpur, writes: "I am thankful to receive the check for Rs. 100 from your fund for our famine relief. What a blessing these good gifts are to those in need. I hope your fund may continue till this famine is entirely over.....The rains reveal so many dependents who are unable to work. Aside from children, probably no class would appeal to the sympathies of your readers more strongly than widows and helpless old women. So many of these are coming to light as the rains increase the distress. Grain is becoming very dear. Nearly all classes of wage-earners are feeling the pressure very severely."

THE CARGO OF AMERICAN GRAIN.

If not a misuse of space, would you permit the following brief notes to appear in your valuable paper *(Indian Witness)*.

Visiting the "whaleback" (City of Everett), my thoughts flew to Bhera (a terminus railway station in the western Punjab) where, a few years since, during a season of scarcity, thousands of camels were employed to carry grain to the interior; this recollection again recalled the

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amusing remark of a soldier friend, who, on a similar occasion, stated that he had not thought there were so many camels in all the world. This led to my making a rough estimate of the show that the cargo of the good ship would make if loaded on camels, poetically called "ships of the desert." The cargo is, I believe, 2,500 tons, or 70,000 maunds. Now the government regulation load for a camel is five maunds; but, with a compact burden, a strong animal will carry seven. Thus ten thousand such beasts would be required. Each camel, plodding along, with outstretched neck, together with the long rope by which he is tied to the tail of the one preceding, would require a space of six yards; this gives 293 to the mile; and the whole 10,000, in one unbroken line, would extend for thirty-four miles. This, of course, would be impracticable, as an accident to one of the number would disorganize the whole line; and for this reason long strings are broken up into batches with wide gaps between; not less than fifty miles, therefore, would be covered by the procession, and a person unaccustomed to the scene presented by the baggage requirement of a large military camp might suspect that he had about seen "the world's show" of camels were he only to see the number required to carry the burden of the corn-ship in port.

Again, twenty-five years ago (and perhaps to-day) all the grain sold in the Naini Tal bazaar was carried up on ponies, which might have been seen struggling up the hill in single file. Now an unbroken line of sixty miles of ponies would be required for the same purpose. But some one may say, Why talk about such things in this day and generation? Well, when the sixteen regiments ordered to

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Rawalpindi go there, much more of the sort may be seen; and this gives some idea of what difficulties arise when sea and rail-borne traffic have to be substituted.

But to return. The arrival of this corn-ship is a great boon, as it were, at the nick of time, for however sufficient the present rain may be, very little of the kharif harvest can be reaped before November, and the bulk of it not for a month later. "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back," and doubtless the next two months will be the time of the worst suffering in some parts. In respect to the gift itself, the intelligent classes of natives can hardly fail to appreciate the action of a government and people who have no political responsibilities here whatever.

OBSERVER.

FAMINE AND CHOLERA IN SATARA.

The following is an extract from a letter from Ensign Gunwanti Bai:—

"Cholera has broken out on the government Relief Works and out of the 8,000 or more work people only 1,000 remain on the Works; 200 or more died last week and the rest have gone home to their villages, and of course many of them have taken the cholera with them."

One woman came to Degam with it, and in Shendri a girl of 12 years also fell sick. We went there that night and nursed her for several hours, and I think she will now pull through, unless she dies from weakness. Her father, a very nice man, died only a few days ago from the same.

Coming home from nursing her, early 5 o'clock yesterday morning, we found a woman dying by the roadside with cholera; and she had a little girl 12 months old

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with her, who had taken the cholera from her. I covered the little thing over with Bhao's cloth, and brought her here. She is doing well now, but the mother died in the chowdi outside Satara, a few hours after we found her. This outbreak of cholera is supposed to be from the rain that fell the week before last. The 2nd Doctor on the government Relief Works has died from it.

A GOOD WORK AT LALITPUR.

Mrs. Bacon, of Lalitpur, writing of her famine work says: "We have had several dear little girls of eight to ten years, who have come to us with horrible diseases, who begged us to keep them, and said 'Don't send us away, they will make us lead wicked lives again.' So we have taken them, and sent them to the hospital for several weeks, and now they are with us, well and happy. Many of these friendless little girls, from the villages, are gathered together and sold to wicked people, and we used to wonder why so many boys came to us, and so few girls, until we learned the truth. Since then

WE TAKE EVERY GIRL WE CAN FIND,

and we have nearly eighty, and however many come, and however small our donations may become, we could never refuse one of these His little ones. I often wonder if the mothers in our Christian Home-land with their own sweet, innocent girls around them, ever think of these poor brown girls, homeless, motherless, at the mercy of wicked people, with nothing before them but hopeless lives and hopeless graves, who can only be rescued by Christian people. May our heavenly Father make the hearts of His people tender and loving towards these suffering people.

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"We have 75 to 100 famine people, women and children mostly, who are not able to work on the government Relief Works, being reduced in strength, some with little children, some very old, and all kinds, who ought not to be in the Poor House, and ought not to be beggars; to these we give a little work for four or five hours, carrying baskets of dirt on their heads to fill up holes on the compound. To these we give enough food for one good meal a day, and also some clothing, when they are almost naked. Then we have five mothers with very little babies, two with twins; these cannot even carry dirt, but

BRING THEIR BABIES IN BASKETS

which sit alongside of them while they cut grass, or weed the garden. Then there are 75 to 150 people who come to the bungalow for food, just hungry people going from place to place, in search of work and food, and from these we gather our orphans and destitute children. We feed all these on grain that is popped on the fire like pop-corn, which they are very fond of, and as most of them live under trees and have no means of cooking, we find it the best thing we can give them. It seems as if we gave bushels of this grain, so many come every day."

Rev. C. B. Ward, of Yellandu, Deccan, writes: "Villagers flocking in this week, utterly destitute, merchants refusing further credit as the prospect of rain for crops to pay back with is fading away. Pray for us. I am going to provide Rs. 2,000 of work, and turn none away who will work. The Lord will help me."

Rev. S. V. Karmarker writes of a visit to Rev. J. O. Denning's Relief Works at Narsinghpur. He says that Mr. and Mrs. Denning are doing a noble work and have a

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great opportunity of preaching the Gospel on the relief work, and that the money sent them is being very wisely used. "The condition in the Central Provinces is really very sad. There are

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN WANDERING THROUGH THE STREETS

of small towns, picking up grain after the bazaar is over, and eating it just as it is to satisfy their hunger. I brought a little girl of four with me, who said, 'Will you not feed my brother who is sitting under a tree quite hungry.' How the little child thinks of her brother! I asked her about her father, when she said, 'He is sleeping under a tamarind tree.' Probably the child did not know he died of hunger. She knows of her mother's death, but no one informed her of her father's death. The sights I have seen are truly heartrending. The wealthy Hindu community of the affected districts is doing almost nothing for the famine waifs. They need Christ's love and sympathetic spirit. If one goes from village to village he can obtain hundreds of orphans who have no homes, or protection of any sort. They sleep in verandahs of desolate houses or under trees. In this rainy weather their condition is really very deplorable."

Mr. E. M. Gordon writes under date of July 13th, sending us more interesting photographs of the work and workers at Mungeli. One of these shows Mrs. Gordon seated in the midst of a class of women who are learning the Bible, and who have all more or less interesting personal histories. Of one little orphan girl, Jhunia, Mr. Gordon says; "Jhunia is the orphan girl to the right of the photo. She is now the picture of health and is full of

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life and fun and mischief. In November last her father fell down dead in a field,

DIED FROM EXHAUSTION AND HUNGER.

She used to go to beg in a weekly bazaar nine miles from Mungeli, and there she heard from some one that the padri sahib at Mungeli took children and fed and clothed them. So she set out begging the way till she reached the back gate of the mission compound. She had not eaten for several hours and one of the Christians seeing her as she then was, thin and tired and hungry, he gave her food. From that hour she has become as a child of our own."

Mr. Gordon also writes: "Now that the roads to Bilaspur are impassable for carts we are unable to send away children, and the result is that we now have

SEVENTY ORPHANS ON HAND.

It is not our intention to have a permanent orphanage here, but this is being forced on us for the present. We are having sheds erected to accommodate all the children.

In another letter Mr. Gordon says:—

At the present time, relief work for famine sufferers is being conducted by me in three distinct forms: First, there is the providing of work for some one hundred and fifty people who but for this help would soon sink down into the depths of misery caused by want of food. The second kind of relief is the maintenance of a home for destitute children. Fifteen minutes before writing these lines I admitted two children, a boy and his sister, orphans, to this Children's Home. They

HAD COME FIFTEEN MILES,

being directed to the bungalow by a man who had given them just a little wheat which they had been munching on

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their journey of three days. In this second form of relief I should mention the kitchen for children at which any child of poor parents may receive food just once a day. Between one and two hundred children receive food at this mid-day meal, but the number varies daily.

The third form of relief is the feeding of the hungry and starving, and as I have received inquiries as to how this is done, perhaps I will be excused for describing my form of relief somewhat minutely. In the neighborhood

Rev. Gordon distributing food to orphans, Mungeli, C. P.

of the bungalow there is always a large number of people, most of whom from weakness or age or family incumbrances are unable to work. To feed these needy people and yet not to encourage laziness has somewhat taxed our ingenuity. The plan I have at last adopted and which is now working very well is as follows:—

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A man has been employed with the special object of keeping the *kangals* (poor) off the compound, for it was found that these people of all sorts and conditions were

BESEIGING THE BUNGALOW

every hour of the day. This man makes it a point to gather together all the people at one spot some distance from the gate. At about 10 A. M., he draws them up in one long line, so that each one can be distinctly seen. By the time I reach them, fully two hundred have assembled. I have had prepared a number of tickets of tin, two inches square, and each ticket is indented with one or two or three marks. These tickets are distributed in quick succession. The more able-bodied receive a ticket with one mark only, while the most emaciated receive the three-marked ticket. There are also tickets indicating cooked food, and these are given to the very weak and helpless. Tickets of any sort are given only to those unable to work, and of course a great many have to be refused tickets. I do not find it difficult to find out the lazy and professional beggar. One man feigned blindness, and I do not think he cares to try that trick a second time; he learnt a lesson.

As the people receive the tickets from me they go off to the bungalow where a man is seated with a basket of raw rice and a zinc tub of cooked rice. When the *kangal* presents his ticket, he receives one, two or three pice worth of rice or cooked food, as indicated by the ticket. After the *kangal* receives the rice he passes out of the compound by another gate, and thus all things are done decently and in order. This distribution takes place twice a day, morning and evening. Some are given weekly tickets, and the

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ticket is given back with the rice for presentation at the next distribution. As the people receive regular food, some of them improve sufficiently to go to work, and thus many are saved from the miseries of starvation and hunger.

Perhaps it will be difficult for some readers to believe that people in this neighborhood have been known to roast and eat the small shells found in the beds of rivers; roasted leeches make another dish. The other morning a woman came to me saying that her son had been constipated for three days and was in great pain. The injection of hot water with a medical appliance soon revealed the fact that the lad had, to satisfy his hunger, eaten a quantity of green leaves of the tamarind and the husks of some grain which, being undigested, had caused an obstruction, and nearly proved fatal.

Before closing I wish to quote the words of a friend who has spent four days in Mungeli with the special object of seeing the famine. Rev. A. Logsdale, of the S. P. G. Mission, Chota Nagpore, writes concerning his visit.

"I have vivid recollections of the great amount of misery I have seen from Jubbulpore to Mungeli, but the sights I saw at your place were more pitiable, I think, than anything else. I often think of the poor man dying in the bazaar, and I also often accuse myself, even though he may not have appreciated it, that I did not get him a little water, etc. The orphans penned up in that little room (in the Poor House), the men's hospital ward, the number who die apparently unrecorded and almost unheeded, etc., all are impressed on my mind. The misery of the living is so real that it seems hardly worth speaking of the eating of

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the dead bodies by dogs, vultures, etc. Let us hope that all are dead before this commences to take place."

A man dead of starvation at Mungeli, C. P. (Photographed by Mr. E. M. Gordon.)

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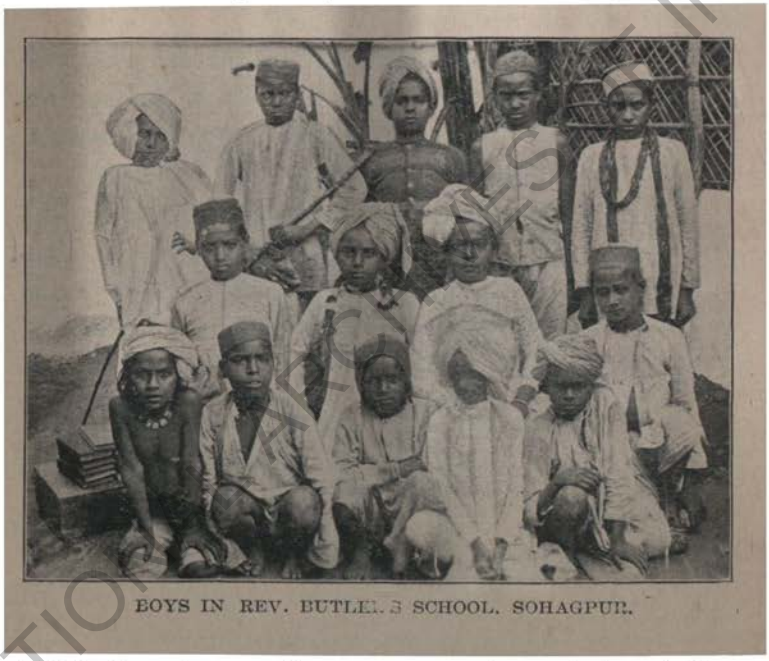
MORE FROM FAMINE FIELDS.

Rev. J. O. Denning, writing from Narsinghpur on July 22d says: "Last evening there were a great many people turned out of the government poor sheds to be taken to the Works. Many of them were nearly naked. Mrs. Denning and I arose at 4:30 this morning, hunted up forty-eight of them, and gave each some clothes. One old man, two sick women, and one young girl we took out of the company and brought them home. The first three are not fit for work; and the young girl is too nice to be permitted to go into that uncertain crowd on the road."

Miss Kate Dixon writes from Hoshangabad: "On behalf of orphan famine girls I am most grateful for the

cheque of Rs. 100 which I have received from readers of the *Bombay Guardian*. Our girls who three and a half years ago when I came numbered twenty, now are, owing to the famine, 162, and sixteen more are to be here early on Friday from our Refuge at Sohagpur. We have enlarged our orphanages; and though friends have been very kind in helping, yet we have over fifty children



BOYS IN REV. BUTLER'S SCHOOL, SOHAGPUR.

(girls), for whom we have no supporters; but we believe God has sent them, and that He will send help—our family varies from ten months old to seventeen years. Some of the new girls are such nice, bright little things. There are many more at our Refuges also.

Mrs. Laura Wheeler Moore, of Basim, Berar, referring to a contribution from our famine fund, writes:

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"When it came we had nothing in hand, and were dreading the painful, but inevitable necessity of turning away 250 poor starving creatures. The distress about us seems to be on the increase. The price of food grains has been on the increase, because of the late monsoon, two and three rupees on the maund. All who are able to work are working, and gratuitous relief is given only to the helpless, and to young children.

"We are exceedingly anxious to rescue as many girls as possible. We have already taken in a number and shall take in all we can. The wicked are busy here as elsewhere seeking to obtain these

HELPLESS GIRLS FOR EVIL PURPOSES.

A leading Mohammedan, of this place, has ten or eleven already, and had the impudence to send two of his servants to me, with a very polite letter begging me to send him ten more girls.

"This event has made me even more zealous than before to out-wit the enemy of all righteousness, and snatch as many as I can of these girls out of his grasp. I trust that your readers will enable me to do this by furnishing some of the money for their support. Almost daily, mothers, mostly widows, are begging me to take their children, and so save them from starvation.

"Besides relief work, and free distribution of grain, we are daily feeding a goodly number of children, giving them one meal a day."

Dr. T. S. Johnson, of Jabalpur, writes, in acknowledging a contribution: "While the rain gives hope for the future—after the crops are reaped in October—the suffering meantime is increasingly great. We gave 218 blank-

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ets yesterday to people who greatly needed them, and thousands are in just as great need. We are employing and feeding daily—at daily wages—230, and have a number besides at work who are very poor, and are giving to a number who are not able to work . . . . I can expend any sum you may send me in immediate relief to the sufferers."

Pastor F. Rowat, of Mihijam, E. I. Ry., Bengal, writes: "We feel grateful for your remittance. We are as busy as ever with the famine sufferers, and continue to help daily over 200 emaciated natives with rice and work.

THE STARVING CROWDS OF LITTLE CHILDREN

are not forgotten, and the deep spiritual need of all weighs heavily upon our hearts. We have never before had so many people constantly under the sound of the Gospel, and even in this famine we can see the purposes of God fulfilled in bringing this afflicted people to His feet. Several earnest enquirers give evidence in their lives of being 'born from above,' and for these signs we thank God and take courage. Our little family of orphans continues to increase, three more having been rescued by us during the past week. Locusts have visited this district, and eaten up nearly everything the people had sown, so that many have been obliged to sow over again. In many homes it has been a literal 'sowing in tears.'

THE LOCUSTS WERE SO NUMEROUS

that large branches of trees gave way under their weight. The fresh shoots of the maize crop soon disappeared before this army of invaders.

"Government has given seed on loan to those able to afford security. In this way only well-to-do cultivators

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have been benefited. We have sought to supplement the efforts of government by helping the poorer classes, who could not give security, and who have lost their all by the famine. These gifts of seed grain have been greatly appreciated, as the recipients would have been in a worse state next year had not such help been given.

"One poor woman came here last week in great distress. Her husband had been enticed away to the tea gardens at Assam by a wicked coolie recruiter, leaving her two children and an aged mother to support. She did her best to support them by working at the government Relief Centre, but found road-making hard work and poor pay. She bravely continued the struggle

USING THE PICKAXE DAILY LIKE A MAN.

The overseers noticed her failing strength, and advised her to apply to the missionary. We have given her, and her two children, and an aged mother, timely shelter, and all seem to be improving in appearance."

Rev. N. E. Lundborg, of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Mission, *Saugor*, C. P., writes: "With much thankfulness I acknowledge your steady supporting of our famine relief people. I am happy to say, that we are going on; but our number of famine people is gradually increasing, and new comers trouble me every day and every time in the day when they can see me, and when they cannot see me they stand outside my house. They

FALL TO THE GROUND, BEG AND CRY

to be taken on to the work. 'When you are supporting so many people, why can you not take in a few more?' 'or one more,' or 'only me?' as the case may be. This is the daily pleading. Also, 'I am dying of hunger!" 'I have not

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had any food for two days,' or 'three days,' or even 'four days,' etc. Even admitting that *half* might be true it is bad enough. And in this way I have taken in one by one, or a few, for instance a family, until now the number is 436. And I do *not* know when I can stop the number, because even if there may be a lot of stories or lies, to get taken in, as often is the case, the wrinkled face, the thin legs and arms speak for themselves, that there is danger even for life. And it is heart-rending to send them away without any help. And it seems that *all dread* the Poor House, the good management of which, I am afraid, is wanting.

"I have not, up to this, supplied any clothing to our people, with a few exceptions; but I am afraid it will be necessary; this will take a lot of money at once. But I am sure that the Lord will give even that, so I have commenced to think on this matter."

Mr. John Lampard, writes from Nikkum, Balaghat District, in acknowledging a contribution from our famine fund: "Up till a few days ago we had a very anxious time here, the continued absence of rain and fierce heat of the sun had begun to wither the young rice plants only an inch or two above the ground. However just in time good rain fell and our plants were saved and now everything agricultural looks very hopeful. In the southern half of the district they are not so fortunate; about a lakh worth of rice seed plants are said to have been destroyed and government has again furnished seed to cultivators."

IMPROVING PROSPECTS AT YELLANDU.

Under date of July 26th, Mr. C. B. Ward writes from Yellandu: "Twelve inches of rain in ten days. Praise God! A crop is insured, but tanks not filled."

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jarvis, late of Hoti Mardan, now of Peshawar, write in reference to the famine orphans under their care. "We pray God to richly bless you, and all the dear readers of your paper, for so nobly helping on God's work with their means. We hope they follow the same with their prayers."

ONE GIRL'S STORY.

Dr. Annie D. Gordon writes from Mungeli: "We took a girl of ten one day, and as we were busy that evening we did not inquire into her history, but the next day I called her to sit with me and she was so nervous at first that she could hardly speak plain. After a while she told me that her father was a landowner in a certain village. He had two gardens and altogether they were in comfortable circumstances. At the beginning of the distress he died. Previously all their belongings were sold, so that he died penniless, or piceless, I should say. The mother, his wife, with this girl and her brother set out looking for work. For a time she received enough to get along with the two children, but her health began to fail as they came towards Mungeli. A short distance from here the mother fell down unable to go any further from exhaustion, and in a few hours she died. I asked the girl 'Who buried your mother?' She looked up plaintively and said, 'I was not able to do it and the dogs devoured her.' How my heart ached as she said these words and I knew it was all too true, for my husband had himself seen bodies devoured by the dogs. The girl added: 'And then my brother and I came on, but he was too weak and he died. I sat by his side and he had the only covering we possessed. I took it from him after he died,' and she

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pointed to a dirty piece of cloth she had on, adding, 'This is the garment.' She went into Mungeli town and begged, but a shopkeeper beat her, and she felt so sore that she thought she had better go back. On her way she went into the fields picking *bhaji* to eat, when some little girl told her that the *Saheb* in the Mission House fed all the children at noon every day. She came in with some others and when she saw other children staying here she asked to stay with us. Each time I look at that face, a wave of tender feeling fills my heart. She looks so young and yet she has borne so much."

A SAD STORY OF A WIDOW.

Mrs. E. S. Hume writes:—"One day a Brahman widow, almost unclad, appeared just as we were going out to the wedding of a young Scotch missionary friend. She was a woman of commanding manner and appearance such as few suffering widows possess; but she fell at my feet asking me to have pity and begging me to listen to a few words, since one of my own teachers who knew her sorrows had told her she might come fearlessly and tell me her tale. It was a case of wedding joy or widow's tears, and I could not resist the latter; so with closed doors I listened to an unwritten history for an hour. Then came the closing sentence, 'and now I have come for two words of peace. It was a blessed key note, and the 14th chapter of John never seemed better adapted to a sufferer's needs than it did that forenoon. When I read 'Peace I leave with you,' she asked, 'Who promised that? Peace I give unto you! Who can promise that? Who can give peace to one like me? I must not let my heart be troubled! After you have heard the tale of my sorrows do you say that to me?' Over

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and over we read it, and then we prayed together! She consenting, though not kneeling, to all my petition for her. When 12 o'clock came she said to me, 'Now I must go; they will search for me in the temple of Rama, and unless I am found, I shall suffer as never before. But you are like a sister, and although I plainly tell you I may never become what you desire—a Christian—still this visit will not end here! It has done good and will still bear fruit! I did not come to ask for your religion but to find you! I cried for two words of peace. You have filled my heart with them. Now send me away. I may never see you again, but if I am turned away again, I shall know your gate! No one lets me stand in their presence, nor allows my shadow to fall across them. I may not darken another's door, but you have made me sit on a bench beside you.' This woman was tall, elegant in bearing, attractive to fascination, and her words so full of a marvelous pathos in very sentence she uttered, that I grieve to have heard no more of them. But her story, in short, was this: 'I was married when only five years of age. Since that time I have been full of sorrow. But I soon became a widow, and then my father and mother took care of me, though I was kept secure in their home. My father and mother died some years ago, and since I was fifteen years of age I have been with some of their relatives, who let me work on our fields and earn an honorable living. Then my mother's own brother came along, and persuaded me to come to his house. I hoped for kindness, but I have been their slave from that day. Never one cent, and only the leavings of their food! The cooking, the washing, is all my work, and if enough is left from the family meal,

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then I am a thief if I eat it. This is what happened this forenoon; and because hungry I dared eat at 10 o'clock I was, after beating, turned into the street naked. Your teacher saw me thus. She saw some one in pity throw out this rag, (a soiled old piece of unbleached cotton which covered one leg and a part of her body, one end being drawn up to cover her shaven head), and I begged of another this red rag to cover the other leg, and then I asked if there was any place in the world where I could hear a kind word, or listen to two words of peace!' Will not the friends who read these lines of the sorrows of one heart pray for this sister who had never heard of Christ, and for those of whom she is a fair type, who, hidden away, are kept from every possibility of learning or knowing of anything that shall bring them peace or comfort? This woman may have died of the plague! Who knows? I can only thank God for the opportunities of that morning! When I asked her whether she had been led astray, she replied, 'Lady, I might have been, and sat with jewels on my neck and arms, with a frontlet on my brow, and gems would have bedecked my ears had I yielded to the machinations of my uncle and the desires of his friends to betray me into a life of glittering slavery! Because I would not, I am in rags, and am said to steal if I once really eat!'"

The following are a few specimens of letters from missionaries engaged in famine relief:—

Rev. Daniel Jones, of Agra, writes: "The distress is on the increase. No work of course in the fields yet. Grain is fast becoming dearer. We are simply overwhelmed with the cry, 'Dying of hunger and thirst!' We hear more of it because we are in the way of relieving it

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1,000 daily get one pound of flour each. And now we shall have to open another gratuitous department. People are coming from long distances."

Rev. J. O. Denning, of Narsinghpur, C. P., writes: "I have 175 or more on relief work. Counting children, relatives of workers, etc., not less than 300 people are being fed from these funds, probably 350. I have just now sent a man into the country for eight to ten cart loads of building poles to repair houses that would otherwise melt down in the rains. One indication that the distress is growing sorer again, is that mothers are now coming again to give me their children. I took a very nice Brahman boy yesterday, and a Mussulman girl the day before. The mothers came to the house and urged me to take them. Many people are pressing me for work; and I cannot keep the numbers from increasing. I greatly dread the rains."

Pastor F. Rowat, Mihijam, E. I. Railway, writes: "The distress around us is being acutely felt, which makes us the more thankful for the gift to hand. Some have commenced sowing the seed, and it has been our privilege to help a number of poor cultivators with gifts of seed grain, which was much appreciated. Last week nine families received sufficient seed to enable them to proceed with their cultivation. Scores of emaciated Santals continue to come daily for food; last Wednesday over 200 cases of the most abject poverty. Many came in from villages six and eight miles distant. They represented forty-six villages, and among them were forty-six lepers, ten blind, eight lame, and about a dozen others physically infirm. One day last week, in addition to the

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ordinary crowd, 300 children were present begging piteously for rice. I often feel deeply moved in listening to the tales of privation. One woman spoke of the little child dying in her arms before she could reach home to cook the rice she had received. Another pitiful case was that of four skeleton looking children whose mother died recently. The father deserted the whole family, leaving the burden of household affairs upon the eldest girl, age about 14 years."

Mr. A. J. Meik, of Pastor Haegert's Bethel Santal Mission, writes from Bethlehem, Kumrabad P. O., *via* Nya Dumkah: "A poor lad came to me for medicine. He was about 17 or 18 years old, a bag of bones, and could hardly speak from weakness brought on by starvation. The poor fellow fell down in front of the church from exhaustion. He gladly came into our hospital. I weighed him and found he weighed only 15 seers (30 lbs). Twelve days after his admission, I weighed him again, and found he had gained 6 seers (12 lbs)....My compound is full of the famine-stricken."

"ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY."

Mr. Bruce says: "It often happens in our open-air preaching that there is some one in the audience who is 'wise in his own conceits,' and who professes interest for the sake of raising objections and drawing away the attention of the people from the truth. At the recent pilgrimage at Pali there was a man who, in a patronizing way, told the preachers that what they were saying was true, and very good. 'But' said he, 'I want to ask one question. If you will answer it I will become a Christian.' Vithoba, the preacher, gave him permission to ask his question, and he

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said, 'Can you tell me what I was in the previous birth? 'Oh yes.' said Vithoba; 'but will you forgive me if I tell you? 'Certainly, what was I?' 'Are you sure that you will forgive me if I tell you?' 'Yes, tell me.' 'Well, then, if you are sure that you will forgive me, I think you were *an ass.*' A roar of laughter arose from the crowd of listeners, in which the man himself joined. But he did not care to ask any more questions, and our preachers were able to continue their work without further interruption."

FAMINE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS AT CHUNAR, N.-W. P.

The big bungalow we have is more than a hundred years old. It used to be the residence of the commandant when Chunar was a military station. When I first saw it last January, I wondered was this the place the Lord wished me to take? As there was no other, I was led to believe it was. The Y. W. C. A. offered me the rent, Rs. 30 a month, so that a Y. W. C. A. lady could live with me, thus saving them the need of sending two ladies for Y. W. C. A. work.

From February 1st, 1897, the Home was opened, and very soon from my old friends of Z. B. M. Mission stations, poor destitute women and children were sent to me. Miss Richardson, of Bombay, brought me ten from famine districts; and so on from C. M. S., C. E. Z. M., and American Zenana Mission, famine-crushed women, young girls, and little children came to me.

At first the place was more like a hospital, so many suffering in one way or other from long hunger, exposure, and ill-treatment.

I have now over 120 women and children. My litt e ones are in No. 35 Bungalow, opened in August

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What are you going to do with these women? is the question I hear asked. Firstly, train them for God. There is great need of Bible women in the thousands of untaught villages. Let others who may have relatives return to their villages, working there in the fields, but working always for Christ.

One woman has gone forth as an ayah. One is now doing matron's work. One is getting on well at nurse work in Lucknow Hospital. Several have returned to look after their fields, and perhaps meet their husbands who wandered far looking for work, etc.

My first class has finished reading "Peep of Day" Hindi, now are reading *Dharm Tula.*

Besides this Home relief, I have sent twenty-one children to orphanages. Most of them I pay for. Also outside relief I gave every month to those who were in great want. The funds to maintain all have come in. "Christian succor to India" has helped me much. We have *not* wanted. The Lord is our Shepherd. To look forward is not God's way of teaching. One step forward is enough. The needed strength, the needed wisdom, the needed money, the teachers, matrons, clothing, God supplies; and I have asked only of God.

It would be easier to write of some one else's work, but should any one like to come to this out-of-the-world quaint Chunar, he could see for himself what God has wrought.

Yours very sincerly,

M. PATTESON.

No. 8 Bungalow, Chunar. Dec. 9th, 1897.

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Rev. Henry Forman, of Fatchpur, writes under date of May 22d:—

"We have some mission work here of which I was put in visiting charge, my home and work being in Fatchgarh. I found so much suffering from the famine, and so much need beyond what was being met by the government, that I began a Relief Camp in our Mission Compound. We have had this in operation since early in March. I wish that I had begun it three or four months earlier, as many lives could have been saved. But a week ago cholera broke out in our camp, and during the last few days there were three or four deaths each day. It did not seem to me right to keep the people together under these circumstances, and as the doctor here also urges it, I have (yesterday and to-day) sent away about three-fourths of the 400 persons we had. We can provide more comfortably and carefully for the remaining number, which is somewhat below 100. I hope to soon be free of the cholera, and then, after a thorough cleansing, allow our numbers to increase again.

"While from the reports of the Central Provinces, the famine is not so severe here as there, I should judge, yet there is great suffering, as is evidenced by the fact that the death-rate has been higher in this district than any other in North India during the past two months. I do not like to close without an expression of gratitude to you and those whom you represent, for the help you have brought this people. Our earnest hope and prayer is that the succor given, in the name of Christ, may be instrumental in turning many people to Christ."

E. Mortimer, of the Wesleyan Parsonage, Jabalpur, C. P., writes, on June 6th, as follows:—

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"We have at present dependent upon us 137 children (sixty-nine boys and sixty-eight girls), and sixty-eight adults (twenty-six women and forty-two men). The children are regularly taught in school; the larger and stronger ones have part of the day in school and the other part they engage in work suited to them. The girls assist in cooking and in sewing, while the boys spin thread for dusters, and work in the garden, the produce of which, when not needed for food at the orphanage, is sold, and the proceeds applied to the support of the establishment. As we have purchased some land, we hope, when better seasons come, to be able to produce a large part of the food we require; but that will not be for some time.

"The women (mostly widows) are employed in grinding corn, cooking, and spinning. Some of the men are employed in weaving jharans (dusters), for which we have a good sale. The others work in a jungle we have bought. Here they cut fire-wood and make charcoal, others are engaged in bringing it into Jabalpur on bullock carts and selling it. The fire-wood is used mostly for cooking purposes at the orphanage, while the charcoal is sold.

"Some of the elder boys are also taught the work of weaving and gardening. When the stress of these hard times passes away we propose to teach the children useful trades, so that as they grow up they will be able to support themselves.

"You will understand from what I have written that every one who can work is expected to work. We have no idlers; for no work means no food. We are striving

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to help ourselves as much as possible, but of course we shall for some time depend largely on the help and sympathy of others.

"In conclusion, I beg to offer to you and to those who have contributed to the fund you are distributing, my sincerest thanks for your generous and timely help. We remember you in our thoughts and prayers in your work of mercy."

J. O. Denning, of Narsinghpur, C. P., writes on June 12th:—

I have been so busy that I scarcely have time to eat. My family are away at Pochmarhi and I am alone. I sleep out in the compound, and some mornings people are

STANDING AROUND MY BED

awaiting for my eyes to open that they may make requests.

The famine here is growing sorer. This is indicated in several ways. The prices of grains are rapidly rising. Many people are added to the government Relief Works daily. Another indication is that many mothers are now coming to me urging me to take their children. Two mothers are in my compound at this moment wanting me to take their three children. I sent three girls to Jabalpur yesterday whose mothers had given them to me. A Brahman mother gave me her boy this week. The beggars on the streets are increasing again.

I have about 175 people in my relief work. My new dormitory for the school will be covered in a few days. Then we shall have room for 350 to 400 boys. The orphans from our government Poor Sheds are not given out yet. We have been expecting for a month to receive

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them, but the government is afraid of offending some Hindu. Our well will soon be complete.

What to do with my relief workers during the rains is a serious question. I have been expecting to get the talked-of corn to help them with. Is it coming? I could use to great advantage 20,000 bushels in this one district. The distress is great.

One of my enterprises just now is to furnish a few poles for each man and woman, as far as I am able, to help them repair their houses for the rains. Many a house will completely collapse in the rains unless repaired; and many a man or woman is not able to buy a pole for repairs; 180 such timbers are coming in from the country to-morrow for that purpose.

I find so many people without clothes, or nearly so. The Brahman woman that gave me her boy the other day had almost nothing. I got clothes for her. One of the two now in my compound has a strip only two inches wide to cover her womanhood. Last night a woman working for me, at six pice a day, said she and her two children could not live on that much, and asked what she should do? She can not bear to part with her children. Another question comes up. What shall I do with these widows that give me their children? At the rate they are coming now a hundred widows will come to me in the next two or three months. Shall I turn them out, and let them go to the bad? Yet it is very difficult to keep a lot of women, especially with the weakness of character of this country.

My brother, this is a serious famine. We are in the midst of it, and are at our wits end all the time. Every

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day new cases and new questions are coming up, and they must be settled on the spot. We doubtless make many mistakes. Some people are unworthy, but most of them are in sore need. May God help me to act wisely in these awful times, but I often know not what to do.

God has blessed me greatly during this hot weather. I have had to be out in the sun a great deal. I have a strong body; but I get very limp at times in this heat. I go home, eat something, sit under the punkha a while, then go out again. God blesses my body. Four of my relief workers have died with cholera recently. The other day a boy of 14 years, working for me, took cholera. As I sat in front of his little house, giving him medicine, and directing his widowed mother as she was trying to heat up his bowels and stomach, I thought, "Is life worth living to these people?" What is there in life that is at all desirable? What hope is there in their future? They know not God. They have nothing in this life, and no hope for the life to come."

Please give me as much as you possibly can. Our Famine Committee here have offered to help me distribute it, if it should be more than my own men can distribute. I can use all the money you can spare me.

May the Lord bless you and all the good people that are helping so grandly in this time of need.

Lucy H. (Mrs. Geo. H.) Ferris, of Kolapur, S. M. C., writes, on June 12:—

I find that poor starving people are increasing in this region and I would be so glad to relieve a little of the suffering if possible. We have had two children, who have been cast off by their relatives, come to me, but we

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have no money to support them. We have no orphanage into which to receive them. If I had Rs. 10 I would try to send the older one to an orphanage in Poona. Rs. 50 will support the other for a year—food, clothes, etc., under my care in our Boarding School which is not for orphans, and my associate, Miss Palton, thinks we may try this little one, among our other girls, if its support is provided.

We would use Rs. 75 as carefully as possible. If this is not in keeping with those who send help through you, of course you will quickly and kindly let me know, I am sure. I would like at least two bags of corn for gratuitous distribution. My late husband's home was in Hillsdale, Michigan, and your home, Elkhart, does not seem far from there and is a well known name to us who have been in Michigan.

My co-worker in the Boarding School, Miss Esther Palton, is from Brooklyn, Mich. We are informed of gifts of corn from there, for shipment to India, but whether through you or others we know not.

Dr. Julia Bissell, of Ahmednagar, writes under date of July 31st:—Enclosed with this letter you will find the receipt of the merchant in this city of whom we bought the grain, before sitting down to write this letter to let you know the condition of things, as you asked what I could do. The replies that have come, I quote word for word, say, "We have had no rain, and distress is increasing." "The distress is certainly greater than when Mr. Lambert was here. To ask for two thousand rupees grain *again* and *soon*, will certainly be moderate." "Certainly the distress is greater than before." These are the replies from the gentlemen of our Mission Circle here.

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My mother, Mrs. Bissell, whose grain distribution you saw here, says, "Tell Mr. Lambert my grain is all gone, and that I find it a most desirable method of helping the people. I want some more grain right away. I do not know what to do without it."

My sister, who was planning, when you were here, to open a kitchen to supply meals for her hungry little school children, has already had to open a second kitchen, as she soonhad more than she could accommodate of girls who needed food given to them. She is making rapid inroads on the share of grain given to her, and is ready to plan for more grain soon.

I felt compelled to start a General Relief Kitchen, to give meals to families who so often come to us late in the day, having tasted not a morsel of food that day, and often for several days before. Many a family, on their way to the government Relief Works, stopping in the city over night, tired and hungry, have been taken and given a good warm meal at the Relief Kitchen. But the grain I have to use will not stand that strain long. When can I have some more?

July 31st, G. C. Duff, of Khosulna, wrote: "This morning while I was seriously thinking of the non-christian famine-stricken people of Rattepungu and Ashashony Thannes, your kind and welcome letter came to hand. The starving people of the above Thannes I helped by digging two tanks as you know, till the beginning of May. When the tanks are finished our well is to do the people of Choonkury, Haunjtaha, Leowdoge, and Shettahaengh. We helped them in various ways, by giving them grains, etc., and work in the fields who have

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strength to do so. Since the government stopped free hotels in several places, people are pouring into the Lunderbein in a wretched condition. They come to the houses of the well-to-do Christians and say, "Give us to eat."

Our deacon of Heringtanna up to this time saved the lives of eleven families. One of the families, consisting of five members, became Christians. The remaining families wish to become Christians, but I prevented. What I wish is to make our churches in the South more attractive by helping the starving, and relieve them in our community, when they will be actually converted by the preaching of the Gospel. I am here helping four Mohammedan families with my own money. I shall be obliged to you if you send us funds to grapple with the distress. Your conditions will suit us in every way. I am running into debt for helping the starving, who "are blood of our blood and flesh of our flesh." Up to this time I have not denied medical help to the sick and starving. Do remember me in your prayers. We are now weeping prophets, our tears never dry for our country.

Dr. Julia Bissell, of Ahmednagar, writing again on Aug. 3rd, says:—

Many thanks for your despatch regarding the four carloads of American corn for us. We are already planning about the distribution of the corn. Very many and cordial thanks, also, for the 1,250 rupees, the formal receipt for which I sent at once. The relief this sum offers us is most acceptable. I expect to use my share of it in a few days. It does not take long to exhaust any sum of money in Relief Missions these days.

Yesterday, my mother, Mrs. Bissell, whose grain distribution you witnessed at our door, gave grain to ninety-

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six people; to many if not all that was the first food they had seen that day, and probably for more than one day. Calls for clothing are constant and loud. What these half-clad people will do when the rain comes, I do not know.

No rain yet, and no favorable signs of it. High winds prevail.

Yesterday I distributed bread from my Relief Kitchen to at least fifty children, most of whom had see only that bit of bread all day.

God bless you in your labor of love for this hungry country.

Rev. R. Winsor, of the Deccan Marathi Industrial School, at Sirur, Poona District, writes August 18th:—My wife and myself are the only missionaries in this district. The distress increases on every hand, the rains do not yet come. The condition of the people in our district here is simply terrible, and hundreds must die soon unless helped. I think my previous letters set forth in black figures that will give you the needed information—the sum mentioned, viz., Rs. 3,000 per month is not one *pice* too much. Words are of little use here. Do for these people all you can. The Mambutdar is giving grain daily to 5,000 people, but that is nothing among 150,000 inhabitants. What more can I say? I have in all my letters during the past five months spoken of my conviction that worse times were coming. They have come; and the most distressful period is entered upon. For five months more, terrible distress will and must prevail. I need write no more, but must respectfully submit this request for help for these poor distressed people, and may our hearts be wisely and generously moved.

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Bro. J. R. Godshall, of Amraoti, writes as follows under date of Oct. 5, 1897.

Noticing in the *Bombay Guardian* of your departure on the 9th, I was very sorry that I was not able to have another talk with you before leaving. Hope that your interest in us has not been spasmodic. We are very much in need of help in the work as the lady that was with us left yesterday, for good, which leaves me alone to look after all the some fifty children, carpenter shop, and all.

We have fifteen Eurasian boys and five girls, twenty-six famine boys and seven girls; then I have two cabinet makers, and one blacksmith, and only one native young man to help me. My wife has had fever the past week, and is not able to be about. It seems as though the devil is trying his best to make trouble, but I will trust in the Lord and fight till I die, as the hymn says.

We expect to remove our orphanage to Warora, about 100 miles east from here to a field of our own.

Bro. Godshall had been liberally remembered by the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, and his work is prospering.

W. B. Stover of the Brethren (Dunkard) Mission at Bulsar, followed us up with a letter Nov. 12, of which the following is a part:

We are pleased at the remembrance of your visit to us and our acquaintance. I trust it has been equally profitable to us all.

Well, wherever you may be now, this letter will likely find you in Elkhart, settled down and hard at work. The regular daily toil of life is after all the sweetest, is it not? How little is real drudgery appreciated!

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I suppose Sister Ryan has told you all about the little orphanage so I will keep quiet about that. Your two little children are regular pets, however. The larger is moreover exceptionally bright.

For several days we have been having the carpenter making repairs in our house. He gets 18 cents a day (9 annas), and works all day. He does not sweat himself by over-hard work, but these poor natives have learned to take things steadily—a lesson which the average American can well afford to learn. Our boy is now a nineteen pounder, five months old, and his poor mother seems to be getting smaller and smaller, weighs only 103 pounds now. But by the boundless grace of God will do better now that the cool weather is coming. Our helpers will arrive Nov. 28th, four and a baby.

The letter to which Bro. Stover refers was also written Nov. 12, and I extract from it as follows:—

"I found the two orphans of which you spoke, at Shegaoen, with Mr. and Mrs. Neilson, but they were two sisters; also a little boy and girl. We have them with us now, and a lady from America has taken the support of the two little sisters. They are nice little children. Had a nice visit at Shegaoen. Stopped at Bhussual with Mrs. Lint. Visited the Friends' Missions at Itarsi and Hoshangabad. Then went to Saugor. Here we secured twenty-two children from the Swedish Mission, and a widow girl also. Then a girl about twelve years of age was brought to me, and I picked up one little girl at one of the stations. So, coming home I had a flock of twenty-six children—thirteen girls and thirteen boys; and one widow of about nineteen, I think. We have had our hands

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full, as many of them had famine sore mouth, bowel trouble, etc. The little girl I picked up at the station had three great sores on her head which were

FULL OF WORMS.

I think if one has come out, a hundred have. It is nearly healed now, and I thought at least all the worms were gone, but day before yesterday when I was dressing the place, a little black spot appeared and we at once knew it was a worm. Taking my finger I pulled it out and it was about an inch long. The poor little thing must have suffered dreadfully with all these things eating away at her. She has a very pretty face and is as bright as a dollar. She cannot be more than six years old, and she has learned the Ten Commandments already, also the A B C's.

"All are in school now, but one. He is passing through the swelling stage of famine. If you can persuade any of our good brethren to take up the support of one or more of these children, we will be very glad. We can write to them, but that is not like giving them a good talk, and enlisting their sympathy. I think $12.00 is enough for food; for food, clothing, etc., it will take about $15.00.

"As the money is still coming in for famine sufferers, I think we will get more children, if possible.

"The other missionaries arrive the 27th, all except Bro. McCann, he will tarry a little while in the Holy Land. All are well. The two deaconesses are thinking of joining us."

Scores of other letters, fully as interesting as the preceding, might be added, but space forbids. I have purposely avoided publishing many of those acknowledging

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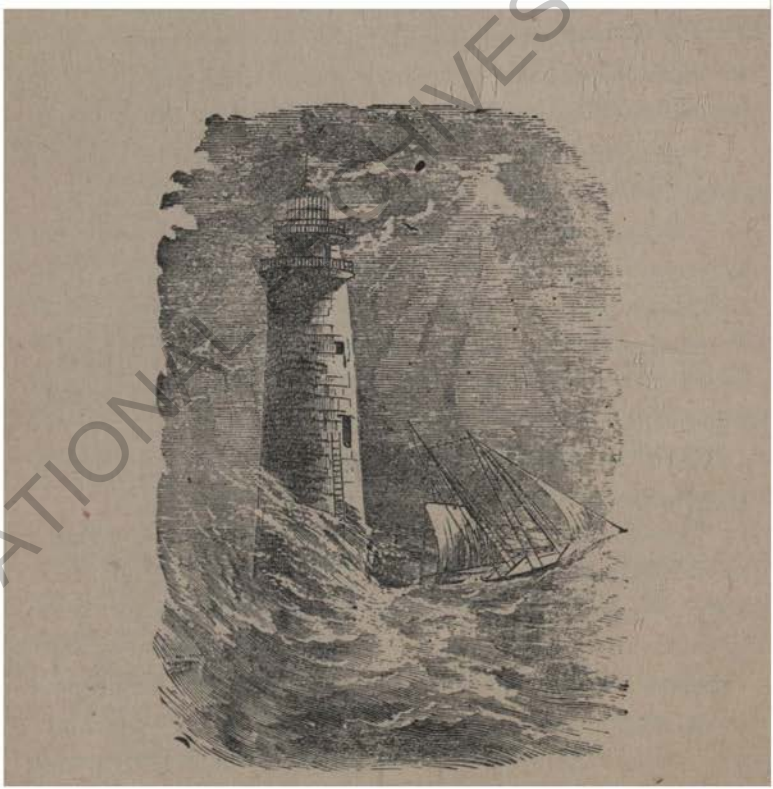
the receipt of funds or grain. as the following chapter will, in a general way, give expression to the gratitude of India's starving thousands for the work of our American people who contributed through the Home and Foreign Relief Commission. Suffice it to say that, far from being puffed with pride at the hundreds of grateful letters received from missionaries and natives for the help they received through me, I ascribe all praise to God, to whom alone all honor is due.



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CHAPTER XIV.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF HOME AND FOREIGN RELIEF COMMISSION—FAMINE DRAWING TO AN END—NEW CROPS GATHERED—FAREWELLS—HOMEWARD BOUND—A STORMY PASSAGE—HOME.

To some readers the following testimonials will seem superfluous, others will go farther and say that the author had selfish ends in view in having them published. God forbid that this should have been the reason why these letters are published. The very great majority will in reading them see that by publishing these letters, not the author, but India's needs and India's gratitude will be made better known to the great-hearted American nation, than which there is not a better or more liberal on the face of the earth, and although the funds which the agent of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission distributed (over $20,000) were contributed by but a very small part of the inhabitants of this country, yet all will rejoice that Americans have been instrumental in saving thousands of people from the agonizing death which threatened them. Then, too, these letters show that true religion and undefiled is not bounded on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific, that the highest form of patriotism is that which honors God and His law of love supremely, and which seeks the welfare of His creatures, be they white or black or red, ruled by Empress, Sultan or President. Hence the letters.

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FAMINE RELIEF FROM AMERICA.

The following is a copy of an official resolution of the U. S. Senate carried unanimously after a very sympathetic debate:—"Whereas a famine exists in India which is daily causing thousands of deaths among the poor, which famine can be readily relieved from the products of other parts of the world, and whereas generous people of the United States in different States are freely giving wheat, flour, and corn for relief of the famishing inhabitants in India, therefore it is resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, etc., that the secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized to employ and place at the disposal of the collector of the port of New York one ship or vessel belonging to the Navy of the United States best adapted for such service for the purpose of transporting to the famishing poor of India such contributions as may be made for their relief, or to charter and employ under the authority of the United States a suitable American steamship or vessel with a cargo capacity of 2,000 to 4,000 tons for the same purpose. Any sum of money which may be necessary to carry out the object of this resolution is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated." One shipload of corn has been already despatched from San Francisco and will soon arrive in Calcutta, and another vessel similarly laden may soon be expected in Bombay. Care will be taken that none but sound, old, kiln-dried corn shall be sent, and every bushel will be inspected at the port of sailing. The Rev. George Lambert from the United States is now in Bombay in the interests of the above movement, and is staying at the Esplanade Hotel.—*Times of India, June 3, 1897.*

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FROM THE "BOMBAY GUARDIAN" OF MAY 15, 1897.

We had the pleasure of welcoming to India last Monday, a messenger of mercy in the person of Rev. George Lambert, of the Mennonite Church, the representative of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission of the United States. He is the forerunner of a large consignment of grain for our starving people, a shipload of which is now on the way. The New York *Christian Herald*, and the *Herald of Truth*, of Elkhart, Ind., have had a large share in promoting it. Incalcuable will be the blessings it will bestow. The LORD preserve and uphold Mr. Lambert as he visits from place to place in the famine districts in this hot season, to arrange for the distribu tion of the grain by missionary agencies."

FROM THE "BOMBAY GUARDIAN" OF JUNE 5, 1897.

Among the many interesting incidents of Mr. Lam bert's tour of inquiry up-country, the following is sugges tive. He visited a Girls' Orphanage where the chil dren were in much need of clothing. Soon afterwards he was at Itarsi, and found that the Christian Weavers' Com pany were in considerable need of customers for their work. Mr. Lambert effected a double relief by purchas ing a hundred rupees' worth of material, and sending it to the Girls' Orphanage. It would be very helpful if private individuals and the heads of Christian institutions would, even at some inconvenience to themselves, buy their cloth, carpets, etc., from Missions where there is industrial work for famine relief or the employment of Christians.

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OUR AMERICAN VISITORS.

(From the *Indian Witness* of Aug. 14, 1897.)

We are sure our readers of all classes will be pleased to learn of the safe arrival on the 7th instant, of the eagerly-expected "City of Everett," bringing from America its precious cargo of grain for famine sufferers. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Hobbs, who accompanied the cargo from San Francisco, report a pleasant though somewhat protracted voyage of fifty-six days. Our good friends received a very cordial welcome in Calcutta, which would probably have been on a larger and more formal scale had the movements of the "whaleback" been less dilatory and uncertain. Rev. George Lambert had been in the city for some days in advance, and is busily co-operating in despatching the grain to various parts of India.

We gladly surrender considerable of our space this week to items regarding this American Famine Relief work. It is not every day we have a ship-load of corn from a foreign land arriving in our harbor for free distribution; and the advent of such an altogether unique specimen of naval architecture as a "whaleback" in our waters, deserves more than ordinary notice. It is a goodly sight to behold great piles of bags of grain in the huge shed at Kidderpore docks, with an army of coolies unloading the "whaleback" and loading the railway wagons with their precious freight, and busy clerks forwarding them to their destination.

Nor can we forget that besides these many hundreds of tons of grain, hundreds of thousands of rupees have come to India from the same source for the same beneficent object. We feel sure all will join in heartily thank-

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ing all who by personal effort and contributions have had a part in this good work. This satisfaction of knowing that through their efforts thousands of unhappy people have been succored in their time of dire need, and thousands of wretched children rescued from starvation, will be abundant reward for the good people in the far West who have so nobly played the part of the Good Samaritan. God bless them all!

A social reception was tendered to Dr. and Mrs. Hobbs and Rev. George Lambert at the residence of Mrs. C. J. Pritchard, on Wednesday afternoon, at which a large number of missionaries and their wives, representing nearly all the Missions of Calcutta, were present. General Patterson, the newly appointed United States Consul-General, was also among the guests. After refreshments had been served and some time spent in pleasant social converse, Bishop Thoburn referred to the arrival of the "City of Everett" with its valuable cargo of grain from America, the expression of the sympathy and good-will of a large number of the American people. As the official representative of the United States, General Patterson spoke of the readiness with which that nation always responds to the call of distress, and expressed his satisfaction with the action of his government in chartering the ship and meeting all expense connected with the transportation of the cargo to India.

Dr. Hobbs being called upon told of the heartiness of the response given to the appeals for help for suffering India and how the American people rejoiced to have it in their power to render this assistance. He proved that corporations *have* souls, notwithstanding the commonly be-

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lieved doctrine to the contrary, by the fact that one of the great trunk railways carried a thousand tons of grain from Chicago to San Francisco over the Rocky Mountains free of charge, and the Western Union and another telegraph company freely placed their wires at the disposal of the Famine Relief Committee for the space of six months, the committee being thus saved thousands of dollars. The heart's desire of those who contributed of their means for India's relief is that spiritual as well as bodily healing and blessing might come to the suffering people.

The Rev. George Lambert, commissioner sent to India by the Home and Foreign Relief Commission of the United States, told how the sympathy of the Mennonite denomination had found expression in large contributions of grain and also of money. This is the more suggestive as that religious body has no Mission or missionaries in India. The effect upon Christian people in America of what they learned of the ravages of famine in India was altogether wonderful. The poorest felt personal interest and helped according to their ability. In common with Dr. Hobbs he felt grateful for the kind reception given him by the missionaries and Christian people in India, and was thankful to be of some service to the suffering multitudes. Thanks were tendered to the kind hostess for the pleasant occasion enjoyed, and the company separated after the Doxology had been sung, the Rev. J. P. Ashton, M. A., of the London Missionary Society, pronouncing the Benediction.

THE CALCUTTA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

Usually the sessions of the conference held in the cold season are the most interesting and the best attended.

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But for genuine interest the meeting of last Monday evening could hardly have been surpassed, and the attendance was exceptionally large for this time of the year. The preponderance of ladies was quite noticeable.

Among the items of business transacted by the committee in its business session was the passing of hearty resolutions of appreciation of what has been done in the United States for the relief of the famine sufferers, making special and grateful reference to the noble work accomplished by Dr. Klopsch, of the New York *Christian Herald*. The excellent services rendered by Rev. George Lambert, representative of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission of the United States, and of Rev. Dr. R. G. Hobbs, who has come with the cargo of corn by the "City of Everett," as the representative of the *Christian Herald*, were also fittingly recognized.

At the open session of conference at which Rev. J. P. Ashton, M. A., Senior Missionary of the L. M. S., presided, Bishop Thoburn offered prayer and several visitors were introduced. Among these was Rev. Dr. Johnson, of Jubbulpore, who for many months past has been in the thick of the fight with the famine, and is now in Calcutta helping to arrange for the distribution of the cargo of corn from America. He spoke briefly of the condition of things in the Central Provinces, paid a warm tribute to the energy with which government has grappled with the prevailing distress, and incidentally confirmed our impressions reported in last issue as to the moral obliquity which appears to be developed among the people, even among those who suffer most keenly.

Dr. and Mrs. Hobbs were introduced, the former expressing his great pleasure in being permitted to visit

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India and attend a session of a conference so representative and influential as this. He spoke of the profound interest with which America is watching the developments in India, where they can see the great battle between the faiths of the Orient and the Christian evangel from western lands is to be fought. As a matter of interest to the conference he mentioned that Dr. Barrows had returned to America with a new missionary inspiration. With his big brain and big heart and great influence in ecclesiastical and religious circles, the missionary cause will be greatly furthered by his powerful advocacy. Dr. Hobbs spoke of the contributions for the famine relief, which he said averaged only a dollar and a half per contributor.—*Indian Witness, Aug. 14, 1897.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CALCUTTA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

The attention of the conference having been directed to the arrival at Calcutta, of the "whaleback" S. S. "City of Everett," laden with a cargo of 2,500 tons of grain contributed by their brethren in America for the famine stricken people of India, and that there were here in Calcutta the Rev. George Lambert, the representative of the Relief Committee originally formed by the Mennonite Church of America, who has himself visited some of the most afflicted of the famine districts, and the Rev. Dr. R. G. Hobbs, the Relief Commissioner of the *Christian Herald* of New York, who has arrived by the "City of Everett:"

It was resolved—

1. That the conference express their high appreciation of the stirring and fervid appeals of Dr. Talmage, editor of the *Christian Herald*, and the very substantial support given by its proprietor, Dr. Klopsch, which re-

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sulted in not only the large cargo of food brought by the "City of Everett," but in rupees 500,000 or more being also contributed for the relief of India's famine-stricken people. For these highly Christian and fraternal gifts, whose antitypes are found in Apostolic times, the Calcutta Missionary Conference cordially thank their brethren in America; and they accept the "bounty" as substantial and expressive signs of good-will towards and sympathy with the millions of India in this their hour of great distress, on the part of both the government and the people of the United States of America.

2. The conference desire also to give expression to their high sense of the love and good-will of the many thousands represented by the Relief Committee originated by the Mennonite communities of America. Understanding that the activities set on foot by these brethren have contributed very largely to the bringing together of so valuable a cargo of grain and to such liberal contributions, appreciated the more as representing numerous contributors, to the relief of our famine-stricken populations, the conference most cordially tender to them, through their representative, the Rev. George Lambert, their warmest thanks. Such acts of beneficence and practical sympathy tend powerfully to weld together the Christian nations under the flag of the Prince of Peace and to make Christianity felt as a power of God by the non-christian nations.

3. Further, the conference wish to place on record their grateful appreciation of the generous liberality and good-will of their numerous friends in the United Kingdom shown through the Mansion House Fund and other

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wise through the churches and missionary societies. The magnificent sums of money thus collected have been the means of saving many persons from death and have made the lives of many more less intolerable than they would otherwise be. Among those thus saved have been large numbers of widows and orphans, and of the weak and the aged, whose blessing has been called forth in gratitude to the givers, and in not a few to God the Father.

4. Lastly the conference would not forget the bounteous liberality of the British Colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Natal, Tasmania, Mauritius, Trinidad and the Fort of Gibraltar; as also the gifts of other Christian nations, with special reference to Russia, and of the non-christian nations of China and Japan.

THE GRAIN SHIP FROM AMERICA.

The unique event of the arrival of one of these strange vessels deserves special notice. The "whaleback" is found in large numbers on the great lakes of America; and a ship captain in port just now tells us that one of these plying on one of the lakes has a carrying capacity of 6,000 passengers!

The steamer "City of Everett," with a cargo of corn contributed by the American nation for the famine-stricken in India, arrived in port on Saturday evening, and was berthed in the Kidderpore Docks. The steam-launch "Enchantress" left Prinsep's Ghat in the evening to meet the steamer with a large party on board, including the Port Officer, Bishop Thoburn, Dr. T. S. Johnson, of Jubbulpore; Rev. F. W. and Mrs. Warne, Miss Maxey;

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CENTRAL PROVINCE DISTRICT CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH.

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Mr. H. E. M. James, secretary to the Indian Charitable Famine Relief Fund; Mr. Constance, under-secretary to government; Mr. Briscoe, Rev. J. E. Robinson, Mr. L. E. Booth, and others. The vessel, as she steamed slowly up the river, presented a most extraordinary appearance. She is shaped like an enormous cigar, and her three masts are in the fore part, while the funnel is in the stern. She was flying on the foremast a large red flag with a blue cross in the centre (this flag, I was informed by one of the missionaries on the "Enchantress," was especially worked for the "City of Everett" by some ladies of San Francisco). On the main mast floated an enormous flag with the name of the steamer and on the mizzen the Stars and Stripes. On sighting the launch there was much excitement on board. The steamer slowed down amid shouts and fluttering handkerchiefs.

It appears that when details of the famine in India began to appear in the American papers, Dr. R. G. Hobbs, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Illinois, who had some knowledge of India and knew what terrible suffering a famine in the East entails, set on foot a movement to collect and send corn to the stricken country. Later on, the *Christian Herald*, of New York, took up the proposal with enthusiasm.

At the same time a similar effort was in progress among the Mennonites, who although not represented in missionary work in India, evinced great sympathy with the famine sufferers. Under the direction of Rev. George Lambert, of the Mennonite Church, and in connection with the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, specially organized for the purpose, large quantities of grain and

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cash gifts were collected. Mr. Lambert arrived in India in April last, has traveled through most of the famine region, and afforded much helpful relief in many places. He is also at present in Calcutta and is associated with the committee which is distributing the grain, a large portion of which is from the Mennonites. The *Christian Herald*, Dr. Hobbs, and the Home and Foreign Relief Commission appear to have happily united their forces, with the result that in a short time three ship-loads of corn were collected, two at New York and the other at San Francisco. Some difficulty was experienced in getting transport for the corn at New York, and it was finally decided to sell it and forward the money to India.

The "City of Everett" brings the corn collected at San Francisco, 2,600 tons of maize, including about six hundred tons of rye and beans. The vessel was chartered by the United States Government, which has undertaken to pay all the charges in connection with the carriage of the cargo from San Francisco to Calcutta. Dr. Hobbs comes with the vessel to help in the distribution of the grain. The cargo is not consigned, as was generally supposed, to either the government of India or to the Famine Relief Fund, but to Bishop Thoburn and Dr. Hobbs. The former is the chairman of the *Christian Herald* Relief Committee, which has its head office at Bombay, with the Rev. Mr. Hume as secretary. Bishop Thoburn has organized a local committee at Calcutta to arrange for the distribution of the corn, of which committee Mr. Lambert and Dr. Hobbs are members. There have already been enough applications to exhaust three such ship-loads.—*Indian Witness, Aug. 14, 1897.*

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DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN CORN.

Letters from missionaries in the famine districts tell of the great pleasure the corn from America has given. The hard work its distribution entails they make light of. One or two extracts from such letters will be found in our Famine column. Everybody speaks of the excellent condition and quality of the food, the beans being of an exceptionally fine description never seen in India. Besides the portion consigned to Rev. George Lambert, which he distributed chiefly in the Bombay Presidency and the Berars, that which the committee dealt with consisted of 130 wagon loads of fourteen tons each, aggregating 1,820 tons, or 50,000 maunds. This was sent to sixty-seven different stations. Of these, seventy-nine wagons went to twenty-six stations in the Central Provinces and Berar; thirty-five wagons to twenty-seven stations in the N.-W. Provinces and Oudh; and sixteen wagons to fourteen stations in Bengal and outside. The Bengal Nagpur Ry. generously gave free freight to the corn that went over their road. The grain was sent to missionaries of many denominations, to be distributed to all needy people wholly regardless of race and religion. Although the corn was so long waited for, it came at a most opportune time, relieving the monotony of the work of relief and bearing up the hands of the workers in what we hope will prove to be the last and most trying month of severe distress, at least in the Central Provinces. It seems apparent that other parts of India will succeed to the troubles of famine. No rain yet is still the cry in some parts of the Bombay Presidency and the Deccan. Travelers still remark the parched condition of some parts of the country.—*Bombay Guardian, Sept. 11.*

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EXTRACT PARA. II FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY RELIEF COMMITTEE HELD ON AUGUST 30TH, 1897.

II. *Resolved*, That this committee cordially second their thanks to the American Mission gentlemen and ladies and particularly Dr. Julia Bissell, for placing one-half of the American grains received from Calcutta by them at the disposal of this committee, for relief purposes in the city, and that Miss J. Bissell be requested to convey the best thanks of the committee to the American donors of the timely charity to relieve famine distress on this side of the country.

(True Extract).

(Signed), EDULJU RUSTOMJU,
Honorary Joint Secretary,
City Relief Committee, Ahmednagar.

Ahmednagar, India. Aug. 30, 1897.

Bombay, Ocobetr 7th, 1897.

The Secretary,
The Home and Foreign Relief Commission.

Dear Brother: Among the great agencies, which during this year of famine have enabled Christian missionaries to relieve distress, and to save the dying, "The Home and Foreign Relief Commission of the United States," with its efficient agent, Rev. Geo. Lambert, has been one of the most important. Generous aid has been distributed most judiciously and impartially in all the distressed districts where American missionaries are laboring. It is with profound gratitude that we return thanks to the great Head of the church for putting it into the hearts of our Christian brethren in America, who are represented by the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, to

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grant us their generous offerings in this time of great distress. We wish to thank all who have helped in this good work, and to assure them that their efforts have been most highly appreciated. We desire also to have them understand how cordially we approve of the manner in which their gifts have been administered by Mr. Lambert. With untiring patience, loving sympathy, and great wisdom he has distributed the funds placed at his disposal. The famine has brought to us all great opportunities, which your generosity and that of others has encouraged us to accept. We now find ourselves with heavy responsibilities upon our hands, and with little or no funds for carrying on the work which has been assumed. Our chief anxiety is to provide for the thousands of orphans whom we have gathered in, and for whose support and training we are now responsible. Doubtless those, who have helped us to save these little ones from starving, will be also glad to help us in supporting, and training them for future usefulness. We, therefore, the representatives of the American Missions, laboring in the districts affected by the present famine, have formed an "Orphan Relief Association," and have requested Mr. Lambert to devote himself, on his return to the United States, to representing the needs of this great work, and to raising funds for it. We trust that this plan will meet with your hearty approval, and that you will do all in your power to further it. We, on our part, agree to receive and distribute to the different orphanages, where famine children have been gathered in, all moneys which may be forwarded to us, and to send you regular reports which will show you how the funds have been appro-

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priated. They will also help Mr. Lambert to keep up the interest which his words are sure to inspire.

With cordial Christian greetings in behalf of the Orphan Relief Association.

Fraternally yours,
J. M. THOBURN, Chairman.
E. S. HUME, Secretary.

Committee:

Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D. D., Methodist.
Rev. J. E. Clough, D. D., Baptist.
Rev. L. L. Uhl, Ph. D., Ev. Lutheran.
Rev. H. Forman, Presbyterian.
Rev. T. S. Johnson, M. D., Methodist.
Rev. G. L. Wharton, Disciples.
Mr. R. S. Stanley, Alliance.
Rev. E. S. Hume, Congregationalist.

Bombay, Oct. 8th, 1897.

The Rev. Geo. Lambert.

Dear Mr. Lambert: As you are about to return to America after a five months stay in India, during which you have been distributing in the famine districts the money and grain which you have received from the United States, I wish to express my very great satisfaction at the thorough and business-like manner in which you have discharged your important trust. Both from what I have seen myself, and from all that I have heard from others, I am sure that you have done your work in a way which should commend itself to your people in America. Their very unusual generosity has been greatly appreciated throughout India, and your administration of their trust is everywhere heartily approved.

Wishing you a prosperous journey home,

Very sincerely yours,
S. COMFORT, U. S. Consul.

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Bombay, October 9th, 1897.

The Rev. Geo. Lambert,

Dear Bro. Lambert: We, the representatives of the American Missions which have received, through you, assistance from the funds sent out by the Home and Foreign Relief Commission of the U. S. A., desire, before you leave India, to express our hearty thanks for the generous and sympathetic help, which you have brought us, and our admiration for the wise and efficient manner in which you have administered your great trust. On your return to the United States, we hope that you will take pains to let it everywhere be known how very greatly we appreciate the magnificent generosity of your people. Tell them that, but for their aid, tens of thousands would have died, who are now well and happy, and that hundreds of orphans have been saved from starvation and heathenism by God's blessing upon their gifts. While we thank God for all that has been done, we feel no little solicitude for the precious children, whom this great famine has brought to our doors, and whom we must now support and train. Not less than $75,000.00 a year will be required to support the orphans, which have actually been gathered into our various schools. But little of this large sum can be expected from our missionary societies, as they are already burdened in supplying the funds required for our usual work. It is plain, therefore, that for the support of these orphans, whom we have received in faith, we must look to other than our ordinary constituents. You have been in India only five months, but you have had exceptional opportunities for seeing mission work, and for learning the difficulties which now confront

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us in caring for the large number of orphans, whom you have helped us to save. We, the undersigned, have, therefore, organized "The Orphan Relief Association" and earnestly request you on your return to America to act as our representative in raising funds for the support of the famine children in our charge. We undertake to receive, and to distribute pro rata among our orphanages all moneys received from you, and to send you regular reports of our common work. We believe that you will have a cordial and enthusiastic reception among the churches which you have served so well, and we also believe that, in no other way, can you better further the interests of the Kingdom of Christ, and follow up the good work which you have done since coming to India. We shall pray for your success in this enterprise, and believe that you will have great joy in it.

With cordial Christian regards.

Yours fraternally,

J. M. THOBURN, Chairman

E. S. HUME, Secretary.

Committee:

Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D. D., Methodist.

Rev. J. E. Clough, D. D., Baptist.

Rev. L. L. Uhl, Ph. D., Ev. Lutheran.

Rev. H. Forman, Presbyterian.

Rev. T. S. Johnson, M. D., Methodist.

Rev. G. L. Wharton, Disciples.

Mr. R. S. Stanley, Alliance.

Rev. E. S. Hume, American Board.

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Victoria Road, Mazagon, Bombay, India,
October 29th, 1897.

To the Secretary of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, Elkhart.

Dear Sir: At the meeting of the American Marathi Mission, the following minute was recorded:—

"That an expression of our very hearty thanks be forwarded to the secretary of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission of the United States, for the generous help in funds and grain sent out by them for famine relief. But for this timely assistance much of the famine work carried on by our Mission would have been impossible.

We appreciate the liberal spirit which led our Christian friends in America, who have contributed through the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, and who have no Missions in Ind a, to send such munificent aid for the use of American missionaries working in the famine districts for the relief of suffering.

Also, that we express to the Rev. Geo. Lambert our grateful appreciation of the sympathetic, helpful, and wise manner in which he has administered the funds at his disposal."

J. E. ABBOTT,
Secretary American Marathi Mission.

Mr. Lambert will be leaving these shores next Saturday, the 9th instant. He will sail from Bombay. It is fitting, therefore, that at this juncture, we should give expression to the warm gratitude which many missionaries and Indian Christian workers feel, for the help in their labors for the foodless which they have received through him from the generous-hearted body of Mennonites whom he represents. Some of this aid has been in money, and

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some in grain. Various missionaries have written to us of the joy of the poor people on the arrival of the latter. If the gratitude of the hungry who have been fed, and the orphans and widows who have been rescued, could be gathered up and voiced, it might roll in glad thunder-tones across the seas to the homes of those whose hearts have throbbed in sympathy with the "ready to perish."—*Bombay Guardian.*

FROM THE BOMBAY GUARDIAN, OCT. 9TH.

Rev. George Lambert, of the H. & F. Relief Commission of the United States, sails to-day (Saturday) for his home in Indiana. He desires us to publish his farewell message, as under:—

A PARTING WORD TO MY FRIENDS IN INDIA.

I have been permitted in the providence of God to make the acquaintance of many kind missionary and other friends in India, either by visiting or by correspondence. I have become greatly interested in you and your work during this time of India's great need, and have been cheered by your earnest labors to save the people from starvation, in which work I am thankful to have had a part with you. My mission is now completed, and as I am about to sail from your shores, I would bid you all farewell until we meet in that Summerland where there is no want, no starving, no sickness, no dying, no children looking about for some one to pity them, no plague, no earthquake, no war.

I must express my gratitude to you, my friends, for your kind Christian reception, and the assistance you have rendered me in distributing relief. I should be pleased to

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hear from you at any time at my home address, Elkhart, Indiana, U. S. A.

Yours in Christian love,

GEORGE LAMBERT.

In concluding this part of the chapter I would yet say that the people of the United States were by no means the only ones who came to India's help, as the reader will already have observed in this chapter. India is a part of the great British Empire, and most nobly did the sister colonies come to the rescue. Canada sent large sums, so did Australia. The Mansion House Fund, originated by the Lord Mayor of London, England, had at the end of May 1897 reached the enormous amount of over two and a quarter million dollars and continued until the famine was over. Perhaps first on the list of private or individual charities should be mentioned the BOMBAY GUARDIAN FUND, established by the *Guardian* a religious paper in Bombay. Large sums were contributed to this fund, and a great work was done for the sufferers through this medium. But India considered that she had a right to expect help from those who, being under the same government, were in a manner related to her, but when those whom shallow-brained jingoists on both sides love to call Britain's enemies came likewise with their tribute of Christian love and sympathy, expressions of the deepest gratitude were evoked from the suffering people. It showed them in the most tangible manner the universal brotherhood which the Christian religion acknowledges and establishes, and paved the way for greater unity and more harmonious co-operation in the great work of lifting heathendom upon the ever-

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lasting foundation laid by the great Author of Christianity.

The extensive relief work done by Dr. Louis Klopsch, through the agency of his well known paper *The Christian Herald*, is generally known, a full account of the work done through this agency having appeared in the columns of that journal. A report of the work done by the Chicago Relief Committee appears in the following chapter.

I must hasten to the end. Upon my return to Bombay, as mentioned in the last chapter, I was requested by Bish. Thoburn and wife, of the M. E. Church, to make my home with them while I stayed, and indeed I found it a true home for a stranger in a strange land. To one who loves home life as I do it was so much more pleasant than even the best hotels, and I shall never forget the kindness of these dear people.

The day of my departure from India's shores had come. A number of friends who had become very dear to me were at the dock to bid me farewell, others sent loving messages. With a prayer to God for them all, and for me, I stepped aboard, and soon I was moving out of Bombay harbor, away from famine, plague, and *away from dear friends* who returned my *salaams* as I moved away. Ah, homeward bound after six months of unremitting labor, which, by the grace of God, brought relief to thousands, and I carried with me the grateful salaams of many who had been thus helped by their brethren and sisters in America.

The voyage, begun on the 9th of October, was uneventful. At Brindisi, Italy, I again took the train for an overland trip to London there to await the arrival of the

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ship which had to go via Gibraltar. I was thus permitted to spend several days, including Sunday, in the world's metropolis, and had the privilege of attending service in Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

Upon the arrival of my baggage per steamer, having already engaged my trans-atlantic passage. I immed ately set sail for the dear home-land. A voyage across the Atlantic has been so often described by other travelers that I will simply say that ours was a very rough passage, storm prevailing almost every day so that the huge waves kept the ship pitching and tossing continually, and nearly all the passengers suffered the qualms of seasickness.

Upon my arrival in New York, on the 9th of November, I spent a few days with friends, then hastened to Eastern Pennsylvania to visit relatives for a day or two. From here I started upon the last stage of my homeward journey, reaching Elkhart, Ind., at noon on the 16th. I was met by Rev. J. S. Lehman, manager of the Mennonite Publishing Co., A. B. Kolb, editor of the *Herald of Truth*, and president of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, A. K. Funk and others who had taken a lively interest, official or otherwise, in the work of the Commission. After enjoying the manager's hospitality I was conveyed by him to my own dear ones. Ah, home, sweet home! God in mercy preserved me and mine through many dangers. To Him be all the glory, all the praise and honor for all the good for which He graciously gave His humble servant grace to do. Amen.

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CHAPTER XV.

HOW CHICAGO HELPED INDIA.

REPORT OF THE CHICAGO INDIA FAMINE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

So soon as the government of India confessed the existence of a wide-spread and appalling famine, and the camera and the press gave the fearful facts to the world, efforts were begun in Chicago to send relief to the stricken people.

Mr. V. R. Gandhi, a Hindu gentleman residing in this city, was foremost in issuing appeals in the columns of various daily papers, which were generously opened to his entreaties. By his efforts a committee was formed with Hon. C. C. Bonney as chairman, he being a well-known friend of India through his presidency of the parliament of religions held in connection with the World's Fair.

Mr. E. G. Keith, president of the Metropolitan National Bank, having already served as treasurer of the Armenian relief fund, became treasurer of the India famine fund. Mr. F. G. Logan, of the board of trade, consented to handle any grain which might be contributed. Messrs. Merrill & Lyon and W. R. Mumford & Co. also engaged in this generous service. These three firms handled scores of cars of corn during the spring months without charge for their services, and

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turned over many thousands of dollars, as will be seen from the financial statement below.

Though the committee was organized early in February its active work was delayed till April. At that time various other agencies began to co-operate with this committee, as the public mind and heart had been touched by the long and bitter cry of many millions of our starving fellow men.

The Chief Justice of India joined his earnest pleas to the entreaties of the American missionaries, our countrymen, imploring us by the throne of God to help them save the perishing people around them. Educated women of India, notably Pandita Ramabai, wrote of skeleton children and homeless maidens at the mercy of the wicked in conditions that seemed like hell on earth.

In this country the voice and pen of Dr. Talmage, of Rev. R. G. Hobbs, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, and many other earnest men and women expressed the pity of many hearts and pointed out the way to help according to our power and disposition.

THE COMMITTEE'S TASK.

The Chicago committee took up the task of serving all who were engaged in India's relief according to its power. It did not seek to handle large sums of money in its own name, but to provide safe means of custody and transmission of any funds that might be placed in its control and to encourage all other workers in the same cause.

Donors have been free to designate to whom their gifts should be sent. Funds received by the agency of the *Christian Herald*, of Rev. R. G. Hobbs, and of the Home and Foreign Relief Commission—a very efficient organiza-

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tion of Mennonites—were held subject to their order and applied as they directed.

This policy of serving our fellow-workers involved much labor and expense, but we trust that our efforts have accomplished the ends designed and will be approved by the generous people whose gifts we have handled and whose desires we have sought to fulfill, to help India in the day of her deep distress.

By our efforts twenty different newspapers have been systematically supplied with news concerning the famine and appeals for relief, which they have published in this and other cities. Committees have been organized through our encouragement in many places, and have not been subordinated to our control, but left free to send their gifts to India by any channel which they might choose.

Assistance has been rendered to Rev. R. G. Hobbs, of Jacksonville, Ill., and the *Christian Herald*, of New York, in dispatching the grain ship "City of Everett" to Calcutta. Numerous public meetings have been held, and churches and committees induced to help by whatever agencies they preferred. Thousands of letters have been sent out, and many thousands of circulars, making, with our newspaper appeals, millions of copies which have helped to keep India's need before the people of this land for eight months past, and to encourage gifts to every agency that has been opened.

The committee, when fully constituted, was organized as follows:

Hon. C. C. Bonney, LL. D., chairman.
Hon. E. B. Sherman, vice chairman.
E. G. Keith, treasurer.
Hon. A. N. Waterman.
R. S. Lyon, S. D. Eldredge, George F. Stone, finance committee.

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V. R. Gandhi, Ernest A. Bell, secretaries.
Forest W. Beers, press secretary.
W. J. Onahan.
F. G. Logan.
W. R. Mumford.
Rev. Myron W. Haynes, D. D. (Baptist).
Rev. Simeon Gilbert, D. D. (Congregational).
Rev. J. P. Brushingham, D. D. (Methodist).
Rev. C. A. Lippincott (Presbyterian).
Rev. J. A. Sprunger (Mennonite).
Rev. E. M. Wherry, D. D. (returned missionary).
Rev. Professor C. M. Stuart, Rev. Professor B. L. Hobson.

Rev. R. G. Hobbs, of Jacksonville, Ill., Dr. Louis Klopsch, of New York, and Miss Mary Leitch, of New York, served temporarily as members of this committee.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS.

From corn sold by F. G. Logan	$2,997 43
From corn sold by W. R. Mumford & Co	2,860 59
From corn sold by Merrill & Lyon	1,241 53
From corn sold by P. T. Andrews & Co	97 50
Freight refunded by railways	379 40
Total from corn	$7,576 45
Cash contributions	6,646 01
Total receipts	$14,222 46

DISBURSEMENTS.

Rev. R. G. Hobbs, in charge of steamer City of Everett	2,853 59
The Christian Herald, New York	1,357 12
United India relief commission	1,632 70
Pandita Ramabai, Poona	500 00
Arthur Wright, Jubbulpore	500 00
Rev. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar	500 00
Bishop Thoburn, Bombay, £400	1,967 77
Miss Rose Bose, Raipur	100 00
Rev. A. W. Prautch, Camp Baroda	100 00
Mrs. Carrie P. Bruere, Poona	100 00
Rev. W. P. Manley, Udayagiri	500 00
Rev. J. F. Holcomb, Jhansi	250 00
Rev. C. H. Bandy, Fatehgarh	250 00
Virchand Dipchand, Bombay	500 00
Rev. James Smith, Ahmednagar	250 00
Rev. J. O. Denning, Narsinghpur	250 00
Rev. J. Small, Poona	300 00
Rev. T. S. Johnson, M. D., Jubbulpore	300 00
Expenses:	
Secretaries, stenographers, travel, meetings, printing, postage, cabling, etc	975 55
Total disbursements	$14,186 73
Balance in hand	35 73
Total	$14,222 46

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LETTERS OF GRATITUDE.

Letters of intense gratitude are arriving by each mail from India from the correspondents of the committee who have been enabled by these gifts to save life and relieve distress among the helpless victims of famine around them. Dr. T. S. Johnson wrote: "I devoutly thank God and you and the contributors. We are in the worst of the famine. The death rate has risen in parts of this district to 626 out of 1,000 for the year. The distress and devastation are beyond description."

Pandita Ramabai replied in acknowledgment of the remittance sent to her: "Please convey my most grateful thanks to the Chicago India Famine Relief Committee for the generous gift, which is most timely and acceptable at this time of distress." Bishop Thoburn wrote: "It has been a great pleasure to distribute the liberal sums sent to us. It is now (July 23) raining, and we hope that the worst will soon be over."

The British Government has expressed its thanks in a letter addressed to Mr. R. D. Perry, secretary of the San Francisco committee, saying:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I am instructed by the Marquis of Salisbury to convey the acknowledgment of the Secretary of State for India, Lord George Hamilton, to all who so liberally contributed to the fund. * * * I shall be much obliged if you will have the goodness to convey the thanks of the Secretary of State to the contributors to the fund and also to Rev. R. G. Hobbs, who I presume is now in India.

(Signed) I. W. WARBURTON,
British Consul-General.

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The famine in India is by no means at an end. The wheat will be harvested in October, and the rice in February. Crops are scant from want of early rain and from lack of seed and implements. The ruined peasants will be helpless for two years, while multitudes of widows, orphans, and aged and infirm people will be dependent for many years. The committee's treasury therefore remains open to receive whatever gifts may be sent.

The committee cordially thanks all the newspapers which have promoted its work, the ministers' associations, and churches which have taken part with us in this cause, the many contributors in eighteen different states, and the good hand of God, which has been upon us.

ERNEST A. BELL,
Chicago, Sept. 8. Secretary.

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT.

The Chicago committee did not discontinue its work till December 1st. Donations were received and disbursements made as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Balance	$ 35 73	
Refund from railroads	223 07	
Cash contributions	330 00	
		$588 80

DISBURSEMENTS.

Rev. Jas. Smith, Ahmednagar	$250 00	
Christian Herald, refund	76 84	
Rev. J. F. Holcomb, Jhansi	100 00	
Rev. C. H. Bandy, Fatehgarh	100 00	
For orphans as designated	3 00	
Printing, postage, etc	8 96	
Secretary	50 00	
		$588 80
Grand total receipts and disbursements		$14,775 53

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The money sent to Mr. Smith was accompanied with a suggestion that it might be used for clothing for the very poor whose sufferings in the high altitude of Ahmednagar would be extreme as the cold season came on. There is always much distress from cold in India in the cool season, especially among those who are reduced in strength by underfeeding or by actual famine. Mr. Smith's reply is so full of gratitude and of interesting, even startling, information that it is submitted below entire.

The remittances to Mr. Holcomb and Mr. Bandy were designated for the benefit of famine orphans, as were also some of our previous remittances.

LETTER OF REV. JAMES SMITH.

Ahmednagar, India, Nov. 19, 1897.

Dear Mr. Bell:—

Your second remittance accompanying your letter of Oct. 11 came to hand by the last mail. Please accept my very best thanks. I am endeavoring to carry out your instructions to the letter. Your donation has been most opportune, as we are now having the *plague* here. Our city contains a population of 35,000, over half of whom have left the town, and all the poor are camped out in the open fields and plains about the city, which is plague-stricken. These poor people have at all times too little clothing for camping out, and now, after the famine, they have scarcely any at all. The weather is now cold —unusually cold, and they are suffering a great deal.

As I wrote you in my last, I believe, I have had over 100 looms, employing about 300 grown-up persons, for two and a half months. These have made up a very large quantity of clothing that I have been selling at less

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than cost to Relief Committees for free distribution. Your last donation has enabled me to distribute a large quantity myself.

Our poor, suffering, patient people! When will their cup of sorrow be full? The plague has filled them with the most awful terror, not of death, but lest they should be sent to hospitals for treatment, or to segregation camps for observation, so that their caste may be broken. This is the cause of the panic. They do not fear the pestilence. They are used to cholera and other epidemics, and after all death is much more welcome than loss of caste or pollution by taking food or medicine from Europeans or low caste men. It looks ridiculous enough from America, but when one sees half the population of a city—nearly *all* the women and children—fly as from an invading army, and suffer the cold and inconvenience of living out of doors with no shelter whatever, it becomes a matter of the intensest pity.

I am still employing 300 or more weavers, and about 200 other persons on another work. Prices have fallen but we have no *work* yet and there will be no harvest here until the end of January. The plague has caused a second famine, as the well-to-do have closed up all their workshops, etc. The death-rate from plague here is not high yet, but it is increasing gradually and seems to be everywhere throughout the Bombay Presidency. About 3,000 a week are dying of it, which is more than at any time from the beginning.

We fear no danger for ourselves, though we are often in doubt as to what our duty is.

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Again thanking you in behalf of the Lord's poor, for your timely gift,

Believe me ever your affectionate,

JAMES SMITH.

Generous mention is due to the various railway companies who hauled free so many cars of corn or courteously refunded freight that had been paid. Only one of the great railway systems refused to make any concessions.

The largest gifts of any that were made in this country were made by citizens of Chicago and passed through the treasury of this committee. While many of the smaller gifts may have represented greater self-sacrifice, it was a pleasure to us to handle in a few instances several gifts of from $250 to $500 in one sum and so to send relief to large numbers of sufferers at once.

A delightful feature of the committee's work was the exceedingly cordial co-operation of the business men of the board of trade and the returned missionaries who were among its members. The wise and kind administration of the chairman and vice-chairman will be remembered as ointment poured forth. A business man of national reputation said that never in his whole life had he so completely enjoyed the fellowship of fellow-workers as in his service on this committee. The devout quality of the committee's work was manifested in its closing session when ministers, missionaries, officers and members of the board of trade united in reverent thanksgiving to Almighty God that the fearful famine was at an end and that we had been graciously empowered to help in the work of relief.

Chicago, March 11, 1898. ERNEST A. BELL,
Secretary.

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CHAPTER XVI.

DISTRIBUTION OF FUNDS—THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL DISTRIBUTING COMMITTEE—PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL RESULTS OF THE RELIEF WORK—LETTERS ON THE FAMINE—A BRIGHT FUTURE FOR MISSION WORK.

To many readers, no doubt, it would be very interesting to see a detailed account of the disbursements of the funds placed in my hands. To others this would seem unwise. Let it suffice then to say that for this reason in part, but more for want of space, I omit this part, as this work is not a financial report to the contributors, but a general account of the famine, plague, and earthquake of India. I feel that the all-seeing eye of God beheld the distribution of funds, and that He knows the happiness it bore to the thousands who came within range of its relieving influence. The missionaries and others in whose hands funds were intrusted were men and women whom I felt persuaded the religion of Jesus Christ had raised above selfish aims, and who would faithfully and conscientiously discharge the duty I entrusted to them. Hence, although I could not attend personally to the distribution of all the means given into my charge, I had the opportunity of placing them in thoroughly reliable hands by whom in turn the means were placed where they served the exact purpose for which they had been contributed. I feel deeply grateful to all in India who so nobly and cheerfully aided in this work of charity. The Lord re-

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ward you abundantly both in this life and in the life to come.

I received a receipt for every rupee that was given out. The remarks accompanying these ninety-seven receipts would probably make a more interesting chapter than any one in the book, for they refer so specially to the amount of relief rendered. Some of the contributions were clearly providentially timed, as they came in direct answer to prayer when the need was so great and the outlook dark. It is a humble tribute to God's directing power and loving providence to say that I believe that His Spirit moved the mind in this work of love. To Him be all the glory.

Perhaps no man in India was better acquainted with the actual condition of things all over the famine district than was Bishop J. M. Thoburn of the M. E. Church. To this excellent Christian gentleman and his wife the author is deeply indebted for many creature comforts and for valuable suggestions and help in distributing relief to the famine-stricken people through reliable men and women of every denomination. Other people also, aside from the highest dignitaries in the M. E. Church, recognized Bishop Thoburn's ability, and he was entrusted with the selection of the Interdenominational Distributing Committee to take charge of the *Christian Herald* funds, he being appointed chairman of this important committee, and faithfully did he discharge the various and onerous duties which the responsible position imposed upon him.

Through this committee the grain was forwarded to individuals and relief committees all through the famine district, and the relief machinery, with the able and vener-

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Rev. L. Booth. (Methodist) Rev. E. Mortimer. (Wesleyan) Rev. G. L. Wharton. (Christian Mission) R. S. M. Stanley. (Alliance) Rev. H. Forman. (Presbyterian) Rev. D. Jones. (Baptist)
Rev. A. Stoll. (Ger. Evan.) Rev. A. G. Danielson. (Swedish Evan.) Rev. Geo. Lambert. (Mennonite) Bish. J. M. Thoburn. (Meth. Episcopal) Rev. T. S. Johnson. (Meth. Epis.) Rev. J. C. Blair. (Presbyterian) Rev. D. Finlayson. (Ch. of Scotland)
Rev. E. S. Hume. (Congregational) Rev. Samuel Baker. (Soc. of Friends) Rev. J. A. F. Warren. (Prot. Episcopal)

THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL DISTRIBUTING COMMITTEE.

NOT FOR SALE IN INDIA

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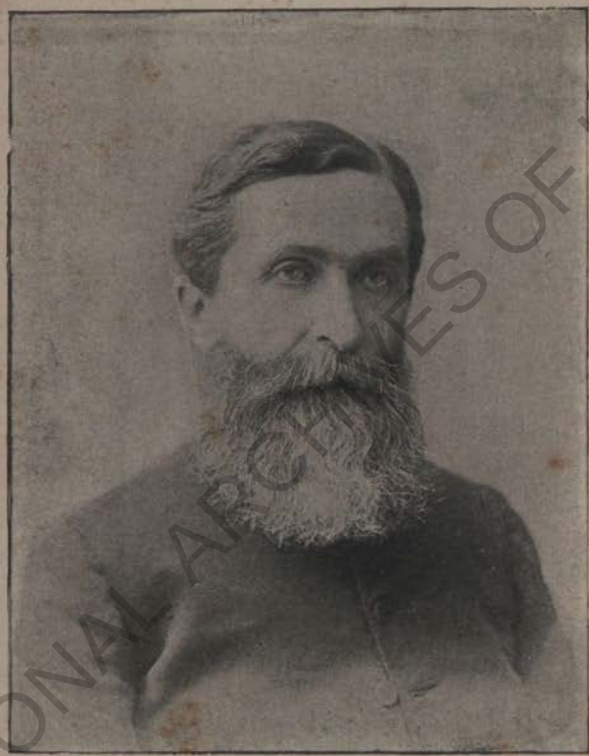
able bishop at the head, worked with a promptness and effect that could not otherwise than inspire confidence in the Christian religion in the minds of all who were benefited by [illegible]s of relief.



BISHOP THOBURN.

The joy of the missionaries in being able by the help of American friends to save the lives of thousands who came to them pleading for help can be imagined better than I can describe it. Dr. Julia Bissell, of Ahmednagar, writes under date of Dec. 30th, 1897, that those in the Ahmednagar district who had been rescued were doing well. Continuing she says:—

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"The plague which has appeared in Ahmednagar has decimated the city, literally, for only a tenth of our usual forty thousand people are now in the city. It of course interferes greatly with our work, in every conceivable way, but depopulation of the city to prevent the spread of the plague is better than to have people dying of plague by hundreds and thousands, as they have died in Poona and other cities for the past month. So far our daily tale of victims is small—God grant that it remain so. Since your last visit here we have had one good crop and the second promises to be very fair, in parts of our district. Some fields have been visited by blight and others are needing another shower. However, the people are now getting twice as much grain for their money as they did in September, and in some places more than twice as much. Prices have not come to normal figures by any means, but there is work to do in the fields, which is the great thing. The weather this cold season has been unusually severe, and the people in their impoverished state feel it keenly. Appeals for clothing are loud and urgent. Government Relief Works and Poor Houses were closed long ago. Some of the Mansion House Fund, remaining in the hands of the committee, has been used to supply blankets to those who are suffering from the cold."

Mrs. Mary Jewson, who has charge of the Faith Orphanage at Calcutta, writes under date of Jan. 12th, 1898:—

"We have felt the famine here in Calcutta. Many of the poor people wander down from the North-West Provinces in search of work and food, and a very great many of them only reach here in time to die, and their poor little

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children are left in the Campbell Hospital. I had fifteen famine children sent me the other day from the hospital, and I am expecting a lot more from the same place. Poor little mites, they were only bones and skin; they were too weak to cry or to walk, and they could only look at the food, as they were too weak to lift it to their mouth. Such a dear little boy was sent over to me the other day and I named him after the little boy that died in the hospital when you were here. We named him Beharie. God has blessed us much in our work for the little ones. He sends us the necessary funds to carry on our work. He supplies all our wants, bless His holy name.....The boys remember you and often speak of you and wanted to know where you were and if you were coming back to Calcutta again; they all send their salaams to you and to say they always pray for you. I had the mill-stones put upon the verandah and they grind their flour and make 'jupatas,' which they enjoy much. I have asked our Heavenly Father to send me the means to build a home for the boys. Nothing is impossible for our dear Father."

It will be a source of deepest gratitude to all to know that the spiritual harvest among those who were cared for in the famine is already ripening and being gathered in. In a letter from Bombay dated Dec. 30th, 1897, the writer, Rev. E. S. Hume, says:—

"I wish you could have been here last Sabbath, to take part in as beautiful a service as you ever saw. One hundred and ten of the famine boys and girls were baptized, and we had a most appropriate and impressive service. We have continued taking in needy children until our flock now numbers nearly three hundred girls and

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boys. The Lord has mercifully spared all whom we have taken in. Not one has died and, as yet, not one has turned out bad. This is certainly very remarkable. They have all improved even beyond our expectations, and are doing very well. They look so well, and so intelligent that you would not recognize them as the same children as those whom you saw here three months ago."

That Mr. Hume's words are really true regarding the marvelous change that is possible in these orphans when they are properly cared for, is evident enough to all by a glance at the accompanying illustrations. These little fellows were picked up in a starving condition. A few days more would have put them beyond human aid. Kind hands cared for them, but for some time it was a battle for life. Like all others in a similar condition who were saved, they had to pass through the ordeal of the bloating stage, in which condition one was photographed. He presents a truly grotesque figure, with the poor little body so abnormally distended from the effects—not the quantity—of the food he has taken, while his limbs and drawn face tell of the hunger he must have long suffered. Now look at the other picture. A happier looking little fellow than he, after four months' care, would be hard to find. This is but one out of hundreds in whom I saw such remarkable change. The beautiful velvety skin is no longer wrinkled, the limbs and body are rounded out, and the vigor and life of childhood sparkle in his eyes. Oh, may God use him and many more of his race, to be shining lights for the cause of truth, and as a monument to coming generations of the love and bounty of Christian friends toward the starving and dying of India. How many

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more might have been saved and be to-day happy and full of life and vigor if they could only have been reached in time will never be known. Perhaps the bleaching skulls on India's plains could give us some idea. But the long continued withholding of actual facts by the government,

Skulls of famine victims gathered in ten minutes and photographed by E. M. Gordon.

and the consequent general ignorance of the true condition of things must be looked upon as the cause of many thousands of deaths.

Had America only known or realized sooner how much she could do, many more would doubtless have been saved. A letter from Rev. James Smith of Ahmednagar, to the *Christian Herald*, says in regard to this matter:—

"When people were being assured in America that 'there never was any fear of famine in Ahmednagar,' a

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farmer was offering his son, a year old, for sale. The price paid for him was two rupees or sixty-four cents. Only those who know the passionate fondness of Hindus for their sons can realize what that father suffered before he could part with his child. I know this to be true for the child was offered to Dr. Hume of our Mission among others, before a purchaser was found. Another child, some five or six years old, was brought for sale to Mrs. Bissell. Several times the father found a purchaser and a price was agreed upon, but when the money was paid over and the buyer was about to take away his 'property' the father's affection proved stronger than his necessities. When he took his farewell embrace, he relaxed his hold on the money till it rolled on the ground. Then father and son turned away weeping. But hunger is persistent, and again a purchaser was found and again affection proved the stronger. At last the father could endure the pangs of hunger no longer. The child was sold, and the money was paid; the father's grief was smothered. The final separation seemed to have been made. But now the heart-rending cries of the child at being torn from its parent moved the heart of the purchaser to return the child to its father and demand back his money. As a last resource the wretched man took the child to the 'Pinzrapole,' a large enclosure where 'pious Hindus' feed superannuated cattle for 'merit,' and there left him to be taken and cared for by whoever should find him.

"Other parents have locked their children up in their houses and deserted them, but in the night, lest their cries should overcome their resolution. Here they were soon rescued by the police, who found the houses utterly

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Famine Orphan, one week after he was rescued.

(See page 318.)

Famine Orphan, four months afterward.

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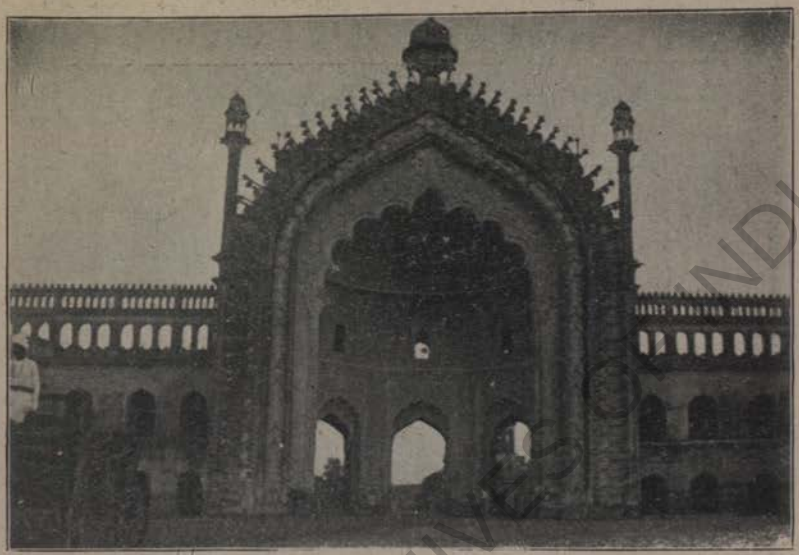

CITY GATE, LUCKNOW.

IMAMBARA (TEMPLE), LUCKNOW.

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stripped of everything but those starving children. I could multiply instances, but time does not permit. I must, however, repeat that it was real need that led to such deeds. Parents love their children, especially their sons, with a passionate tenderness that will find very few parallels in America."

Mr. Benjamin Aitken wrote: "In Kutnee I saw victims dying at the rate of fifteen a day. *Three expired before my eyes*, and the enclosure where they had taken refuge was strewn with fifty breathing skeletons who were all to die within four days. Two dead bodies partly devoured by jackals had been found in the morning within a short distance of the railroad station."

Although the famine was not severe in the greater part of the North-West Provinces, as compared with the condition of things in the Central Provinces, yet there was considerable scarcity, and, as in the Central Provinces, food was very expensive. This made it almost as hard for the poor people of these districts as if a severe famine actually existed.

In the vicinity of Lucknow, that beautiful city, there was much want. However, the measures for relief that had been established there were adequate to meet the needs, and little want was seen in public as compared with the cities and towns in the Central Provinces.

It is a singular fact, however, that many people from the North moved southward when scarcity began. In this way many of them literally "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire," for the need was greater farther south than it was where they were. Others wandered toward Calcutta, where many of them, emaciated to the last point

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of starvation, died soon after their arrival, leaving their poor children to be cared for in the Famine Hospitals and homes that had been opened for them by Christian people.

TOMB OF THE VICTIMS OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

But, whenever I think of the famine in its full awfulness, my mind reverts to Jubbulpore, and other towns in the Central Provinces which lay in the center of the famine district. I have several times tried to depict scenes as they actually occurred, and were seen by eye witnesses,

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but my pen fails me. Think of it, you fathers and mothers, who love to have your children cluster about you in the sacred precincts of your family circle. Love prompts you to supply all the needs of your dear little ones, and you have the means to do so, and you, with them, are happy, or if you are not, you are ungrateful for

Conveyance in which Dr. Felt and the Author visited the Government Poor Sheds and Hospital at Jubbulpore.

the numberless mercies of a bountiful Heavenly Father. Now, go with me to India. These poor famine-stricken parents love their children just as passionately as you do yours; far less than you have would amply supply their needs, but they have them not. For months and months, perhaps for years, these parents have starved themselves in order that they may have something to give their offspring, and yet, with all this starving, they see their lit-

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tle ones gradually growing thinner and thinner, weaker and weaker; that longing, hungry look on the faces of their children haunts the parents day and night; that mute appeal in their eyes is more than the father can bear. He cannot bear to see his children die—for he sees nothing else before them but death—and in his desperation he leaves them, trusting that by some chance a pitying friend will find them and feed them, or else that their death struggle may be a brief one. Oh, these poor children! God have pity upon them. So many of them were found out in the fields, in the jungles, by the wayside, grovelling in the dust, covered with dirt and sores—the sores alive with worms; some of these little ones barely alive, already far too weak to walk, others already dead, and perhaps partly devoured by the wild beasts of the jungle, perchance put out of their misery by the wild beasts that feasted on their emaciated bodies. God alone knows the intensity of the loneliness and agony of suffering through which these poor, deserted, helpless children passed, or the anguish of the mother, whose last look upon earth was upon the poor famished child by her side, wailing for something to nourish its feeble body. One mother was found in the jungle who must have been dead for some time. Her child, though greatly emaciated, was still alive. Poor thing, it was unconscious of its loss, and was still vainly trying to obtain its nourishment at the mother's breast. Scenes of like harrowing nature were not uncommon, but I must forbear. They are too sad, too pitiful to relate.

Two letters more, and then I close. One was written by N. P. Nielson, of Shegaon, Berar, shortly before my departure for home. The second was written by Rock-

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well Clancy at Allahabad, on the 10th of December. Both of these dear friends had received liberal contributions from the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, especially the latter, who had charge of a large district. Bro. Nielson, after expressing the gratitude of the thousands who had received food through the Home and Foreign Relief Commission, says:

"Thousands of dear souls have been rescued from a cruel death through the aid of American friends. And at the last day, when we shall meet at Jesus' feet, thousands of black jewels from India will shine brightly in their crowns; thousands will praise God for the helping hand extended them by their white brethren and sisters in America..... This evidence of the helpfulness of Christianity has led many a poor heathen to forsake his god and accept Jesus, the only Savior and Helper.

It will interest you to know how the famine is going on here since you left us. The month of September was the worst of all, but, praise God, your grain and money came at the right time. We fed 1933 poor souls in one day. Many could only crawl to our door, and lie there until they were fed with rice and milk. We have also been permitted by the means sent us to rescue a large number of children whose parents had died of starvation. There are many touching incidents connected with many of these dear little ones. Two families, of twelve souls in all, went out in search of food. After having wandered for some time, they lost each other in the jungle. Soon after, one husband died and left his wife and children alone in the jungle. At last they found our Mission. The poor, starving mother said, 'O, do take the three

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largest children as your own and give them food. I know you are kind people. Only save their lives, and let me and my little baby die here near your house.' We told her we would not only keep her children, but her also, and send her home after a while to her own town. Words fail to express her gladness, and after her manner she praised the God of the missionaries. A little while afterwards the other woman came to our Mission, also, without knowing of the arrival of the first woman, or what had become of them. As we quietly listened to her sad story, we found out that she also had lost her husband and one child by starvation. She asked us to take two of her children, which we did.

But now comes the scene! When these two poor women met each other in our house, they fell on each other's necks and cried. The one said, 'Where is your husband?' The other answered, 'He died in the jungle. We had no food for more than a week. We starved ourselves in order to give to our little ones, and now I have given my children to the missionaries, and will go home.' Then the other widow related that she and her husband had wandered about for ten days without finding more than a few little green leaves here and there. Finally the husband died on the road, near Shegaon. 'Oh,' she added, 'if we had only known that the great God had some people here that would give us food, we would have come long ago, and my dear husband and child would have been alive.'

We have these children now in our schools, and have sent the two women home, on the train, to their own town, some three hundred miles away. I could tell you many such pitiful tales, but even these might tire you, for I am

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sure you must have heard many of like nature, and seen many more sights on your extensive tour of the famine district. The two dear little lambs you placed in our care have grown into two of the sweetest and most beautiful little girls imaginable. They will leave here on the 11th of October for our dear sister Bertha Ryan's new Orphanage at Bulsar. She takes some more children from here. Since you left us we have rescued sixteen more children. Dear little ones, they cling to us as they would to their parents. How much they need love, and real Christian care! The people tell us daily that if the missionaries had not been here thousands would be in their graves, for their own race do nothing whatever to help them. High caste people think it fun to see the low caste people die. O, how these people need Jesus Christ. They need bread for the body, and are perishing for want of it, but they need the spiritual bread still more. God speed the time when they may receive it everywhere. Many of them are bringing us their idols, and say they do not help them. They are dissatisfied with their idols, and are looking for something better. I have now about 200 of these idols."

In his letter of Dec. 10, 1897, Rockwell Clancy says:

"Instead of barren fields one sees everywhere ripened harvests being gathered by the villagers. Abundance of rain came during the latter part of July, August, September, and a part of October; and the (autumn) harvest at present being gathered is fully up to the average of ordinary years. The villagers have employment in the fields, and as they are paid in grain they are receiving sufficient for their daily needs. A large area has been sown, and the prospects for the spring harvest are good. There are

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places in the Central Provinces where the autumn harvests have not been good, and there is still suffering in those places. There is always much want in India, as 80 per cent. of the entire population are cultivators, and the majority have nothing but their daily wages. When any harvest fails there is great suffering. The majority in India never get more than one meal a day, and that, too, of the coarsest food. The people seem perfectly contented as long as they can get all they want to eat once a day. I question whether in the whole world the poor are more contented than in India.

Great credit is due the Indian Government for the way in which it has conducted famine relief operations. Some idea of the magnitude of the relief work may be realized when one remembers that the amount of relief given was equal to what would be necessary to feed the combined populations of Great Britain and India for one day. In the North-West Provinces alone, out of 107,500 square miles, with a population of 47,000,000, 75,500 square miles of it with a population of 34,500,000 were famine stricken. In the Central Provinces the percentage is still higher. Every Province in India has felt the famine; and even in those places where famine did not exist, famine prices prevailed."

It is a pleasure to be able to add this bit of cheering information at the close of this sad description of want and woe. Still later accounts show that, in general, conditions have almost, if not quite, reached the normal stage again. But let not the orphans be forgotten! May God use us and our means for their temporal and spiritual welfare.

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The Plague of 1896-7.

CHAPTER I.

CAUSE OF PLAGUES—SYMPTOMS—HISTORY.

Ever since our first parents left the Garden of Eden, mankind has been subject to various ills of the flesh. Many of these ills take the form of contagious diseases, and all ages have recorded the horrors arising from such evils that have become epidemic. The causes of these epidemics, usually known by the name of plague or pestilence, are so little known, that even at the present time many seem to think that the only remedy is to flee from it, and this they do, in many cases carrying the causes of the evil from which they were fleeing with them. Like those who, in trying to get rid of sin, go from one place to another that they may obtain rest, not knowing that the unregenerate heart and unrenewed mind which they carry with them is the cause of their woe, so the fugitive from plague does not know that the danger of contagion lies largely with himself—*want of physical and moral cleanliness*, and obedience to hygienic principles, in short, a proper observance of the laws of health in all the various phases and departments of life. While the strictest obedience to the laws of health does not insure absolute safety to an individual surrounded by the plague, yet it is a well-known fact that the epidemic always begins

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its course in filthy surroundings and attacks those first whose homes and surroundings are filthy, and that it finds by far the greatest number among the lowest and most ignorant classes.

The name, "Plague" (Latin, *pestis, pestelentia*), is given in history to any epidemic causing a great mortality, but it is now confined to what is called Oriental, Levantine or Bubonic Plague, defined as "a specific febrile disease, transmissible from the sick to healthy persons, accompanied usually by buboes and sometimes by carbuncles." Under this definition, then, many of the earlier so-called plagues would be excluded, such as the plague of Athens, mentioned by Thucydides, and that which spread over the Roman Empire, A. D. 164–180, or the one of A. D. 253 alluded to by St. Cyprian. The symptoms of all of these were similar to one another, but very different from the Bubonic Plague.

SYMPTOMS.—There are two forms, 1st Pestis Minor; 2d Pestis Major. The former is mild, with little fever or general disturbance of the system, and not attended with much danger. The latter is severe; the fever generally high and in the majority of cases quickly becomes fatal. One of the best medical authorities on the subject, J. F. Payne, M. D., describes the symptoms as follows:

"In the minor form of the disease spontaneous swellings of the glands occur, chiefly in groins and armpits, but also in neck or other parts, which either undergo resolution or suppurate. There is a certain amount of fever; the temperature is rarely high, but has been known to be 104° Fahrenheit. The duration of the disease is ten to twenty days usually, but may be eight weeks, for

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most of which time the general health is little impaired, and the patient able to go about as usual. It rarely if ever causes death. The disease is not obviously contagious; whether it is propagated by infection or not is not known. It is possibly rather of a miasmatic character. This form of disease has sometimes preceded or followed severe epidemics, as in Mesopotamia, and in Astrakan 1877; its importance in relation to the origin of plague was only discovered about 1880.

"As regards *pestis major*, or severe plague, the symptoms appear to have been nearly the same in all great epidemics for several centuries, if not for two thousand years. The early symptoms, according to recent observations in India, are sometimes like those of ague or lagrippe (shivers and continued pains), but combined with nervous symptoms. The patient becomes distracted, tosses about in constant fear of something he cannot describe, he becomes stupid and often staggers like a drunken man. There is severe headache, intense thirst, and severe pain in lower parts of body. The eyes are red, tongue swollen, dry and fissured, sometimes black, sometimes remarkably white. This condition may pass into coma even before fever sets in. In other cases bilious vomiting is the earliest symptom. The fever may rise to 107° Fahr. or more, and last for thirty hours; but in the most rapidly fatal cases there may be little or no fever. Diarrhœa sometimes sets in, but usually there is obstinate constipation. Besides these general symptoms there are certain special ones especially characteristic of plague." They are:—

(1) Buboes or glandular swellings, which occur in all except very rapidly fatal cases. In from 75 to 85 percent.

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of cases they appear in the groin or armpits, in a few cases they appear in the neck, others elsewhere. A sudden pain like that of a stab is felt in some part of the body, hence the ancient superstition that the victim was wounded by the arrow of an invisible demon. This belief is still held among Mohammedans and others. If the bubo suppurates or discharges freely the chances are for recovery.

(2) Unsightly carbuncles sometimes appear. They are always an unfavorable sign.

Victim dying of Bubonic Plague, Poona. In this case the bubo appeared in the armpit.

(3) Blood spots on the skin are always dreaded, as they are considered a sure sign of approaching death, which usually follows in a few hours. The skin is sometimes so covered with these spots that the body becomes a dark livid hue, which recalls the name "Black Death," so called in London A. D. 1666.

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Bleeding from lungs, stomach, bowels, nose, etc., marks a rapidly fatal form of the disease. The duration of an attack may be from a few hours to a month, but the majority of cases are fatal on the third day, though some resemble cases of poisoning, and death comes very quickly without any fever or bubo. A similar form has appeared in smallpox and scarlet fever, and is always extremely fatal.

Even the severer form of plague seems to vary in different epidemics. The general average number of deaths seems, however, to be about sixty out of every hundred who are stricken. There have been instances where the mortality has been fully 90 per cent. and in some villages on the Volga in Russia every case was fatal. It is strange that the real nature of such a terrible scourge has not been better understood. Examination of victims shows that the lymphatic glands are special points of attack. The brain and lungs have an excess of blood, the right side of the heart is distended, and decomposition is rapid. The spleen and liver are enlarged, the stomach and intestines often inflamed and even ulcerated. Since the advent of scientific investigation into the part which germs play in the spread of disease, some more light has been thrown on the subject, and yet about all that is now known is that the plague is a specific febrile disease "depending on the reception into the body of a specific organic contagion which becomes multiplied more or less rapidly in the body of the patient." This contagion is no doubt a living organism, but very little more is known. It being a germ it can be transmitted in the air or in clothes, bedding, or in other ways. On this account I was

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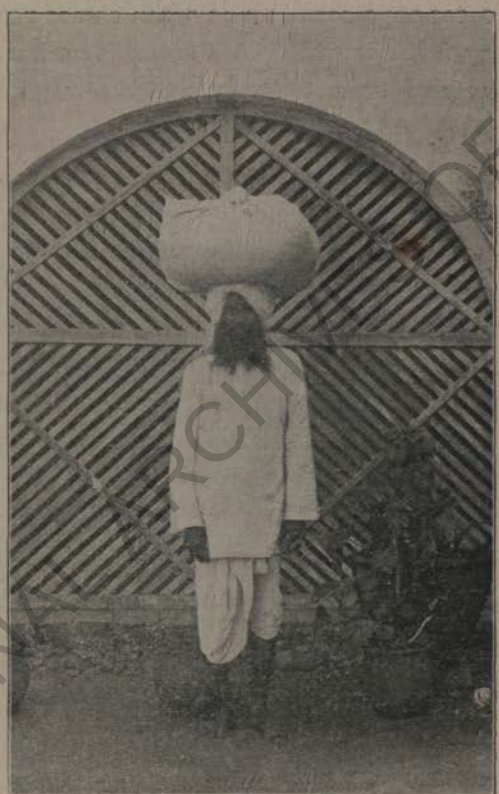
very particular, especially in the plague districts, as to who had charge of my laundry, and served my food at table for it is known to have been transmitted in this way in many instances.



MY LAUNDRY MAN, BOMBAY.

Although so little can be learned as to the *pathology* of the plague, it is known that, as a rule, moisture in the air and a temperature of from 80 to 100 degrees Fahr. favors its spread, while cold weather or dryness retards

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its progress. There have been remarkable exceptions however even to this rule, as for instance the epidemic on the Volga in 1878–9 which raged at its worst in severe winter weather; also the great plague of Moscow in 1770.

Another strange and apparently unaccountable feature is that the plague is almost entirely unknown within the

Native Cook and Waiter, who served the Author's meals at Jubbulpore.

tropics, for while Cairo, Egypt, is one of the great breeding places of the plague, it has never been known to go farther south than Assouan. Other countries tell the same peculiar story.

But, to return to the causes. It is well known, as already intimated, that uncleanliness—the accumulation of decaying animal matter around human bodies or in

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or about dwellings—is one of the most cogent of all agencies that co-operate to cause the disease. A plague seat in Mesopotamia is thus described by Colvill:—

"The ground is so saturated with moisture that the refuse of the village is neither absorbed nor evaporated, but .....acquires the form of a bluish black oily fluid, which surrounds the huts and covers the paths, and stains the walls two feet from the ground; and in fact the village is in such a state of filth that it requires to be seen to be believed." Francis, in writing of the people in India among whom the plague raged a quarter of a century ago, says that they were filthy beyond conception. Other accounts, in describing the homes of many people in India where the plague raged, clearly show that many a neglected pigsty would compare favorably with these homes, the floors being covered to a depth of several feet with the accumulated filth of preceding generations!

Thus it was that during the recent plague epidemic in Bombay the plague committee appointed to look into the sanitary condition of the houses, and to search for plague cases, closed many dwellings as being unfit for human habitation. Others—sometimes whole rows of houses—were burned down to remove the tremendous, unendurable mass of filth and the danger of infection therefrom. It may readily be supposed that the sanitary conditions in many cities in Europe in the Middle Ages were the same. Indeed the tremendous fire of London in 1666 obtains the credit of having banished the great plague (which began there in 1665 and which carried off 68,596 people in that year) from the metropolis by destroying the filthy breeding places which it had infested

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The house and shop on the left hand side of the street have been declared by the Plague Committee unfit for human habitation and marked "U. H. H."; accumulation of filth and insufficient light and ventilation are the causes noted by the Committee.

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Improved sanitary conditions no doubt are the chief cause of the disappearance of the plague from Europe.

Wherever dwellings are overcrowded and poorly ventilated there disease in any form readily finds a home. This is often the case in thinly settled regions, but the danger is graver still in a country like India where, in the towns and cities especially, scores of people are found crowded together in one dark and dingy, dirty dwelling.

Poverty is also a potent factor in spreading the plague. Where people are underfed, or fed with poorly prepared food, there disease has a double hold upon the system, and for this reason the plague in India has been playing such fearful havoc. It is terrible enough to think of people dying the fearful, slow death of starvation; add to this the horrors of the plague as already described, and you have a picture that will stand masterpiece in your mental chamber of horrors.

A short history of the plague may be interesting to the reader. It is interesting to note that with the onward march of Christian civilization the plague has been gradually restricted into regions where the Christian religion and its complement, science, are as yet but little or not at all known. Christianity is pre-eminently a life-giving, life-preserving religion; therefore under its benign and enlightening influence, science finds its most congenial field, the most favorable conditions for development, and as the principles of that most potential of all religions become known and applied, the woes and ills, physical, mental, and spiritual, disappear. Truly, Christianity is a marvelous light, and God grant that they that dwell in darkness and in the land of the shadow of death may speedily receive

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that light and the benefit of all its enlightening and uplifting influences.

There is little doubt that the plague existed very early in the history of the human family, although definite information on the subject is wanting. It is possible that the "boil" (2 Kings 20:7) with which Hezekiah was afflicted was the bubo of the plague. See also Isaiah 38:21. Some of the "plagues" and "pestilences" mentioned in the Bible may have been the true *pestis major*, some certainly were not. The first definite information we have of it is from Rufus, a physician, in the time of the Emperor Trojan, who speaks of the buboes as being specially fatal. Libya, Egypt, and Syria are mentioned as plague-infested countries. Through Rufus we have definite mention of the plague as early as the third century before Christ. It is said that the plague at that time destroyed a million people in Africa, but does not seem to have been carried into Europe. Indeed Africa seems to have been the earliest home of the plague.

The earliest record of the bubonic plague in Europe is in the reign of Justinian (6th century). The origin of this epidemic was in Egypt, beginning there in A. D. 542; the following year it had reached Constantinople, where 10,000 were carried off by it in one day. By the year 546 it had reached Gaul (now France), having passed through Italy in 543 with frightful mortality. In 565 it re-visited Italy, so depopulating the country that it fell an easy prey to the Lombard invasion. No doubt the gross immoralities of Rome and the country round about greatly fostered the epidemic in its ravages. Before the close of the century it had spread over the whole Roman world, reaching

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out like an immense octopus and destroying everything within its reach. From Egypt the plague of 542 also spread along the southern shore of the Mediterranean until all of North Africa was seared by it. The venerable English historian Bede mentions plagues raging in the years 664, 672, 679 and 683, and in 690 Rome was again visited.

There seems to have been an interval of several hundred years when Europe was comparatively free from the scourge. But in the 14th century the plague was brought from Tartary to the Crimea. Russian historians trace this epidemic from Tartary as far east as Cathay (ancient name for China) where, according to Chinese records, thirteen millions of souls fell victims to the plague and an inundation which occurred at the time. Slowly but surely it marched onward, not stopping until every country in Europe had been reached. In London, Paris, and other cities the mortality was fearful, and in London it burst out again and again between 1349 and 1368. The total mortality from plague in Europe in the 14th century is estimated by Hecker at 25,000,000 or about one-fourth of the population.

The 15th century was almost a repetition of the history of the 14th. In 1427, 80,000 died in Dantzig, Germany; in 1466, 40,000 in Paris. Many millions died of the plague in this century in Europe alone, not mentioning Asia, where it was still worse, nor Africa, where plague existed more or less all the time.

Early in the 16th century China is said to have been almost depopulated by the plague. Between 1600 and 1610 Germany, Holland, Italy, and Spain were sorely

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afflicted; in 1529 Edinburgh, Scotland, and in 1537–39 and again in 1547–48 London, Eng., were visited by the epidemic, likewise other localities in both countries. In 1563–64 a thousand died weekly of the plague in London. In Paris the plague became so common that it was looked upon as a matter of course, the people apparently having become so calloused to it. In 1570, 200,000 people died of the plague in and about Moscow; two years later, 50,000 at Lyons, France. In 1575 a new plague wave spread westward over all Europe from Constantinople, and was still raging in various parts at the close of the century. Venice alone lost 70,000 people during this visitation. Thousands upon thousands of the people in Europe, in times of plague transferred all their property to the Romish church, in return for which they were assured of absolution; many other families were entirely rooted out, and their property fell into the hands of the church; this in part accounts for the immense wealth and power of the Roman Catholic Church at that time.

The 17th century shows the first actual and continued decrease of the prevalence of the plague in Europe, although in the first half over 100,000 people died of the plague in London alone, while in other localities in England (in Newcastle 7,000 out of 20,000 in one year) and in other countries of Europe, large numbers were swept away by the ruthless monster. But in 1603 alone, one million persons are said to have died of the plague in Egypt! In 1656 a frightful epidemic raged in Naples and vicinity; 300,000 are said to have been felled by the destroyer. From here it went to Rome, but, thanks to improved sanitary conditions inaugurated by Cardinal Gastaldi

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it was far less destructive, and only 14,000 fell victims. Other European cities, notably Amsterdam (50,000 victims), suffered death from its ravages, about the middle of the century.

The great plague of London, 1664–66, marks an epoch in the history of the plague in Western Europe, for while after this date the plague rapidly disappeared thence, this last visitation was a terribly devastating one. Its parting blow was the heaviest one of all. The city had been unusually free from plague for some years up to the autumn of 1664 when a few isolated cases were found; the disease was carried thence, it is supposed, in bales of merchandise that came from the East. Others suppose that it came from local conditions, for it is known that at this time the sanitary conditions of some parts of London were no better than those of the plague-infested parts of many oriental cities. It was even known as a "bog of filth and mire," for London, like Calcutta and Chicago, occupies in part the site of a swamp or marsh.

About May 1665 the disease in the city began to spread, though slowly. In May, there were 43 deaths; in June, 590; in July, 6,137; in August, 17,036; in September, 31,159; after this it began to decline at about the same rate as it had increased. Altogether 68,596 deaths are reported for the year, out of a population of less than half a million, of which over two-thirds left the city to escape the disease. For awhile about all the business done was by the "dead cart," which made its morning rounds gathering up the dead, the bodies, after death, having been put outside of the street door for the "dead cart." The once busy streets were in many places overgrown with grass!

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Wherever a red cross was seen on a door, and the legend, "God have mercy upon us!" there the plague was known to have entered.

In the end the plague was a blessing, for, as it clearly showed that squalor and filth everywhere gave it a ready welcome, from whence it could not be driven until it was *burnt* out by the great fire of 1666, it likewise showed the value of cleanliness and the need of sanitary measures, drainage, etc., and from this date on, the new London became a clean, healthful city.

The plague of 1665 spread over a large part of England, largely through those who fled from London. But it was the last general visitation. From this time on the western border of the plague region moved rapidly eastward. In 1675 there were 11,000 deaths in Malta; in 1679, over 76,000 in Vienna; in Prague, 83,000 in 1681.

By the beginning of the 18th century the plague had disappeared from all but the eastern part of Europe, where, however, it still raged with fearful mortality. From Constantinople it began to spread north-westward again in 1703, reaching as far north as Sweden by 1710. In Stockholm there were 40,000 deaths; in Prussia and Lithuania, 283,000. In 1713 in Prague, Vienna, and Ratisbon (Regensburg) it raged fiercely, but in 1714 it disappeared entirely from Europe, driven away, as some thought, by a tremendous hurricane which occurred that year (Feb. 27).

Constantinople, the hotbed of Mohammedanism filth and disease, continually served as a gateway for the plague to re-enter Europe. From thence, in 1717, it again spread over its former track, but with less mortality, and not so far; from the same place it was carried by a vessel's crew

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to France in 1720, causing from 40,000 to 60,000 deaths in and about Marseilles. In Toulon, two-thirds of the population was carried away in 1721. In Sicily, over 40,000 people perished in 1743, thousands of bodies remaining in the streets unburied for days. During the rest of the century there were local outbreaks in Eastern Europe, but which seldom spread far. The most notable one, in Little Russia, Moldavia, Wallachia, Hungary, and adjacent territory, carried off about 350,000 victims. The following epidemics in the close were more and more limited in range and of shorter duration.

Since the beginning of the 19th century the plague never reached farther westward than Italy and Malta, where it was brought from Constantinople and other eastern cities. In neither case did it go beyond small limits. About the beginning of the century it raged in Egypt, affecting the French and English armies at that time stationed there. About 1830, Bessarabia, also Odessa and the Crimea were visited, followed in Odessa and other places in 1837 by a new but less destructive visitation. The later history of the plague is more generally known, hence less need be said of it. The only place outside of Constantinople where it assumed grave aspect was along the Volga, in Russia, in 1878-9, where for a while during the winter nearly every case was fatal. It suddenly declined and since that time the country has been free.

Asia and Africa have, however, been several times visited since the middle of the present century. Mesopotamia was visited in 1867, again in 1873, and a third time in 1876. The total number of deaths was about 25,000. It did not re-appear there until 1884, and then in a

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mild form. In 1877 the plague infested a region lying at the south-west angle of the Caspian Sea. The town of Resht, containing 20,000 inhabitants, in this territory, had lost half of its population by plague in 1832 and in this last epidemic about 6,000 died in the same town.

From this we come to the plague in India in former years. Strange as it may seem, but very little is known of the existence of plague in India, except in modern times. In 1815, after three years of severe famine, the plague appeared in Guzerat and other regions north of Bombay; the next year it spread as far north as Hyderabad, Sinde on the north, and to Ahmedabad on the north-east. In a few years it disappeared, but returned in July 1836, and raged in some places for one year. The origin of the disease must have been local in both instances, the uncleanliness of the inhabitants no doubt contributing to the causes which developed the disease. In 1834–36 the plague appeared in the elevated country of the Himalayas. It was called *maha murree* by the natives. Even rats and snakes were affected by it and died in large numbers. It seemed the plague poison was in the very soil. The epidemic re-appeared in 1849 and spread southward. In 1885 the plague was raging in Benghazi, Africa, Persian Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, Western Arabia, the southern shores of the Caspian Sea, Kumaon and Gurhwal in India, and various places in China. In none of these places however was the mortality very great.

Taking a retrospect of this chapter and including the number of plague victims of which for want of space no mention has been made, one is forced to the conclusion that ignorance of the simplest laws of health has caused

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a frightful amount of suffering and woe in this fair world of ours. God speed the day when Christian civilization and its beneficent influences shall bring happiness and health to the benighted lands of earth.

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CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT PLAGUE OF 1896–7—BEGINNING OF THE PLAGUE—FRIGHT OF THE PEOPLE—THE WORK OF THE PLAGUE COMMITTEE—EXODUS—SPREAD OF THE PLAGUE.

On my way from New York to London I was asked by a number of passengers who learned my destination and errand, "Are you not afraid of the plague?" "Do you think you will ever return?" etc. I confess that such questions do not generally tend to make the burdened heart lighter, but I had faith in Him whose protection is vouchsafed to those who obey His call. Therefore I was but little disturbed by the well-meaning sympathy expressed by those who in prospect saw me suffering of plague and famine.

The city of Bombay is divided into the European Quarter which occupies the northern and more elevated part of a promontory, or better, an island, and the Native Quarter, or Bazaar, which covers the low land in the southern part of the city. The highest point—Malabar Hill—is about 100 feet above sea level and is occupied by the government buildings and fine residences. This part has fine, wide streets that are swept clean every day. The residences also show a scrupulous cleanliness, and altogether, this part of Bombay presents a most pleasing picture.

Not so with the Native Quarter. Part of the town lies below the high or tide water mark. The narrow streets

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A well-to-do Hindu family who had to leave their own house and live in huts at Malad (Salsette) during the prevalence of the Plague in their neighborhood.

are lined with irregular odd-looking buildings. There seems to be no "street line" regulation observed in building. Everything has a jumbled appearance just as if an earthquake or a flood had moved many of the buildings partly away from their foundations. There are odd-looking balconies, hoods, gables, and awnings of all shapes and colors. Under some of these awnings were little shops, from the dark recesses of which peeped swarthy faces, while in front all kinds of wares greeted the eye of the purchaser or passer by. At the time of my visit to India, however, many of these shops were closed, as were also many of the houses, for thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants had fled from the city to escape the plague. Many of these fugitives were wealthy enough, and yet they were accustomed to squalid surroundings in Bombay.

Bombay is crowded into a comparatively small territory. Indeed an American can hardly believe the population to be so great as it is, seeing the comparatively small area. But it seems still more strange and incredible for an American that a thousand or more people should live in one building, and yet it is absolutely true. This overcrowding and the filthy condition of buildings and their inhabitants is what fosters disease. I have already described the filthiness of the houses; let me give you an idea of the revolting filthiness of the people. People washed their clothes, then bathed in, and then *drank this same water!* I refrain from saying worse things, for there are worse things to be said than this! Do you wonder that India should be visited with sickness and plague?

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As I sat at my hotel I saw what I found afterward to be a very common sight, a snake charmer, in the street. For a few pice he would play a tune, during which time his snakes would "perform," i. e., he would take them into his free hand and put them about his neck, or they would

SNAKE CHARMER.

sway from side to side according to the rythm of the music. Thanks, the sight is not an elevating one.

I also saw natives pass by with enormous bundles of straw or grass upon their heads. Not men only, but women also carried the most enormous loads. This I found is the usual way of carrying burdens in that country, and so perfectly do they balance the load that many do not steady it at all with their hands.

How changed is the aspect of this once beautiful city. When I was here two years ago, out-door life in Bombay

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was a perpetual kaleidoscope, a continual panorama. Passing through its crowded streets the effect was dazzling, bewildering, fascinating. The swarming masses of people representing a cosmopolitan mixture of nationali-

Natives carrying straw on their heads, which is the custom of the country.

ties, attired in an endless variety of costume, mostly white or brightly colored, mingled with scantily clad coolies and merry children in no costume at all, thronged the roadways. At evening time carriage loads of family parties passed along the roads leading to the sea. Back Bay, Breach Kandy, Hornby Vellard, the sea face at Colaba, all were full of these parties taking the air. Europeans with their faultless equipage; Parsee ladies with their delicate costumes, looking like a stripe of the rainbow, well-to-do Mussulmans with their fine, clean, white linen and

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noble turbans, wealthy Hindus, all were there as they had been year in and year out from their early days, while the gaily painted houses, the brilliant sunshine and luxuriant tropical foliage gave to the scene a fitting background.

The gaily painted houses, the trees waving in the brilliant sunshine are here still, but the throngs of human beings taking life merrily in the open air are to be seen here no more. The proportion of carriages seeking the sea-side in the evening is about ten to a hundred of what it was. The brilliant Parsees, the well-to-do Mussulmans, the proud Brahmins have but here and there a representative left. On all faces sits a sadness, a sense of apprehension, the handkerchief is held to the mouth and a constant odor of disinfectants fills the air. One Brahmin, determined not to catch the plague, goes about with a lump of camphor in each nostril. It does not occur to him that he is more likely to breathe in the dreaded infection through his open mouth!

Three-fourths of the houses are closed, rows of shops are quite frequent with only one in a dozen showing any sign of life. Along some roads the dreaded plague-mark may be seen on almost every gate-post or house corner; a round, red ring, sometimes three or four in a row, as shown in the photo-engraving on page 357, indicating that the plague has claimed that number of victims. These marks are not confined to the shanties where the toiling people poorly dwell, but may be seen also on the gates of large bungalows, showing that, with the poor, the well-to-do have not escaped this dreadful scourge. A gateway in Girgaum Road takes the palm for the number of marks, having no less than fourteen in all on both gate-posts.

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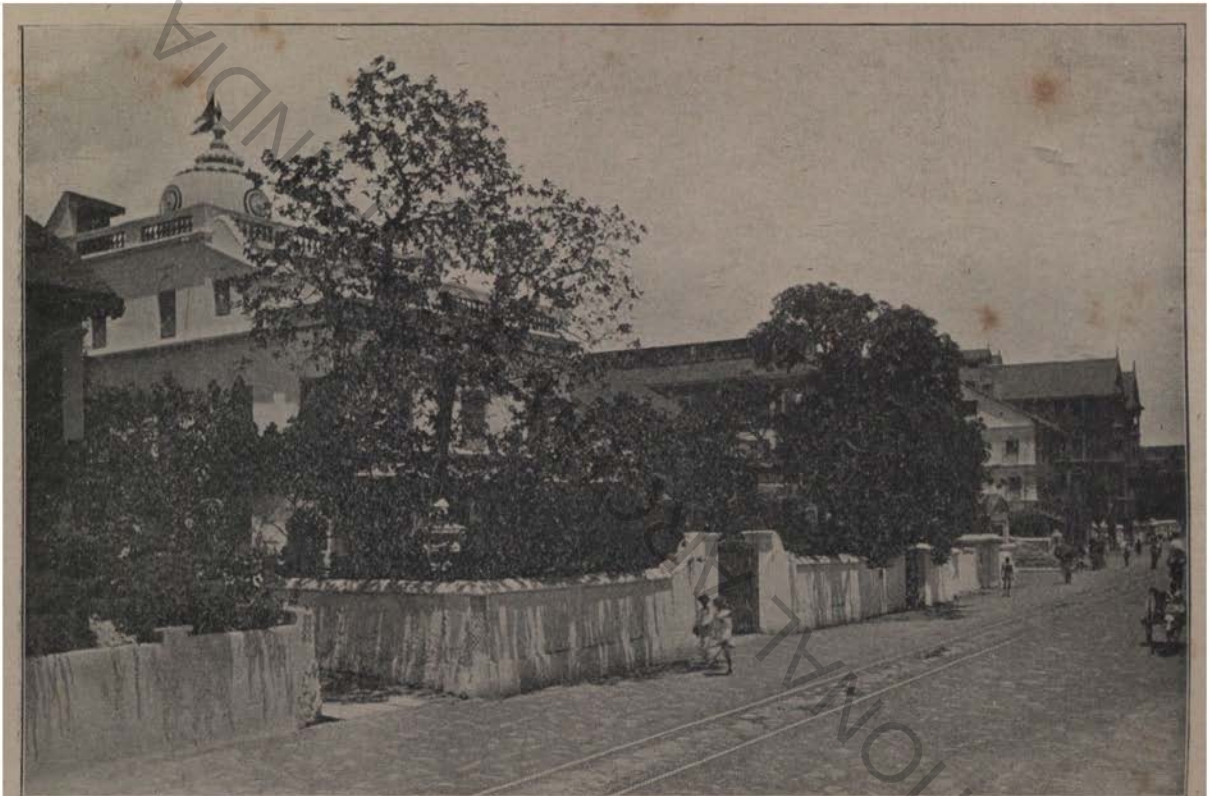

A house in Girgaum, Bombay, with 44 circles marked on the corner of the garden wall by the city authorities. The plain circles represent deaths from Plague; the circles with a cross within them represent deaths reported as from other maladies.

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The sign of present disease in a house is indicated by fires burning in front of the door.

Many rows of empty houses have the tiles removed from the roof in patches, a device of the Municipality to let the natural disinfectants of light and air penetrate into structures, which it would seem were built with the deliberate purpose of excluding them as much as possible.

At the west end of Chowpatti, beneath the hill just below the Towers of Silence—of which I shall speak later—a number of infected huts were burned a few days ago, and now the vacant ground near the riding school, where the Deccennial Missionary Conference was encamped in 1891, is filled with rows of matted huts with neat chupper roof and extemporized stabling for horses, designed to accommodate the Governor's Body Guard, a set of fine Sikhs, who have been removed thence from their usual quarters at the old Government House, Parel, that being now placed in the hands of the Municipality for hospital purposes.

We hear of servants' quarters, belonging to various residences occupied by Europeans, being burned in different parts of the city. Almost the whole of the Marine Lines is condemned. The houses are being carried away piecemeal and burned upon the maidan near by. A few weeks ago a servant died of plague in a rowti attached to a tent on the maidan, the rowti was burned and the lady who occupied the tent went away to Matheran. A fortnight later she returned to Bombay and shared a house with another family in Marine Lines; shortly after her return she was herself taken with the plague and removed to the European General Hospital.

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Bombay at night time now is like a deserted village. Few people are to be seen out except those who have business on hand. In former days a moonlight night would see almost as much noise and life as midday, while rows of people would line each side of the street, sleeping in the open air, enveloped from head to foot in their chaddars; now all that are left seek a shelter of some sort. There have been many deaths among the police in Bombay from the epidemic. It is a wonder so many have stuck manfully to their posts. It was suggested that police duty in infected streets at night-time should be done by two men instead of one; the terror of loneliness in the presence of death being greatly dreaded by these poor men. Fewer funerals are now seen in the streets in the daytime than when the plague first appeared, so the inference is that the dead are more frequently removed at night, which must add to the eerie loneliness of the policeman's situation.

This soliloquy does not exaggerate. I notice that Julian Hawthorne, in his series of articles in the *Cosmopolitan* last summer, drew just as sad a picture—and it was a faithful one—of the plague in India.

The half-tone engraving, on page 362, is reproduced from a photograph and shows the house in Bombay where the plague was first found. There had been mysterious rumors afloat that a strange and awfully fatal disease had attacked the inmates, but so well was the matter kept from the officials by the fearful and superstitious inmates, that probably two or more weeks elapsed before an official investigation was made. When that was made the cry arose, "The plague is in Bombay!" and all that part of

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A Plague house in Kalbadevi Road, Bombay. The plain circles represent death from Plague. The circles with a cross within denote death reported as from other maladies. It is probable that many of the latter were Plague cases falsely reported.

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House in Mandvi Bunder Road, Bombay, where Plague was first recognized in September 1896.

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the country was full of excitement. The seventeen circles marked against the doorway, as seen in the illustration, are registers of deaths from plague officially recognized. It is currently reported, however, that about fifty deaths occurred from the epidemic before the Municipality began to take official note of it.

When, however, the dreadful discovery was made, vigorous measures were at once adopted to check the disease or at least confine it to Mandvi, the name of the quarter of the city in which the first case was found. A committee consisting of civil and military officials, European, and native, was appointed to investigate and to deal with the plague according to instructions received. At first segregation, i. e., isolation of the diseased, was attempted, but the superstitious people were bitterly opposed to it. The relatives of the diseased believed that the officials simply took their friends away to a hospital, where their livers would be cut out for "medicine." For this reason the natives took the greatest care to keep the committee in ignorance of sickness in their homes.

The work of the committee was revolting and ghastly in the extreme, and full of danger, as they were obliged to force their way into buildings suspected to contain plague cases. The officials were kind and not unnecessarily severe, but firm withal and not satisfied with anything less than a thorough inspection, and this was the unpleasant part. They well knew the reason why the natives were so reticent, and while the officers pitied and sympathized, they also faithfully performed their duty, in spite of all entreaties, protests, and the assurances by the inmates of the houses visited that no plague existed

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there. At the same time perhaps these people were worshiping their idols and entreating them to preserve them and stay the plague. These assurances were often found to be simply a thin cloak by which an attempt was made to cover or hide the true condition of things. Many of the inmates considered it defilement of body and soul to have their houses and persons thus exposed to inspection and subjected to treatment by the "European heathen," or those not belonging to their caste or race.

Nothing daunted, these faithful, sturdy public servants went out every morning to prosecute their gruesome work; at night, after a bath and a detailed record of the day's work, these officials met at club, social or other gathering, as unconcerned as though they had been at ordinary business. Cool heads, stout hearts, strong stomachs—these three qualifications were pre-eminently necessary in the work.

Incidents of a startling nature might be recorded by the hundred, but a few will suffice. For instance, from certain vague signs or rumors a certain house in the Native Quarter was "suspected;" it must be visited on the morrow. The inmates know nothing of the intended visit, but are in hourly fear of visitation and are prepared to throw the committee off the "scent" if possible. Perhaps nearly a thousand people are living in that house although it cannot be seen from the street, being surrounded by other houses or by a high, rickety wall. The house is built in the shape of a hollow square, enclosing a court or yard. To get into that house the committee must pass through a dingy arch into the court which, although reeking with stench from half a century's accumulation of filth and offal, rotten

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THE PLAGUE COMMITTEE, BOMBAY.

WORSHIPING IDOLS, JUBBULPORE.

HOLY MAN WORSHIPING HIS IDOL.

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and foul, and now many feet deep, yet this same court is the play ground of the children and the only means of ventilation for the scores of rooms in this many storied building! The hot air and poisonous gases are stifling, but in goes the committee. Hawthorne says that Daniel in the lions' den escaped unscathed; but the miracle would have seemed greater had he passed a night in this pit of hell.

"No sickness of any kind in here," was the reply of the inmates to the questions of the officers. But the suspicion of several closed rooms, whose occupants, the officers were told, had gone on a visit to the country, led to a careful inspection of the whole house. All the exits had been previously placed under police guard, to prevent a single escape. The chief officers kindly but firmly told the object of this visit and requested that all closed doors be unlocked. This request was obeyed only in part; some doors had to be forced open. The poor inmates were in mortal fear; for so many horrible (though false) stories had been set afloat of the cruelty of the committee—one of which has already been told—that the poor inmates shrank back in terror like a quarry at bay.

What was the result of the investigation? The closed dark rooms emitted a horrible stench. A number were really empty, the occupants having evidently either fled into the country, or they had died of the plague. Gladly would I present a picture of some of these rooms, but no picture can be taken of a dark room, even lighted by the fitful glare of the lantern that was carried along. A few rooms contained dead and dying victims. In one room a plague-stricken mother and baby had been locked to die alone. A number of rats were found in the room,

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but they were dead. They had died of the plague. The floor was covered with filth and rubbish and vermin. No water, no food there, only slow, awful death. But this mother would rather die here with her infant than to fall into the hands of the plague committee and have her liver and that of her child cut out (as she thought) by them for medicine. Poor woman! She was under the thrall of heathendom and did not know who her best friends were. The superstition and the caste abomination account for it all.

"Are there any sick in here," asked the officer as he forced open a door leading to a dark room in which nine people were found. "None," was the answer. "Stand up against the wall that I may count you" (it was too dark to see plainly). The count showed nine. By this time a light had been brought. "That man is sick," said the inspector, pointing to one that was supported by two others. Investigation showed that he was not sick—he was *dead*, and had been for several hours.

In another room that was forced open a company was found seated in a circle playing a game. The stench was frightful, but there were no sick persons in there, oh, no! A closer examination of one very quiet figure showed him to be a rotting corpse! All this show was made to avoid, if possible, the danger of being removed and the house disenfected.

Several letters written about the close of the year 1896 will give the reader a fair idea of the condition of things.

THE PLAGUE.

Mr. Abbott writes:—"The year closes with the city of Bombay in mourning. The plague, or bubonic fever, as

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The start for work in the morning—Doctors of both sexes, Health Officials, Justices, Police, Conservancy men, with steampump and white-washers, ambulance, shigrams and attendants setting out for morning duty.

House to house visitation by Justices of Peace with a military escort and ambulance, in the native part of Bombay, much opposition was at first shown to this work but eventually the alarm of the people subsided. Plague cases continued however to be concealed till the end of the epidemic.

it is also called, was first publicly noticed in September, but it is supposed to have been in existence since the latter part of August. It is not known how it was brought to Bombay, but it began in a section of the city called Mandvi, and has since gradually spread over the city. As no theory of the method of its spread has been proved to be true, the authorities have had to work more or less in the dark; the chief reliance has been placed on cleansing the infected houses with lime-wash and disinfection. While these efforts may have reduced the rate of increase, it has not checked it, and week by week the mortality record has shown more and more alarming figures. As soon as the plague had gained alarming proportions people in the affected districts were seized with panic, and a steady exodus from the city began; trains and steamers became crowded with people fleeing to their country homes; merchants closed their shops; workmen deserted their employers; schools were opened after the Christmas holidays, but from lack of pupils were closed; domestic servants left their masters, and business has become almost paralyzed. Up to the time of writing this report the outlook has not improved. While the usual mortality of the city of 800,000 is less than 500 per week, it is now about 2,000, an increase which the best authorities believe to be due almost wholly to the plague. That this terrible mortality has produced heart-rending scenes may readily be imagined. The corpses of the plague-stricken borne on men's shoulders pass along the streets in terrible frequency, carried in silence or mournful dirge, to the burning or burying grounds. There is a very general feeling that the plague is due to the anger of the gods, because of the sins

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of the people, but in the enumeration of particular sins—that of killing the cow, eating what ought not to be eaten, and the general laxness in religious observances, are especially mentioned as the cause of the anger of the gods. Naturally our missionary work has been affected by this plague. In the general exodus of the people, and the fear of having the children walk the streets, our schools have suffered like those of others, and had to be closed from lack of pupils. Bible-women found the homes they were accustomed to visit, empty, or tainted and dangerous to enter, and in many cases it has seemed wise to send these and other workers away from the city, to work in other places, rather than expose them to the great danger of infection. We had hoped that our own premises would be secure from attack, as great care was taken to secure the best sanitary conditions, but it entered the servants' houses of Bowker Hall. Three persons were attacked, all of whom died in the hospital. These attacks, according to medical authority, rendered the house unsafe for the girl-pupils of the boarding school, whose dormitory it is, and they were speedily removed to the Mission compound, from which they were again removed to Ahmednagar."

Mr. E. S. Hume writes:—"During the last five months of the year our great city has been threatened by a fearful calamity. Famine, riots, and various forms of disease have, in the past, done more or less damage, but altogether their influence has been insignificant compared with the ruin which this plague has been working among us. What the end may be not even the wisest can imagine. Thus far, all of our people have been mercifully preserved; other communities have suffered more or less severely, but

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Disinfecting a Plague marked house by white-washing exterior and interior.

Washing buildings and dwellings and flushing house gullies with Municipal steam pump in foreground and fire engine in background. A fire of wood and sulphur burns in front of the building.—October 1896.

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our Christian people have literally experienced the truth of the promise, 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.' If this terrible plague and the severe famine, which are causing such ruin, will only turn the hearts of the people from their idolatry, and toward God, we shall rejoice that we have thus been afflicted."

From Miss Abbott:—"The last two months the exodus from the city has been wonderful. Out of one district, where the women work, 400 shops have been closed, and the people fled to other towns and villages. House after house is vacant. Of those who remain, some are eager to listen in their great sorrow, others are greatly frightened. At one time the women found the doors shut against them, and when they inquired of a neighbor the reason, she said, 'You must not come here, we are afraid of you; you work in Kamatipura, and you will bring the plague here—go away quickly,' and she also shut the door. At another place, on asking the reason for similar treatment, the women said: 'Who knows but you are spies. Go away. The Queen-Empress is sending this plague to punish us because somebody defaced her statue. You work for the white folks, and what more they will do, who knows, if you will tell about us—Go away.' One woman said: 'If you come here, you will report if any one is ill, and the police will take them away to the Hospital, where they cut the livers of our people to make medicine for the white people.' Some say: 'Why are you not afraid? Why do you walk our plague-stricken streets? Does your God give you a charmed life? If your Jesus will promise to stop the plague, we will all become Christians at once.' It has been a matter

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of very great thankfulness that the Bible-women have gone on, as usual, bravely to their work, and when I once suggested that if any were afraid to go I might be able to find them work elsewhere, they said: 'The people never needed us more than now; why should we be afraid?' They have appropriated the 91st Psalm, and go fearlessly to

SPIKE BED.

their work, and the Lord has indeed kept them from all harm. This very immunity from the plague has maddened some of the people against them, and some Mohammedans have been known to pray that the Christians, too, might have the plague!"

Various expedients were resorted to by the superstitious natives to appease the gods. At one place I saw a spiked bed upon which priests laid themselves in the

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hope that by this torture they might gain favor with their gods, that famine and plague might be stayed.

At another place was the figure of a hog rudely carved out of stone. The superstitious people were taught to believe that for the righteous the body would rise high enough for them to squeeze through underneath

IDOL HOG.

the body, while the unrighteous would be crushed by it in the attempt. I am strong in the opinion that according to their belief most of the famine and plague-stricken people were righteous; surely nearly all were thin enough to pass through the gauntlet easily. Oh, that these poor, deluded people may learn that the Bible is the true mirror in which man cannot only see his actual condition,

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but find the only means of salvation from all unrighteousness.

It is but natural that those who fled from plague-infested Bombay should carry with them the mysterious, microscopic plague baciili that wrought such frightful mischief upon the city's population. Some fled to the country just outside of Bombay. These belonged mostly to the poorer classes who could not go farther. At Mahim, about fifteen miles north-west of Bombay, a number of refugees put up temporary huts of bamboos and matting, as shown in the illustration on page 379. They remained there until the end of May, 1897, by which time the epidemic in Bombay was over. These at Mahim were poor people, whose occupation is the preparation of cakes of cow dung for fuel.

Many fled northward to Kurrachee, in Sinde, and to Cutch Mandvie; others went southward as far as Poona and Ahmednagar, and at all of these places the plague broke out, raging even after it had disappeared in Bombay. In Poona especially it obtained a firm hold and many fell victims to the fearful malady. It disappeared in Kurrachee about the end of July, while in other places in Sinde no new cases were heard of after the third week in June. However, it spread northward and in January, 1898, we find it raging in various towns in the Punjab, which lies in the northern part of India. As I write these words I have before me an authentic report from that region stating that there are many deaths from the plague, and that it is spreading. May a merciful Providence speedily stay its ravages.

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REFUGEES FROM BOMBAY, LIVING IN TEMPORARY HUTS.

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CHAPTER III.

PLAGUE HOSPITALS — HINDU CREMATORIES—PARSEE "TOWERS OF SILENCE"—RAVAGES OF PLAGUE IN OTHER PLACES—PLAGUE REMEDIES —THE GREAT HINDU BATHING FESTIVAL.

The object of the visits of the Plague Committee, as described in the last chapter, was a merciful one although sadly misunderstood by most of the natives. The aim was, of course, to get at the sick and dead, to put the former into hospitals and the latter where they will not further endanger life and health, and to disinfect houses, rooms, and clothing. But with all the vigilance and energetic action of the Plague Committee, it is evident that many plague victims eluded their watchful eye, only to spread the disease among their fellows.

Many plague hospitals were established in and about Bombay. This was necessary in order not to shock the sensibilities of the various castes by being brought into a defiling proximity with representatives of another caste. Notwithstanding all these arrangements much was left to be wished for. Especially was this the case in the matter of the separation of the sexes. In a preceding chapter on the Famine the reader will have noticed the complaint made by Pandita Ramabai in reference to this matter. It depended very much on the management of these hospitals, and some were very well, others very indifferently, managed. In some the management seemed to consider

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it outside of their duty to do more than look after their patients and draw their pay. The many little comforts and conveniences, yea, necessities so easily obtained, and so much appreciated, especially by the female patients, were in some places entirely wanting. But on the whole the hospitals did excellent service in taking care of patients and preventing the spread of the disease.

When the Plague Committee found a case in a building, the sufferer was at once carried out to a covered hand ambulance that was always in readiness outside. On these ambulances, that were fitted with pneumatic tired bicycle wheels, the patients were conveyed to the hospital, always under protest. Sometimes, when conditions were favorable enough, the patient would be left in the house, which was, however, thoroughly disinfected and ventilated, and the patient given the advantage of civilized medical treatment, without removal from his family. Many of the well-to-do natives, whose dwellings were more cleanly, were thus treated.

As soon as the patient was placed under treatment a careful record was taken of his case. If he became convalescent he was placed in the convalescent ward (in the well-conducted hospitals), and before his discharge he was again subjected to a careful medical examination. Of course those who returned would tell their friends, if any were left, that the treatment at the hospital was not so bad after all, so that after a while that part of the fear diminished. But the fear of caste contamination was always great, in many apparently greater than death; for, in his own home he might die in peace and in purity of caste, and that meant future happiness; but defilement

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Examination of a man who has recovered from Plague previous to his discharge from the Port Trust Hospital.

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Wari Bunder Hospital, Bombay, arrival of a Plague patient in an ambulance carriage.

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by contamination with another caste meant to the poor Hindu torture and anguish in the world to come.

The ways in which the different castes dispose of their dead are various. The Hindus burn their dead, the body being placed upon a pile of fuel and then covered over with fuel, after which some rice is poured into the mouth and about the head of the dead so that he may have plenty to eat in the other world. If the body be that of a husband the widow applies the match after walking around the funeral pile several times. Formerly the poor widow, often but a child, after igniting the pile on which lay her husband, would climb up and perish in the flames to secure to herself future happiness. This horrible practice is now forbidden by law, but the poor Hindu widow's lot is a sad and hard one. She is a slave to her husband's relatives or an outcast, subject to all kinds of cruelty and neglect, unless she chooses to live in the luxury which a life of shame holds out to her for a few years. This mode of life, however, lasts but a few years, then follow disease, physical torture and death.

The "Towers of Silence," in which the Parsees place their dead, have been frequently described by travelers. In a former work, "Around the Globe," I gave a full description of these towers, and will condense from that account. A steep, rock-bedded road leads to the eminence called Malabar Hill. At the entrance to the grounds is a gate. Within the large, park-like enclosure of between thirty and forty acres in the most desirable part of Bombay, are fine towers. The Parsees are the principal merchants of India, and many of them are immensely rich, hence this fine garden-like cemetery. When a Parsee

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dies the body is enveloped in a shroud, carried by friends to one of these towers and left. Within the stone tower, which is open at the top, about fifty or sixty feet in diameter and twenty feet in height, is a shallow well over which a crate is placed. This well is drained by other deeper wells near by. Two attendants, who are always on the ground, carry the body through the door on one side of the tower and, laying the body on the crate, remove the shroud and leave the body. They think that to bury a dead body pollutes the earth, so the body is left here for the vultures to eat. A large number of vultures make their home here, and within an hour after a body is left in one of the towers nothing is left but the bones, which fall through the crate into the well, and finally disintegrate there and are drained off into the other wells down into the sea.

Returning to one of the whitewashed hospitals, we will take a glance at some of the inmates. Four beds or wire gauze cots stretched in bamboo frames were found in each ward. Each patient was provided with a good blanket. The nurses, male and female, native and European were diligent in their attention to the sick, dressing buboes, administering medicines, taking temperature, feeding, etc. Besides the patients were swarms of flies which were likewise very attentive, in fact, too much so for the comfort of the nurses and patients, and it was pitiful to see some patients feebly trying to keep away these winged, busy pests. But they were much better off in the hospitals than elsewhere, for in some places the buboes would soon be *alive* from the visitations of these flies.

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TOWERS OF SILENCE.

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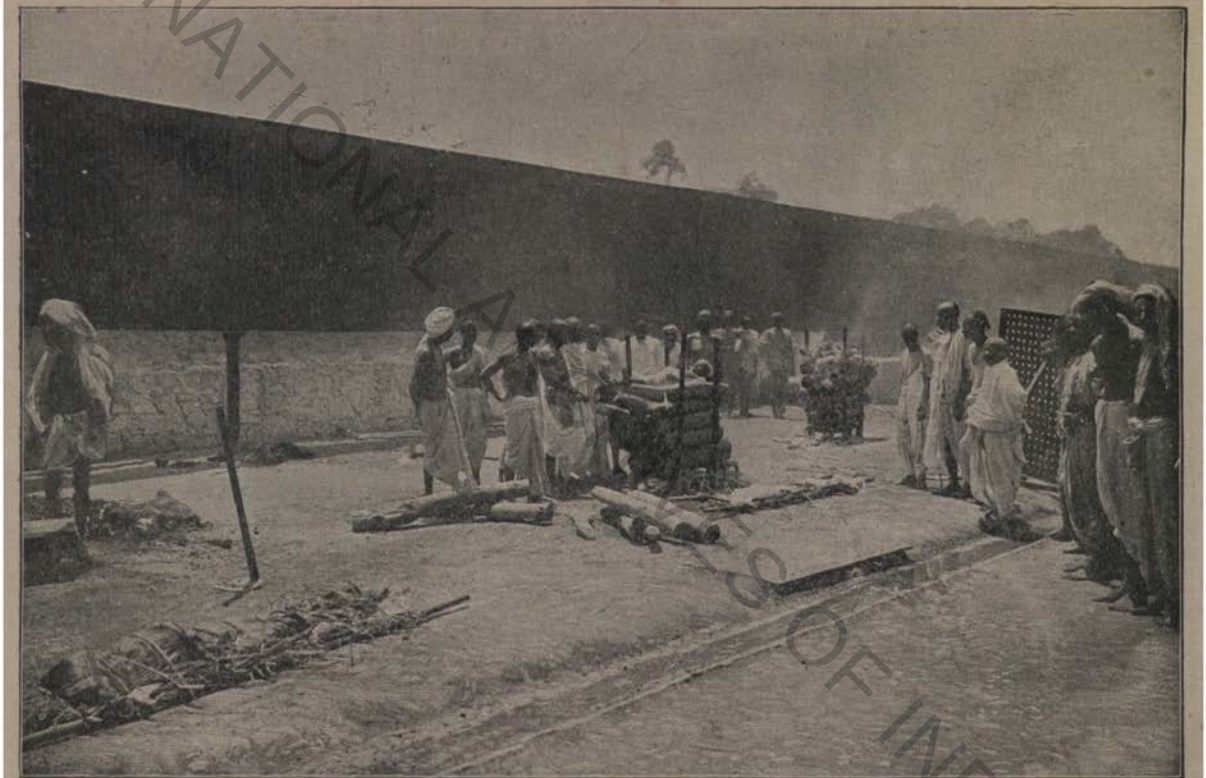

HINDOO CREMATION CEREMONY IN BURNING GROUND DURING PLAGUE.

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The description of one of these hospitals is partly taken from the account of an eye witness. In one ward lay a Hindu, his body covered with a blanket, his face with mosquito netting to keep off the flies. He breathed hard; his eyes were fixed in a death stare. A part of his body was exposed. Buboes! Ah, yes; he will soon be beyond all suffering.

In the next ward lay an old woman. Her daughter was with her and patiently brushed the flies away. The woman seemed far gone, but the doctor said her case was not at all hopeless.

In the next cot lay a boy of 17. He was reduced to a mere skeleton, and a high fever had reduced him to extreme weakness. The poor boy seemed so anxious to live, but the doctor said it was a fatal case. Another boy lay near him, the ugly buboes on his neck distorting his features. He had not yet reached the worst stage, but might pull through. Next was a middle-aged man suffering terribly, as could be seen in the terribly distorted face and wild, glaring eyes. The final death struggle was soon to overtake him.

In the convalescent ward were found several patients, young, middle-aged, and old; all hopeful, but some of them terribly emaciated and weak. If only these poor people could realize the benefit of hospital treatment and come hither as soon as the disease attacks them; for then so much more could be done for them. Many who died might have been saved.

With the exodus from Bombay the plague was carried to the neighboring coast villages, where followed a fearful mortality. Whole villages had been either depop-

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ulated or deserted; in some a few blind and decrepit old people were left to die, perchance to be rescued by those more merciful than their relatives and friends. In some villages, whole rows of huts had been burned or torn down—they were unfit for habitation, even rats could not live in them. From some dwellings the roofs had been

PLAGUE VICTIMS AT POONA. BURNING THE BODIES.

stripped that sun and rain and pure air might do the work of disinfection.

Among the larger towns which suffered severely from the plague was Poona. At this and other places the government also established hospitals, but it seems that they were not so well conducted as were those in Bombay, especially if Pandita Ramabai's letter, descriptive of the Poona hospital, be true, which it evidently is. Nor was the plague at Poona so quickly eradicated as at Bombay.

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Nor did Kurrachee remain free from it even after the plague had apparently been gone for months, for even now I have before me a letter from India which tells me that the plague is again spreading in these places. As at Bombay so at these other towns, about 90 per cent. of those attacked by the plague died.

After the plague had subsided in Bombay, but was still raging in outlying districts, all travelers from the interior to Bombay were examined by a medical officer at Tanna Station, twenty-four miles from Bombay. Here, upon returning from the interior, I had an experience which many another American might have carried to the same result had he been in my stead. When our train stopped at Tanna all the passengers were ordered out on the platform. Here the temperature of every one was taken by an apparently officious, fussy doctor. One after another the passengers were examined. The temperature of some was taken by placing the thermoscope under the arm; others had to hold this same tube under the tongue. Nearer and nearer this official came with his dirty instrument. Here a seedy-looking individual had it placed under his arm. The temperature was noted, "All right!" "Here," said the examiner to the next fellow, an unpretentious, harmless, possibly foreign-looking individual, whose name was Lambert, "take this under your tongue; I want your temperature." "What!" said the prospective victim, "stick that dirty thing into my mouth?" Then the American characteristic came to the front in the concluding expression, "*Not much, sir!* you have been stationed here to prevent the spread of disease, and here you pass from one to the other, treating clean and dirty alike to a taste of

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that sickly looking glass tube without so much as wiping off the saliva or dirt between applications. That's medical cleanliness and the principle of anti-septic treatment applied with a vim,—nit. No sir, you treat that polluted piece of glass as common sense—let alone the faintest knowledge of septics, and the danger of contagion—would dictate, before I'll touch your thermometer." I triumphed, for, considerably crestfallen, he paused long enough in his work to comply with my demands, and the work went on. So did the train in due time. I hope he learned a lesson, for I was not speaking in my defense only, but for the hundreds whose health—perhaps life—was endangered by his criminal neglect. But there are many such people in all the walks of life. They "put in their time," and, if the position excuses it, they assume an air of great authority and superiority, while all they care for is their pay; they care not if the work is well or indifferently done.

Need I tell you that with all this so-called precaution, the plague again appeared in Bombay in the hot season? It was natural, of course, that the Bombay refugees would want to return to their homes, especially if the plague had broken out in the vicinity of their temporary home. However, the second outbreak was much less general than the first and was more easily handled.

In Cutch Mandvie and Kurrachee the plague, as already stated, threw the people into the greatest panic. Indeed, to be attacked by the plague was almost equivalent to a sentence of death, and no one knew who might be the next victim; instead of spending much time in God's pure air, they shut themselves up in their filthy houses, to escape

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Tanna Station, 24 miles from Bombay. The group at the left hand side represent the arrival of Plague patient in an ambulance and the examination by the Doctor. On the other side travelers are being examined previous to entering the train going to Bombay.

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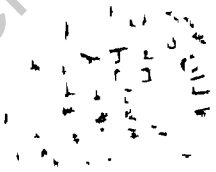

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contagion, but in reality simply making themselves more liable to attack. The same difficulty in ferreting out plague cases was everywhere encountered. The following incident, the discovery made by the officers in a Bhatia's house in Cutch Mandvie, is a case in point:

"Bate" is a sacred place of the Hindus and frequented by the Bhatias on pilgrimage, but owing to the plague here most of them are now congregated from Cutch Mandvie. One of them, a man named Jetha Ladhanee, informed the State authorities by letter, that when he left Cutch Mandvie he entrusted his treasure-chest to one of his relatives, a woman, named Begabai, who died of the plague soon after, but previous to her death handed over the treasure-chest to his sister, named Budhibai. Having heard now that she also had fallen a victim to this dire disease, he begged of the Dewan to institute proper inquiries, and if possible to trace the said chest, and when found to place it for safe custody in the treasury office of Mandvie. Orders were issued to the magistrate, Mr. Shunker Lal, to make the necessary inquiries. This gentleman proceeded at once to the address given, viz., opposite Pussoo Carmdar's sheree. He found the house locked. The outer door was secured only by a chain, on opening which they entered the compound and found the inner door locked. They forced open this and searched the rooms on the ground floor, but found nothing. Then some one drew attention to a door at the top of the staircase which was well secured with chains and locks. The blacksmith was sent up, but he soon hallooed out that there was a very bad smell. The magistrate said, "Break open the lock quickly," which was done, when the escaping putres-

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cent gases were so over-powering that every one had to rush out. One of the peons, however, holding his breath, ran and threw open a window. After an hour or so when the room was somewhat ventilated they re-entered, and to their horror found the cause of the production of the obnoxious gases to be a woman, about forty-five years of age, dead in one corner of an inner room, in a sitting posture, with her legs well flexed, the knees almost touching her chin, thus giving one the idea that the poor woman whilst endeavoring to rise must have fallen backwards and expired most probably from heart failure. The place was well disinfected and at once lime-washed, but no treasure-chest has yet been traced owing to the impossibility of examining the contents of the whole house yet, over which a police guard has been placed. This is only one example of many in Cutch Mandvie among the Bhatias and Buniahs where the plague-stricken one has been locked in and the friends and relatives non est; but the time of discovery is unique—the corpse must have been at least three weeks old.

Various remedies were used and suggested for the plague, of which the following are a very few:

The wife of a Protestant Pastor at Brussels unearthed an ancient remedy for the plague, and sent it to the editor of *The Christian*, London, by whom it was forwarded to the *Bombay Guardian*, "for what it may be worth." The Pastor's wife writes: "The heartrending news of the pest which is doing so much harm in India, reminded me of an old family paper, of which I have taken a copy, the paper itself being dated *September 1721.* It is the receipt of a very well-known remedy, by the name of *Vinaigre des*

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quatre voleurs, which has been experienced more than two hundred and seventy years ago, as most efficacious against pest. As it is most easy to make and to use, and as it might prove a preservative, were it only to a few, I consider it a duty to send you an exact copy of the paper, begging you to make such use of that copy as you may think may tend to doing some good. You will know better than I to whom it might be sent, that it should be spread and tried by the unfortunate beings who are exposed to the pest. I am taking the liberty of addressing myself to you in the name of humanity and charity. I know that many other remedies are being used, but I make it a point of duty to send you this, as having been proved and found successful at a time when pest made occasional incursions in our own countries, as well as in the East."

The manuscript containing the particulars of this ancient remedy has been translated from French into English, and is given below. We print it without expressing any opinion as to its value:—

THE TRUE VINEGAR AGAINST THE PLAGUE.

Take a bottle of two *pots* and a half in which put one *pot* of white vinegar made from a very strong wine, throw in a handful of juniper berries which you must crush in a cloth, a handful of angelica leaves cut into small pieces, a handful of cloves whole, two heads of garlic cut into pieces. Then expose the bottle to the sun, or on hot cinders, half covered, like Rosat vinegar.

METHODS OF USE.

Before getting up every morning take some in the hollow of the hand and suck a little with the tongue; then rub the nostrils, the temples, behind the ears, and the

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wrists; you will be protected securely that day, you must use it in the same way every day.

If you are nervous, if you feel any weakness of the heart, first take a spoonful of the said vinegar; if there is poison on the heart, you will throw it up first; and if you see any tumor or bubo on the body, warm a little of the said vinegar, soak a cloth or compress in it, which you must apply to the tumor, and put another cloth over it; and when the compress has been five hours on the tumor, the place of the tumor ought to be like floury scurvy. If the dressing has not been effectual, repeat it as above, and always throw away the linen, to avoid infection,—and by the help of the Lord, you will be protected from the plague.

This remedy comes from Monsieur Daubin, captain of a vessel, with which he saved his crew in all the cruises he made in the Levant waters, even in the midst of the plague.

This is the remedy which was used by the thieves, at Toulouse, a hundred years ago, when they went boldly to steal and kill in the houses at the time of the great plague. Four of these thieves were taken, and had their pardon on condition that they would teach the remedy and preservative which protected them; it was proved with every success before they were set at liberty. —Taken from *Mercure*, September, 1721.

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN DOCTOR'S CURE FOR THE PLAGUE.

Mr. R. Y. Balshankar, who describes himself as an Indian Christian Physician and Government Pensioner, residing on 14th street, Kamatipura, Bombay, writes to us that he has a reliable cure for bubonic fever, otherwise

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known as the plague, "if the case is not handled by any other doctor, but treated by me the same day."

Mr. Balshankar believes that the chief reason of this plague is the wrath of the Almighty, but "as He has created unbounded provisions for our good, and furnished us with much wisdom and sense to use, He makes these the means of saving those even from this obstinate pestilence, whom He wishes to lead a better life." Mr. Balshankar lays stress on being right with God. He says: "The present Sanitary Drainage System or something wrong with the water, etc., are mere lame excuses; these gutters are being cleansed daily, but the gutters of the heart must be carefully examined and great precaution must be taken to remove the dirt thereof, and undoubtedly the Almighty will remove these calamities."

He remarks that some will think, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" or rather Kamatipura, or from the medical knowledge of natives of this country; but he quotes 1 Cor. 1: 27, 28. He regards it as his duty to remain in the midst of the plague; and he closes his letter (too long to give in full) thus: "Dear brethren in the Lord, I wish that not even one of us should die as a victim to this plague, but to live for God's glory. It is not I, that could help any infected one, but if the Lord is willing, I shall try my best at the very outset of the symptoms, and be the means of relieving as many as possible through His help, as I have already cured by hundreds. If you are Christians, and take me as one, then have faith and be cured, and may the name of the Lord be glorified."

It is a significant fact that comparatively very few native Christians died of the plague. No doubt their more

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cleanly habits as compared with those of their native heathen brethren had much to do with it.

Other remedies and expedients are incidentally described in the account of a visit among the plague-stricken by Man Sukh Lal early in January. The account is as follows:

An anna ride from the corner of Grant Road, Bombay, brings one to Jacob's Circle or *Sath Rasta*, *i. e.*, Seven Roads. The latter name has become general from the fact of seven wide roads converging upon the above-named circle. This neighborhood is noted for two things, mills and laundries. The former rear their sombre and soiled walls and smoky shafts against the clear sky whichever way one may look. The latter have taken possession of some acres of fields across which, stretched upon hundreds of lines, are thousands of multi-colored garments, (although the white predominate), waving and flapping in the breeze. Not by any means are the breezes always cool, but from the *dhobi* point of view, the hotter the air be, the better for his work.

It is in one of these adjoining thoroughfares—Arthur Road—that

THE DREADED PLAGUE HOSPITAL

is located. None who can help it pass by its doors, and those who do, avert their faces and hold their shoulder cloths to their mouths as though to ward off an imaginary evil influence. Nor is this to be wondered at. Have not the majority of the poor sufferers who entered those sad precincts, emerged only when carried out feet foremost and accompanied by a small troop of terror-stricken mourners? The plague spares few in any locality and

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fewer still when they have been hidden away in the back rooms of fetid human rookeries until the last symptoms began to appear, before their relatives would consent to their removal to the "segregation" hospital. A horrid tale is abroad, believed by high and low alike, to the effect that the doctors "dispose of" those who do not appear likely to recover. Repeatedly and emphatically I have explained to some of my own acquaintances, that the doctors are almost as anxious to cure as the patients are to recover, for the simple reason that, apart from any consideration of humanity, the medical man who could seek out a sure remedy, would immediately become famous throughout the British Empire. But they merely shake their heads and go away unconvinced.

The hospital consists of a series of roomy sheds something like extensive *dharamshalas*, with cocoanut matting walls to keep out the glare of the sun. Beyond and behind these, are other erections, presumably dead houses, from the precincts of which a volume of white smoke ascends, laden with the smell of sulphur, pitch and olibanum. As I walk toward the entrance, a hackney coach overtakes me, and I see that one of the occupants is a Roman Catholic Goanese priest. Protruding from the footboard of the vehicle is a coffin painted a dull grey, and embellished with a black Latin cross. They are going to fetch away all that is left of a Goanese Christian victim.

The *sepahi* on duty eyes me suspiciously as I approach, so I straighten myself up and, assuming an official kind of gait, walk boldly towards one of the central wards unchallenged. An outburst of loud wailing

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tells me that another soul has fled and left behind it a putrescent burden of earthy matter. How solemn and terrible it is to stand here and see death so visibly wield his pestilential weapon! My heart beats faster and I feel my face grow pale, but only for a moment or two, for we become almost familiar with sudden death in India.

The next arrival is a poor Maratha woman, carried on a goods' cart. Absolutely unsheltered from the heat of the sun, she huddles down on the hard boards, and whenever the cart wheels meet a stone she is shaken from side to side. An assistant helps her down to the ground and on to a bare bedstead until the doctor can see her, while the *sepahi* who brought her returns with the empty cart, perhaps to look for more victims.

A BRAVE AND COURTEOUS MAN

is the Parsi, Dr. Choksi, who is in charge of the plague hospital. When I approach him, he is bending over one of the patients and lancing the dreadful bubo. A little later he kindly conducts me into the inner part of the building where the worst of the cases are being treated. His method is to inject a mixture of some kind into the gland or swelling, the effect of which is to produce suppuration. Then, at an opportune time, this is lanced and the temperature reduced, after which the patient sometimes recovers.

As we approach the bed of another sufferer, he puts his two hands together and pitifully begs to be allowed to go home. He has just been frightened by the death of a man near him. Dr. Choksi tells him to be quiet and orders him a slight sedative. On another bed is a Bokhara woman who has the plague in a very aggravated

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form. Next we come to a poor creature who was taken with the pestilence in childbirth, and whose relatives all fled, leaving her to her fate. While an acute epidemic in a large city reveals in its course some of the depravity and cowardice of which human beings are capable, it also brings to light happier instances of self-sacrifice and valor on the part of others. Some of the poor people gladly stay in this house of mourning and terror in order to attend to the wants of those they love, and this is conceded by the medical authorities.

MEDICAL SCIENCE BAFFLED.

Dr. Choksi informs me that during the last few days the plague has taken a new and more malignant form which baffles every effort to cure it. From the first the victim has high fever and delirium in which he quickly expires. This phase of the disease is not always accompanied by the glandular swellings. The patients arrive merely to die, thus turning the place into a huge dead house. What a commentary is this upon the teachings of the vivisectors and other prurient frauds included in the term "school of preventive medicine!" They can, by torturing live animals, manufacture acute suffering and generate vile germs in their laboratories, but they can *prevent* nothing.

At length I feel that the sight of so much misery is having a bad effect upon my system, so, as no useful purpose can be served by remaining longer, I shake hands with the doctor and take my leave, passing three more funerals on my way back to the tramcar.

SACRIFICES TO THE GODDESS KALI.

At a corner of one of the plague-stricken streets I noticed that the ground was wet with blood, while yellow

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powder and shattered cocoanut were also scattered about. It was the remains of a sacrifice to the goddess Kali. Among the lower class Mahrattas there is a fixed opinion that this pestilence has come "because the goddess is against us." Hence propitiatory offerings in the form of goats and sheep.

Kali is the consort of Sivia in his destroying character of Time. As such, she is painted of a black or dark-blue complexion. Pictures of her may be seen in almost any bazaar. In one hand she holds the exterminating sword, in another a human head. Her wild dishevelled hair reaching to her feet, her necklace of human heads (often painted as European heads), the wildness of her countenance, the tongue protruded from her distorted mouth, her blood-stained hands, etc., form a vivid representation of the malignity and cruelty which she is supposed to command. And the effect of polytheism is ever such. A Hindu goatherd, out on the sterile plains of the Deccan, once said to me, "You see we do not fear the good gods; it is the bad ones who destroy our crops, kill our cattle and send us disease. So that if we satisfy them with offerings, then we are secure from harm."

In the Kalika Purana the following passage occurs, "The flesh of the antelope and the rhinoceros give my beloved (*i. e.* the goddess Kali) delight for 500 years. By a human sacrifice, attended by forms laid down, Devi is pleased 1000 years."

EXPLANATIONS NEEDED.

A little farther on I came upon a company of people sitting out in the road. Piled up on every side in the direst confusion, were their cooking pots, sleeping cots,

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boxes, bird-cages, cats, and children. Yet they did not appear angry, so I enquired the reason of this strange upheaval. It appears that a municipal officer had taken the trouble to explain kindly to the people that their houses were to be lime-washed and that, as it was for their own benefit, he wished them to assist him by removing their utensils for the time being. They gladly acquiesced and did so without any murmuring. Were this pacific method observed in every case, and high-handed methods avoided, it is most probable that some of the existing obstinacy and prejudice would be effectually removed. The people of all lands (India being no exception) like to be informed and trusted in connection with administrative measures.

HEATHENISM'S STRANGE EXPEDIENTS.

The following telegram, which needs no explanation, was sent from Shikarpur to a Bombay newspaper by a pandit named Swarvapdas:—

"I undertake to free Bombay of its plague if goat flesh, fish, and liquor is supplied to me for sacrificial purposes in quantities sufficient to equal approximately a day's consumption in Bombay. Further condition is that no slaughter of larger animals should take place on the day the sacrifice is offered, and am ready to leave for Bombay on invitation. I require neither remuneration nor traveling expenses."

Other piratical priests are earning money by tying sacred strings upon the wrists of the people, pretending thus to secure them from the pestilence in the same manner that the Somali diving boys at Aden wear bronze charms which they believe will protect them from sharks. In some localities the police have been dispersing these

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would-be sacrificers who make money out of the misery and terror of the poor.

ATTACKS ON THE PLAGUE VAN.

In several instances the people have forcibly attacked the persons who were sent to remove patients to the hospitals, believing that the authorities poison the victims. On one occasion the driver of the vehicle was severely handled and the van itself partly smashed, while its bedding furniture was thrown out on to the road.

A COSTLY BUT EFFECTUAL PREVENTIVE.

So many are ready to find fault with the Municipalty that one naturally hesitates before attempting anything in the way of criticism, even when such appears to be valid. But a comprehensive and thorough examination of the gullies and enclosures of this great city, has brought forcibly home to the writer the fact that the whole substructure of the place is predisposed to foulness by the very things intended to cleanse it. The water used far ablutions as well as for flushing purposes, under the present system, *sinks into the earth* and so breeds poisonous germs. But if every landlord were compelled to put stone or cement paving in front of his property as is done in Western cities, then the water could be used without forming mud. At present the gutters and footpaths are such that the more they are washed, the more mud and the more damp smells do they give birth to. The expense consequent upon the invariable use of stone (or its equivalent) for all gutters and footpaths, would be very great, but perhaps not greater than the cost of thousands of precious lives, to say nothing of the injury to commerce and the city itself. Meanwhile the pestilence is widening the scope of its operations, and the poor are as sheep without a shepherd.

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In a letter to the *Bombay Guardian* of June 18, 1897, Edward Berdoe, of London, England, denounces the quackery engaged in among those who pretend to know something of plague remedies. He says:

At the sitting of the Vienna Academy of Sciences on May 21st, 1897, the medical men who were sent to India to report on the plague made a verbal communication on the state of affairs which there prevailed. They affirmed that neither Dr. Yersin's serum inoculation, nor Dr. Haffkine's preventive lymph, had proved successful. They promised that a more explicitly written report would be laid before the Academy at an early date. It is a very curious and a very instructive fact that all the serum prophylactics and anti-toxins work wonders if we may credit the reports of the persons whose interest it is to boom them, especially when they are first introduced. Dr. Koch's tuberculin was announced with a great flourish of trumpets and, as we all remember, proved a ghastly failure. His Rinderpest inoculations, though not so tragic, are as valueless.

The *British Medical Journal* (June 12th) informs the world that happily "the epidemic of plague which has devasted Bombay since September, 1896, is practically at an end." Now the journal in question is our most strenuous advocate of serum inoculations and bacteriological prophylactics, yet it is compelled to admit that "improved sanitation is the weapon by which this dread scourge has been and will be fought" (p. 1493). In a leading article on "Haffkine's Plague Prophylactic," the same scientific authority says concerning the inoculations: "It would almost seem as if the old definition of a physician as one

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who poured substances about which he knew little into the body about which he knew less, were exemplified in the modern scientific Therapeutist." The editor proceeds to explain that all this opens up a vast field for research, and thinks there is "a good hope that important results may follow the ultimate solution of the puzzle." So far as I can see the important results of this line of research will be found in

THE MANY LUCRATIVE POSTS

that will be filled by experimenters on living animals, and the large sums of money which will fill the coffers of the bacteriological quack nostrum venders. To this end the experimenters are doing their utmost to establish a Bacteriological Laboratory in the Calcutta Medical College.

The Ceylon Government has accepted the offer of Mr. J. W. C. de Soysa of 10,000 rupees for the establishment of a Pasteur Institute at Colombo.

Now these things cannot be brought about without giving grave offense to the native population of the Indian Empire, and as an English medical man whose sympathies are entirely in accord with those of our Indian fellow-subjects on the question. I protest against the outrage on their ethical and religious principles involved in these projects as strenuously as on scientific and medical grounds I protest against the attempt to cast out bacteriological filth by casting in still more filth. Plagues and pestilence are filthy diseases and sanitary measures alone can banish them. The truth about Pasteur Institute and bacteriological inoculations is simple and indisputable. It is quack-nostrum mongering, and nothing pays like quackery. It is office-seeking, well paid posts for men who

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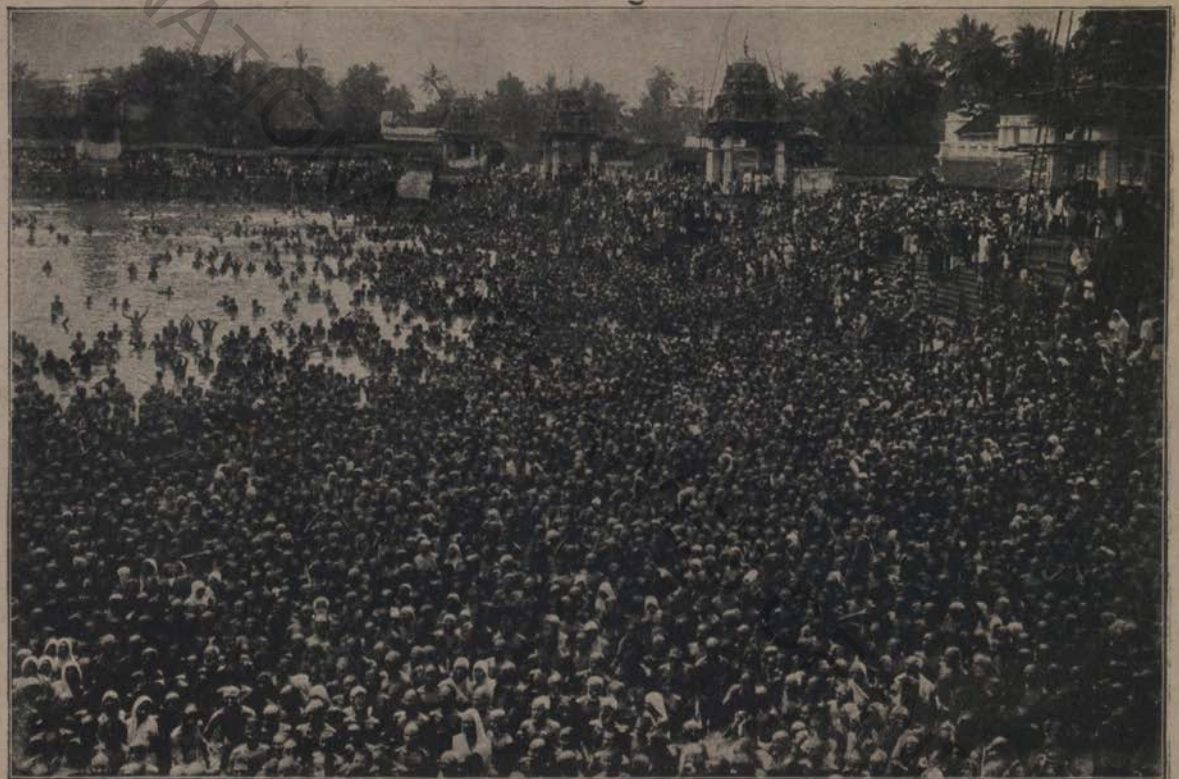

MAHA MAHAM—THE GREAT HINDU BATHING FESTIVAL.

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could not obtain a comfortable living so easily at any other business. As this is the fact, I hope the Indian people will not be exploited to further the business, but that such a strong opposition will be excited that the Indian Government will be forced to stay its hand.

Many of the most devout Hindus sought immunity from plague by visiting all the sacred bathing places —a good plan apparently, for bathing would be highly beneficial to the great majority whom I met. But instead of being benefited, some have taken the disease from others who came there for the same purpose and as the crowd is great, the heat often intense, and the water contaminated on the whole, very little if any physical benefit is obtained, although with the Hindu this is a religious rite. Some Brahman priests, for a cash consideration, pretended by a silly ceremony to charm their ignorant customers against the plague, taking the venom of it upon themselves, then beating the plague demon out of their own body with chains. These Brahman priests are a burden to the poor people, human leeches who feed upon the resources of the people, bleeding them of their possessions. The people groan, but dare not complain, for fear of incurring the displeasure of the priests, who are believed by the common people to have the power to deprive the complainant of eternal happiness, and assign them to a place of everlasting torment and misery, unless their relatives make a cash atonement to the priest for the lost one.

In speaking of the Hindu custom of bathing I must yet mention their greatest bathing festival, Maha Maham, for elementary water plays a prominent part in their religion, and many people in this country are religious. They

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feel that they have sinned, and wish to get the pollution removed. This great blessing is generally expected to be obtained by bathing in some river or tank, supposed to be sin-destroying. It is the earnest wish of most Hindus to bathe at least once in their lives, at one of these supposed holy places.

While this desire to wash away sin is to be praised, the means employed are worthless, and only increase the guilt of those who adopt them. The truth of this will now be shown.

God is everywhere, and it is not necessary to go to distant places to worship Him. Pure water may cleanse the body; but it cannot purify the soul. A Hindu writer says: "He whose heart is not pure, will not be clean though he should rub his body with as much mud as would form a mountain, and bathe in the Ganges as long as his life would last." But by bathing in many tanks even the bodies of pilgrims are not cleansed. Many go into the tanks with unclean diseases or running ulcers, the water is fouled, the mud is stirred up, and people leave them far more filthy than before.

Is the nature of a man changed by bathing at these places? Does the thief become honest? the lustful man pure? the liar truthful? When pilgrims visit holy places, do they receive any good advice about giving up sin and walking in the paths of virtue? Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the managers of the temples vie with one another in getting up amusements to attract people. Crowds of prostitutes collect to ply their trade; thieves to steal.

Throughout all India, from north to south, from east to west, there are supposed holy places. To induce

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people to come to them each is declared to be the most sacred in the world. Brahmans living near the Ganges sound its praises; others on the banks of the Narbada, claim that it is far superior.

One of the principal festivals in South India is bathing in the tank or pond called Maha Maham, at Kumbakonam. To induce people to come, the Brahmans have invented the following story:

The goddess Ganga became covered with black sores from washing away the sins of those who came to bathe in her stream. In her distress she fell at the feet of Siva and sought his help. He told her to bathe in a tank at Kumbakonam on the full moon day when the planet Jupiter enters the constellation Leo, which it does every twelve years. On that day the water of the Ganges would enter the tank, and by bathing in it she would get rid of the disease. Even the guilt of murdering a Brahman would be removed by bathing in the tank at that time. It is asserted, that not only the goddess Ganga, but the other gods come down from heaven to bathe in the tank.

All this is a fiction of the Kumbakonam Brahmans to induce foolish people to come that they may be enriched by their offerings. Similar lies are told at other supposed holy places. Like rival shopkeepers each praising his own goods, the Brahmans vie with each other in telling the biggest lies to extract most money from simple-minded pilgrims. Each says that sins can be washed away there, which cannot be removed anywhere else.

Oh, my Hindu friend, there is no goddess Ganga; there is only a river, fed like other rivers, by rain and snow. As there is no such goddess, the story that she

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came to bathe in the Pushkarini tank is only an invention of the Kumbakonam Brahmans.

Formerly it was thought that great merit would be acquired by drowning in the tank. This has been prohibited by the British Government, and the water is only about knee deep when the festival commences. When the people leap in crowds into the tank, the mud is mixed with the water till it is about waist deep. The Brahmans say that this arises from the water of the Ganges entering the tank, and the people are so wanting in sense that they believe it. When they come out of the tank their clean white clothes and bodies are smeared with mud, and their souls are as polluted with sin as ever.

Instead of becoming healthy many die by going to great festivals like that of Maha Maham. From the crowds which assemble the ground becomes covered with filth. Cholera frequently breaks out, and as the pilgrims separate, they scatter the seeds of the disease in every direction. Besides the pilgrims themselves, thousands of people who stay at home thus lose their lives. This year cholera of a very bad kind prevails in some parts; every one attacked dies. The consequences of the Maha Maham festival may be fearful. Besides losing their money, people risk their lives by going to Kumbakonam.

The true way to obtain pardon of sin and other blessings is to ask them from the one true God, the Creator and Lord of heaven and earth. He gave us life and keeps us in life. He is our great Father in heaven, but we have been disobedient, rebellious children. He has provided a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who became incarnate for our redemption. Trusting in Him as our Savior, and

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seeking pardon in His name, all our sins will be washed away. God will purify our hearts, watch over us through life, and take us at last to dwell for ever in His heavenly palace.

In closing this chapter my readers will heartily join me in a most devout hope that the plague, which has again broken out in Bombay and other places, will soon cease. At this present writing (March 10, 1898) I am in receipt of news from Rev. E. S. Hume, Bombay, that the plague is seriously on the increase; that there were 150 deaths per day from all causes, about forty being of plague. The Lord preserve His valiant soldiers of the cross in their work of mercy and of love.

VERY LATEST FROM BOMBAY.

Just as Chapter III was closed the following telegram was received from Bombay:

BOMBAY, MARCH 9.—Serious plague riots occurred to-day in the Native Quarter. Several persons were killed or wounded.

The trouble arose through a plague party's inquiring into the cause of sickness of a Mohammedan woman. An enormous crowd of low caste men gathered and stoned and mobbed the party, who retired for an escort of armed police, and then returned and re-demanded the surrender of the patient, which was refused. A Parsee magistrate who exhorted the populace not to resist the police was himself struck, whereupon he ordered the police to charge. They did so, and seven Mohammedans were killed, and several were wounded.

GENERAL ASSAULT ON EUROPEANS.

The disturbance spread with alarming rapidity throughout the whole quarter of the Bhendi Bazaar. The

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Mohammedans, joined by the Hindus, assaulted every European or Eurasian they met, and a hysterical mob attacked the European dwellings in the suburb of Bycaulla. The residents barricaded themselves in their houses, and fired blank cartridges from their windows, which drove the rioters off.

Troops were hurried to the scene, and a battery of artillery was soon patrolling the Bhendi Bazaar.

The outbreak was specially directed against Christians. It is difficult, owing to the excitement, to obtain correct details regarding the number of killed or wounded. Cavalry has been ordered from Poona to assist in patrolling the streets, and the volunteers have been called out. The city to-night is in the hands of the military.

The soldiers who were killed were walking unarmed. Many European officers and policemen were severely handled and seriously injured. In several instances Europeans who were traversing the Native Quarter alone were beaten or stabbed. Some were dangerously injured.

In various parts of the city, plague ambulances were seized and burned. Attempts were made to burn the hospitals, and the European nurses had narrow escapes. Finally the troops escorted them to a place of safety.

The mob attacked the Jamsetjee hospital and badly wounded Mr. Gillespie, the house surgeon, but was repulsed by the troops. The outbreak is regarded as the most alarming that has occurred in India in many years.

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The Earthquake of 1897.

CHAPTER I.

EARTHQUAKES—THEORY REGARDING THEIR CAUSE—EARTHQUAKES OF HISTORY.

There is (probably ten, possibly many more, miles) beneath our feet, a laboratory, the chemical and other contents of which, under certain conditions, would be powerful enough to blast this old earth into millions of fragments and send them flying through space, homeless wanderers like the flying meteors we now occasionally see. A little powder, igniting within a confined space, will shatter solid objects many times its own bulk. A little water in a vessel, say, a small boiler, will, when heated, change and expand into steam, and this increased bulk, still within the same space, will begin to press against the sides, top, and ends of that boiler, everywhere seeking a place of escape. If all escape is cut off it will press harder and harder until the pressure becomes the equivalent of several hundreds of pounds to the square inch. Finally the pressure becomes greater than the boiler that holds it can withstand, and the latter gives way. The great pressure suddenly released is called an explosion. These explosions are violent in proportion to the resisting power that they first overcame. Whether then they be caused by steam or powder or some other chemical, they can do enormous damage, as was so recently shown in the case of

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the U. S. batt'e-ship Maine, in the harbor of Havana, Cuba. This explosive force once released from its original confines moves onward with fearful power until it has spent itself in space or upon the more solid objects of resistance which lie in its way. There is a miniature earthquake. The windows in the vicinity of a great explosion are shattered, not by flying pieces, but by the "force of the explosion," in other words, by the sudden pressure of the air, a full explanation of which can be found under the head of "Wave Theory" in any good encyclopedia. This wave theory holds good, not only in connection with air and water, but with earth also. Notice the windows rattle when a heavy freight train thunders by at high speed, even a hundred or more yards away from the window at which you sit. The earth trembles, hence the weight of the train causes enough of a local earthquake to make the windows rattle in the line of the train's course.

This kind of earthquake is however caused by exterior forces, as is also that caused by the explosion of a boiler, the discharge of a cannon, etc., and all of these cause a tremor that is *very* slight and *very* limited in area.

The laboratory within the earth contains gases and vapors that are seeking a place of escape. In some localities they find a vent through the crater of a volcano, such as Etna, Vesuvius, and others. These volcanic eruptions and subterraneous disturbances in early ages, when the crust on the surface of the earth was still comparatively thin and more easily affected by pressure from within, caused the huge mountains and deep valleys, the abrupt precipices, canyons, etc. But what a power that must have been that would push up the earth into a range of

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mountains! The explosion of a boiler of 120 horse power that carries a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch will wreck a thick wall of solid masonry, and will pile up the debris perhaps twelve or twenty feet high, but that is all. Or an exploding mine will dislodge hundreds of tons of earth and stone, but that is all. Now think of any locality—we will call it a boiler—say, a mile or more in diameter, filled with gases and vapors that exert a greater pressure than that of the steam in the strongest boiler. At last this immense charge "goes off;" distributing its force in the direction whence it finds the least resistance. This explosion may be many miles below the surface of the earth, but who can measure its force? In the vicinity of this "focal point" of the explosion —that is to say, within several hundred miles of the "scene of the explosion"—this old earth that seems so solid beneath our feet becomes very shaky indeed, and it rocks in waves or concussions or *shocks* almost like the waves of the sea, not so high, but strong enough to make buildings stagger and reel.

One would think that the greatest damage done by an earthquake would be directly over the focal point, but such is not the case. It is true that the actual force may be the greatest at that point, but the force there is about vertical, that is, up and down, until the force has finally spent itself. The vibrations of the earth are always away from and toward the focal point, hence the vibration will be more nearly parallel with the earth's surface at some distance from the focal centre than it is at a point directly above it. For this reason an earthquake seems to become more and more destructive for some distance at least, as

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the vibrations move farther and farther away from a point vertically above the focal point; for it is evident that the "backward and forward" motion of the earth is more injurious to buildings and *seems* more violent to the human eye and sensibilities than the up and down motion.

Sometimes this seismic focus lies beneath the ocean. The effect is doubly disastrous to the coast towns within its vibratory reach. The force, vibration or wave travels through the earth from 1000 to 1500 feet per second, according to the density or nature of the formation through which it passes; the tidal wave on the ocean, occasioned by the earthquake, travels more slowly, hence the latter, sometimes as high as fifty to sixty feet, comes along after the earthquake has done its destructive work and completes the work of destruction, by sweeping all before it, deluging everything, and then sweeping back into the sea everything within its grasp. Such was the case at Lisbon and Cadiz, in the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755. Other coast cities have suffered like double disasters in more recent times.

If we may suppose that earthquakes are caused by the same forces that produce volcanoes, then from these same volcanoes we may learn what immense power is pent up within the bowels of the earth. A cannon ball a foot in diameter requires an immense amount of powder to be projected two or three miles; but from a volcano whose crater may be a mile in diamater, rocks and scoria are belched forth with such immense force as to drive fragments forty miles from the crater!

Earthquakes are far more numerous than is generally supposed, as many as a hundred or more having been

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noted in a year by scientists. Many of these are, however, very slight and do no damage. In violent earthquakes the ground, during the continuation of the oscillations is rent, fissures varying from a few inches to many feet appearing at the surface, always at right angles to the focal point and inclining downward toward that point.

It is truly wonderful to contemplate what mighty forces the Creator has at His command. They obey His laws, and though man may in the study of all these natural phenomena forget the Hand that fashioned, and the Mind that conceived these things that we sometimes call *natural* causes, yet the man who sees God in nature realizes that all things are made and controlled by Him and He uses them all to His glory.

Indeed, when we contemplate such awful and overwhelming phenomena, the workmanship of Him who laid the foundations of the earth and who superintends the operations of all its elementary principles, we have reason to exclaim, "Let the nations say unto God, How terrible art Thou in Thy works! Let all the earth fear Jehovah; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him!"

Want of space forbids a detailed account of all the great earthquakes known to history, hence a few only will be mentioned briefly.

During the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness, an earthquake caused the ground to cleave asunder, "and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that appertained unto Korah." That this was a divine visitation upon a set of murmurers does not make it any the less a matter of history; for He who has fashioned the earth, inaugur-

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ated all her potentialities, and can and does use these so-called natural means to fulfill His divine will for the welfare of His own.

At the time of the Crucifixion there was an earthquake, by which the vail of the temple was rent in twain, and the graves were opened, by the fissures, no doubt, which follow the path of the earthquake.

At the eruption of Vesuvius in 1794 a shock was felt for many miles about the centre of the disturbance; for the houses at Naples, seven miles away, were in a constant tremor for several hours, so that the bells rang and doors and windows rattled incessantly. Of the underground rumblings which accompany or precede almost every earthquake, and the fearful noise attending the eruption of Vesuvius, Bishop Berkley says, that it was like the mixed sound made up of the raging of a tempest, the murmur of a troubled sea, and the roaring of thunder and artillery, confused together. He heard it at a distance of twelve miles and describes it as having been *very terrible*; how must it have been to those near by? Since volcanoes and earthquakes seem to be related to some extent, I would yet add that at the eruption of Cotopaxi, South America, in 1744, Humboldt tells us that the flames issuing from the immense crater rose 3000 feet into the air and the roarings were heard *600 miles away.* Humboldt himself was at Guayaquil—150 miles away—at the time and "heard, day and night, the noise of this volcano, like continued discharges of a battery, and we distinguished these tremendous sounds even on the Pacific ocean."

Next to volcanoes, earthquakes are the most terrific phenomena of nature and far more destructive to man and

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the labors of his hands. The ravages which earthquakes have produced are terrible beyond description; because the terrible agent of destruction comes without more than a moment's warning, and accomplishes its work in almost a moment. Some parts of the earth's surface are less subject to such dire visitations than others, but none are absolutely secure. In Asia Minor, the ancient historian Pliny tells us, twelve cities were swallowed up in one night. In the year 115, the city of Antioch, and a great part of the adjacent country, were buried by an earthquake. About 300 years later it was again destroyed, along with about 40,000 inhabitants, and only sixty years later a third earthquake again laid it low, burying in its ruins some 60,000 souls. In 1755, as already mentioned, the city of Lisbon, Portugal, was destroyed by an earthquake and a terrible tidal wave which followed immediately after, killing 50,000 of the inhabitants. The fine marble docks, the wonder of every mariner, were suddenly swallowed up during the second shock, with many thousand people who were standing there for safety, having fled hither at the first shock. A number of ships near by were likewise engulfed. It seems as though an immense fissure must have opened, into which everything around it was engulfed, and then closed up again, for not a vestige of the dock remained. After the earthquake the city took fire and the ruins burned for six days without interruption. It was an awful catastrophe. This terrible earthquake was felt over the greater part of Europe and Africa and a large part of the Atlantic ocean.

Two years before this the city of Lima, Peru, was almost entirely swallowed up during an earthquake. Many

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thousands of people were thus swept out of existence almost in the twinkling of an eye. Many others were suffocated by the sulphurous fumes which were belched forth from the fissures.

In 1692 the city of Port Royal, in Jamaica, was destroyed by an earthquake in the space of two minutes, and the houses sank into a gulf over 200 feet deep. In 1693 an earthquake in Sicily either totally destroyed or greatly damaged 54 cities and towns, and many villages. The city of Catania was utterly overthrown; the sea suddenly began to roar, Mount Etna to send forth huge spires of flame; immediately a shock ensued as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once. The shock lasted but three minutes, but in that short time, between nineteen and twenty thousand people were ushered out of mortal existence. This shock was felt within a circumference of 7,000 miles.

In 1811 and 1812 a succession of earthquakes devastated the Mississippi valley, so changing the surface in many places that new lakes were formed and others completely erased. This change of the earth's surface is one of the features of earthquakes. For instance, on the 19th of November 1822, the coast of Chili for a long distance was found to have risen from three to four feet. The same coast line has since been subject to numerous upheavals and depressions consequent upon earthquake shocks. Another instance of the kind is furnished by the Bengal (India) earthquake of 1762, when an area of sixty square miles, along the coast near Chittagong, suddenly sank beneath the level of the sea, leaving only the highest points above water. On the coast of Great Britain, near

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the town of Deal, many centuries ago, the same catastrophe occurred, burying many people.

In 1812 (Holy Thursday, March 26th) the city of Caracas, capital of Venezuela, was suddenly overwhelmed by an earthquake. A slight tremor, lasting ten or twelve seconds, was suddenly followed by a series of explosions louder than the loudest thunder clap heard in the tropics, and in the space of a few minutes nine-tenths of the fine city was in ruins, burying about 10,000 victims. Not many years before this the great earthquakes of Messina and Riobamba wrought equal destruction.

In 1822 the city of Aleppo, that plague and earthquake-afflicted city in Syria, occupying the site of the ancient city of Berea, was visited. Two-thirds of the city was laid in ruins, and out of 200,000 inhabitants 30,000 perished. This city has been so often visited by calamities of all kinds that its population is growing smaller every decade, the plague in one year having carried off 60,000 inhabitants.

On the 7th of May, 1842, at 5 P. M., the town of Cape Haytien, in the island of St. Domingo, was totally destroyed by an earthquake and 10,000 out of a population of 15,000 perished. The towns of St. Nicholas and St. Paix were also tumbled into ruins, and other towns greatly damaged. In all about 20,000 perished. The shock was felt in Cuba, also in Florida and Louisiana and other gulf states.

In 1848 an earthquake in New Zealand caused a fissure averaging 18 inches for 60 miles in length. Another one following in 1855 opened the earth along the base of a line of cliff for a distance of about 90 miles.

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One of the most fearful earthquakes of the present century occurred on the island of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. On the 20th of May, 1883, the volcano on the island, which had been inactive since 1680, began to send forth smoke, and on the night of the 26th of August following there was a violent earthquake, when suddenly two-thirds of the large island, fifteen square miles, with all that was thereon, was forever buried beneath the sea! The surface of the earth seemed, literally, to warp, for in other places nearby small islands sank totally out of sight, while in other places new ones were formed.

On the Sandwich Islands there have been many disastrous volcanic earthquakes since 1834, the gigantic volcano Manaloa having been in a state of violent eruption frequently since that time, especially in the years 1880–1887. Since then, however, the force of the eruptions has lessened considerably.

The recent earthquakes in Chinese and Japanese territory are still fresh in the memory of the reader. Great as was the catastrophe in China, when many thousands lost their lives, it was not so great as several that are mentioned in this chapter.

From this necessarily brief review of earthquakes in the past we will now turn our attention to the great earthquake of 1897 in India.

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CHAPTER II.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS FROM MANY DISTRICTS—ENORMOUS DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—LOSS OF LIFE.

Not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of India has anything approaching the awful catastrophe of the kind which overtook Bengal and Assam on Saturday, June 12, 1897, been known. The weather on the evening of that eventful day was close and sultry; slight monsoonish showers had fallen during the day, and the evening was quiet. Suddenly a slight tremor was felt, the usual premonition of the greater shock which soon follows. In Calcutta and other towns most people thought the creaking of doors and walls, the slight vibrations of timbers and floors, and the rattling of windows, was due to local causes, such as the rapid passing of heavy carts over the rough streets.

It was not long, however, before all doubts as to the true cause of the disturbance was painfully apparent. In a few seconds after the first vibration was felt, the shock was repeated, this time much stronger, and everybody knew an earthquake had come upon them. This occurred shortly after 5:00 P. M., the vibrations having caused nearly all the clocks in the city of Calcutta to stop at that time. The earth waves moved from south-east by east to north-west by west, and for fully two minutes continued to increase in violence, until everything was swaying and rocking; then they began to subside, and in five minutes

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all was over. But what havoc those turbulent five minutes had wrought. The lower part of the city looked as if it had been bombarded; only one church in the entire city escaped serious damage, and it is generally conceded that, had the vibrations continued to increase in violence for but one minute longer, the whole city would have been laid in ruins. As it was, the people were panic-stricken. The Mohammedans sank on their knees, crying *Al-al-al-al;* the Hindus fell down and shrieked; the Christians, though calmer, were filled with the gravest fears, and there was weeping, lamenting, groaning, shrieking, calls for help, cries of pain everywhere. The plague had invaded India, then the famine carried away thousands whom the plague had spared, and now it looked as if that part that had been spared the former calamities was being visited by the most fearful catastrophe of all. Well might the people cry, "What will come upon us next?"

The "City of Palaces," as Calcutta is sometimes called, presented a sad sight. The rising and the noonday sun saw a city of splendor, the setting sun well nigh a city of ruins. In speaking of the effects of the earthquake in Calcutta, the *Bombay Guardian* of June 19, 1897, says:

A large amount of damage was done to property, including churches and prominent public buildings. The Cathedral and other churches were so seriously injured that they cannot be used till they are repaired. About fifteen feet of the Cathedral spire fell. An enormous balustrade on the Town Hall fell bodily. In Bentinck street and the surrounding lanes there has been great destruction of property. Nearly every building in this

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part of town suffered to a marked degree, rendering most of the European and Eurasian residents with their families practically homeless. During the earthquake, veritable panic occurred in that crowded quarter. Two houses in Bentinck street collapsed.

66 BENTINCK ST., CALCUTTA.

St. Mary's Home, in Marquis street, the third terrace of the building, which was occupied by seventeen inmates and five adults, collapsed with but little warning, and the Lady Superintendent, viewing the dangerous situation, had the little ones got out with all speed. Within a second or two of their rescue, down came this portion of the structure, together with a small verandah to the east of the second floor, which fell right into a connecting room on the ground floor. Providentially no one was hurt. This caused great excitement and almost a panic

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among the girls, who were immediately removed to other rooms on the ground floor. There were a few elderly inmates of the Home who suffered much by the shock and had to be removed to special quarters under medical supervision.

STATESMAN OFFICE, CALCUTTA.

The premises of the *Statesman* and the *Indian Daily News* were badly damaged. The latter came out on Monday as a small four page supplement, printed at another press.

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A number of native houses were damaged, but most of the population were in the streets viewing the mohurrum procession at the time.

But Calcutta seems to have suffered less on the whole than some places in the districts. Shocks are reported from Hughli, Burdwan, Balasore, Diamond Harbour, Comilla, Durbhanga, Gidhour, Chupra, Mozufferpore, Monghyr, Dacca, Jamalpore, Murshidabad, Gopalpore, Raniganj, Bankipore, Mudhupore, Patna, Darjeeling, Kurseong, Dumka and Kohima in Manipore. Also from Sonada, Akhanla, Lakhipore in Cachar, Purulma, Samastipore, Dulabcherra, Lucknow, Agra, Chittagong, Allahabad, Coconada and Madras. Many of these places, while reporting shocks more or less severe, have not much damage to record, and the loss of life, considering the extent of the wave, is wonderfully small. But others have suffered severely. At Pubna

THE JUDGE'S AND COLLECTOR'S HOUSES CAME DOWN.

Three shocks were felt during Saturday night all along the dried-up bed of the Icchamati river, and a curious phenomenon was noticed. Mud volcanoes were formed, which ejected their contents to a height of from four to five feet. One of these was active for fully an hour and a half. After the shock was over, large cracks also opened along the banks of this river and the Ganges, some of the depressions being six feet deep and twenty feet wide. To add to the general discomfort heavy rain fell during the night, which damaged a great deal of property, which could not be removed from the ruined houses.

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At Jamalpore four workshops, belonging to the East Indian Railway, are either wholly or partially destroyed. All Europeans are rendered homeless, and two hair-breadth escapes are recorded. Murshidabad suffered as severely as any district. There is scarcely a house which has not been damaged, and destruction to property is enormous. There were no casualties among the Europeans of the station, but certainly eight or nine deaths occurred, possibly more, among the natives of Khagra and Saidabad.

Several deaths at Murshidabad took place under tragic circumstances. A number of beggars were being fed in a house when the shock came, and in trying to escape by a narrow passage some of them were buried. One woman was extricated from the *debris* five hours after the building fell, with no more harm than a broken leg. A child was taken out dead. A cloth merchant was killed by a falling house, and another woman was taken out dead from the ruins, while another was buried under the same pile. Telegraphic communication is stopped, and it is reported that nearly every house in Azimganj, where the Jain bankers reside, is wrecked, and that eight dead bodies have been found.

Dacca reports several deaths and destruction of the Metford Hospital, Shahhen Medical Hall, and the Nawab's Dilkasha House. Four houses have completely collapsed at Darjeeling, and a number of others have been rendered untenantable. Considerable injury has been done to tea gardens in the district. Through traffic to Calcutta from Darjeeling is suspended in consequence of some bridges beyond Siliguri having collapsed. The act-

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ing governor-elect of Bengal, Hon. C. C. Stevens, was compelled to return to Darjeeling.

Startling news comes from Shiastaganj in the Chittagong district.

THE POSTOFFICE SANK AS IT STOOD

and was buried with all its fittings, furniture, cash chest, etc. There was no one at work at the time and the house was empty. In several places earth has cracked and water is seen rising from the ground. Quite a panic is said to have seized the town.

The breaks on the Eastern Bengal Railway have led to the temporary suspension of through booking, and for the present passengers are unable to go beyond Sara. No interruption is reported from other main lines of railway, although there is partial interruption on the Assam-Bengal. Nothing in the least like a tidal wave followed upon the shock. According to the Port authorities there was not even the semblance of a bore on the river on Saturday evening. The tide in Calcutta at the time of the earthquake vibrated one foot and ten inches, but no damage was done. Some of the masters of vessels in the river report having heard a rumbling noise as if steam was being blown off, but they only afterwards discovered what it was. The water in the tidal canal rose and fell only three feet.

A telegram from Saugor states that the shock was felt there about 5:05 P. M., and was extremely severe.

A correspondent writes us from Chunar that the earthquake was felt there and that the pucca-built house in which she was staying swayed back and forth gently like the rocking of a cradle.

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GREAT DESTRUCTION IN ASSAM.

News reaching Bombay on Thursday morning only, brings the intelligence that Assam and Eastern Bengal have suffered more severely than any other place so far reported. A tidal wave is said to have destroyed the bazaar at Goalpara and caused the loss of sixty lives. At Gauhati the roads are fissured for miles, and the railway has disappeared. Shillong has also suffered terribly. The Chief Commissioner wired to Simla from Shillong on the 13th:

"Terrible earthquake occurred in Shillong yesterday afternoon, June 12th, at 5:10 P. M. All masonry buildings including the Government House, Secretariat, church, jail, public offices, and private houses levelled with the ground."

The mortality is believed to be slight, but Mr. McCabe, the inspector-general of police, was killed by his house falling on him. I deeply deplore his death, which is a great loss to the administration. There were many narrow escapes, including my own and my wife's, but I know of no other European killed. Many employees in the Secretariat Press were killed by the building falling in on them; one or two deaths occurred in the military lines, and some more in the bazaar, but no details are available. The public and private losses are very heavy, and practically nothing has been saved anywhere. The official records and press lie under the ruins.

"There is heavy and continuous rain all night and all day, and a severe seismic disturbance at frequent intervals. The position of the ladies and children exposed to the elements is very trying. Arrangements are be-

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ing made to provide temporary shelters in very difficult circumstances."

Shillong 16th.—"No news as yet from Sylhet or Cachar. Devastation on the Cherrapunji Hills is very great, and the Company Gauge Railway destroyed. I fear the loss of life must be considerable at the coal mines and the lime quarries in Shillong.

Mr. Rosenrodia, survey pensioner, was killed by the falling of his house. Gowhatty and Goalpar are wrecked, but the loss of life is very small. The earthquake was felt at Tezpore and Mungeldia, but apparently less severe. No news yet from Upper Assam. River communications are open, and steamers running. Our road to Gowhatty is being reopened. Seismic disturbance is still frequent, and last night was severe. Mr. Strachey, the agent of railways, who went out to Cherrapunji and has just returned, gives the worst possible accounts of that place, whole

VILLAGES HAVING FALLEN DOWN THE SIDE OF THE HILL.

Chuttuck was submerged, but many saved themselves on the limestone flats."

"Executive Engineer, Sylhet, says:—Town levelled with the ground, and subsidence of villages reported. Great destruction of food-supplies is inevitable, and I anticipate severe scarcity throughout Sylhet. I would ask, if possible, for immediate deputation of additional engineer and civil officers to assist the Deputy Commissioner at this great crisis."

At Isvarganj, in the Mymensingh District, the river changed its course. The fields are covered with layers of sand six feet deep, burying crops and seedlings. The price

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of rice is now expected to go up to six seers per rupee. At Serajganj, the canal has been filled up with sand.

The Sylhet station seems to have suffered more than any. All the Kutcherries and bungalows are down, and a large number of prisoners was entombed in the ruins of the jail."

THE RETRIBUTIVE HAND OF GOD.

Rev. H. F. Laflamme, of Cocanada, India, in common with many others, sees the retributive hand of God in the disasters that befell Bombay and Calcutta. In a letter written June 29, 1897, he says:—"In the year 1894, the black death ravaged the city of Hong-Kong, and set her population of 211,000 souls trembling at its awful presence. When I reached the city of Bombay in the middle of January 1897, it was in a state of panic. The streets were deserted, the timber yards, and other busy centres, were wrapped in an ominous silence, the railway stations were crowded, and the populace were fleeing from the presence of the scourge at the rate of several thousands a day, an exodus which rapidly reduced her magnificent population of over 800,000 souls to half that number, of whom 15,000 went down to the city of the dead.*

These are both British cities, and they stand at two of the ends of one of the blackest roads that ever ran outside of hell. Hong-Kong is the principal commercial entre-

* These figures are much below the actual number. Mr. Laflamme probably followed the official weekly returns regarding the deaths, but the unreliability of these has been officially admitted. Probably the deaths from plague in the city of Bombay amounted to at least 20,000. An estimate of the exodus, from careful observation, is that it was nearly three-fourths of the population, or about 600,000.

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pot of Southern China, if not of Eastern Asia. The chief objects of trade are opium (imported), and tea and silk (exported). Mark that word 'OPIUM,' and the bracketed word, 'imported.' Imported from whence?

In the year 1840, three years after the ascension of the queen to the throne, the governor of Huk-wang, Lin Tse-su, was ordered by the emperor of China to proceed to Canton, the inside of the threshold of which Hong-Kong is the outside, a city under Chinese control, with full power never before conferred on any private subject, to stop the opium traffic. At that time it was reported in Canton that the Emperor when recounting the evils inflicted on China by opium, paused and wept. Then to Lin he said, 'Alas! can I die and go to the shades of my imperial fathers and ancestors until these direful evils are removed?' Lin went out from that interview to Canton, shut all the British merchants up in their residences, confiscated the opium they had been engaged in smuggling into China, and destroyed 20,283 chests, valued at about $11,000,000. The opium war ensued. The British were victorious, and the opium was crammed down the Chinese throat.

On the 27th of May, last, Mr. Benjamin Broomhall, in a public meeting in London, showed that during the sixty years of the Queen's reign, the export of opium from India to China had been at the rate of

HALF A TON FOR EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY AND NIGHT.

The total revenue arising has been £254,000,000, in round figures. Now the hour of retribution has come. Hong-Kong is the chief entrepot into China, Bombay is one of the chief exporting cities of India for China's awful curse

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of opium. From Hong-Kong to Bombay, a distance of 3,000 miles as the crow flies, and much more if one follows the course of commerce, the plague leaps. It lays its ghastly hand on Bombay. The iniquitous profits of many years are consumed in a few months in fighting that dread foe and in driving it from the city.

But Bombay is not alone as the chief exporter of opium. Calcutta, her great commercial rival, and the capital of India, sends an important contribution to that diabolical lump of half a ton of opium for every hour of the day and night during sixty long years. What a stream of seething rottenness! It is Calcutta that God is now dealing with. On June the 12th, late in the afternoon, God looked on the City of Palaces, and the earth shook. Psalm 104:32. In five minutes' time one crore of rupees in household property was in ruins. But God did not stop His hand there. He shook all that corner of India which shoulders China, up into Assam and the lower reaches of the Brahmaputra.

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." What is true of the individual is true of the nation. India has been sowing "half a ton of opium for every hour of the day and night during sixty years of the Queen's reign" into helpless China. Now in this year of Jubilee, when all the empire is rejoicing over the reign of the noblest, the purest, the most constitutional monarch the empire has ever known, India's joy is mixed with many tears. The plague has been gnawing at her vitals in Bombay and Karachi, the famine spreads over her North

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and Central Provinces the pall of death and woful suffering, and now on her whole north-eastern border—the only part of her vast territory that touches China, and the land which she has wronged above all others and irreparably—

SHE IS SHAKEN WITH AN EARTHQUAKE,

the magnitude of which has never been equaled in the modern history of the land. Railways are torn up, great towns are levelled to the earth, villages are hurled down mountain slopes, river banks subside and let in the destroying flood, the tea gardens lose fifteen million pounds, and the entire country included in an irregular ellipse of about four hundred miles or more in extent, with Calcutta as the conspicuous centre, though not the geographical centre, is shaken into panic.

In Calcutta began that series of prevarications, falsehoods and perjury which culminated in Bombay, and consummated in the Report of the Opium Commission to both Houses of Parliament in the year 1895, one of the most prodigious prostitutions of truth ever known in the history of Parliamentary Commissions. In this year of jubilation, God has chosen those two great metropolitan centres and has laid His hand of rebuke heavily upon them. They are the ears of India. Shall we hear and heed God's word to us? Haggai 2:6–9.

A CHAPTER OF CALAMITIES.

In order to give the reader a proper appreciation of the havoc wrought by this third and last calamity of India, I will let those speak who were eye-witnesses, or intimately acquainted with the actual condition of things. For many of the accounts I am indebted to the *English-*

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man, a Calcutta daily of great influence and large circulation. The illustrations found in this chapter are reproduced from photographs which I brought with me from India. They cannot fail to impress the reader with the violence of the shocks which must have wrought such ruin.

DESTRUCTION IN BOMBAY.

An eye-witness gives a sensational account of the appearance of the High Court during the earthquake. He writes:—I was on the Maidan in front at the time and had a good side view of the tower, which swayed heavily for a distance, I should say, of not less than four feet. I fully expected to see it come down by the run, and the crash of fallen masonry in the adjoining street seemed a fitting prelude to the overthrow of the lofty and imposing tower which is the most distinguishing landmark of Calcutta from the river. However, the wave passed, leaving the tower inclining several inches in the opposite direction to the old bias. Several of the pinnacles have been twisted around until they are quite out of line with the moulding. Evidently, the engineers who underpinned the tower a year or two ago, are to be congratulated on their work, for, on the whole, it has come well through a terrific test. The inner verandahs of the main building and the courtrooms have been damaged in places, but not to any serious extent.

The Bank of Bengal suffered in no way. Mr. Aitkin, of the firm of Messrs. Mackintosh & Burns, was quickly on the spot and pronounced everything safe. Some of the assistants were in the bank at the time, and they timed the shock as lasting five minutes. Mr. Cruick-

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shank's official residence also escaped, but Messrs. Sanderson & Co.'s office suffered somewhat, a window sunshade coming down with a crash. The Royal Exchange experienced a heavy shock, two doors of the Chamber of Commerce buildings were broken, and a gentleman stated to our reporter that he timed the shock as lasting five minutes.

St. Andrew's Church and the Old Mission Church have been seriously damaged. Some fourteen feet of the steeple of the Scotch kirk appears to be cracked and to be held on in its place by a wire rope which is coiled round it. A great crack appears on the east side of the building.

The Imperial Museum shows a great crack on the north side of the main gateway. The crack is in the centre of the arch and extends some way up the entablature. The new additions to the museum are not damaged. In the art section some thousands of rupees' worth of pottery and other articles have been smashed.

The Calcutta Police Office and the Coroner's Court in Lall Bazar street have been badly damaged. A portion of the roof of the court gave way, and the resident clerk, Mr. Godfrey, had to abandon the premises.

Rai Buddree Dass Bahadur telephoned yesterday evening to the Lall Bazar Police Office that the pucca premises, No. 69 Burtollah street, was likely to collapse. Mr. Paget, the Deputy Commissioner, went to the spot and, after an inspection, directed the necessary steps to be taken.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Perhaps the southern division of the town suffered most severely. The scene in Dhurrumtollah street when

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the shock commenced was one of intense excitement. The European and Eurasian residents left their houses and ran out into the streets panic-stricken, and some went so far as to remove their furniture and belongings to places of safety. A newly-erected portico to the house occupied by Dr. Feldstein suddenly came down with a tremendous crash, and Dr. Feldstein, who was in the house at the time, at once made for the street with his dog. He had hardly reached the pathway outside when down came the portico, causing a good deal of damage to the medicines stored in the side rooms. The whole of the front of the house looks as if it had been torn away. The gable over the clock tower of the Church of the Sacred Heart oscillated considerably, but no apparent damage was done.

The building alongside Messrs. Lister & Co, chemists and druggists, has an added part at the rear hanging at an angle of several degrees, threatening to collapse at any moment. The upper floor contiguous to the Belattee Bungalow, in the occupation of Messrs. Moore & Co., is a total wreck. Happily it was not occupied at the time, but the damages to furniture and other fittings is said to be great. The Great Eastern Hotel suffered in no way, but so great was the fright occasioned by the shock to one lady visitor that she had to be carried out in a dead faint. The dining-room of the assistant secretary, Mr. H. A. Phillips who resides in No. 1 British Indian street, suddenly fell in. Mrs. Phillips and the other members of the family had just had afternoon tea and gone out, when the building fell.

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Round the corner in British Indian street the premises of Messrs. Traill & Co. were almost wrecked, the front portion of the building and a portion of the roof came down with a tremendous crash. A few minutes before the establishment ceased work, and the large staff of

MESSRS. TRAILL & CO., CALCUTTA.

employees had left for their respective homes. One of the European employees, who resides on the premises, was at the time in his private room and escaped with difficulty. The adjoining building, the office of the *Indian Daily News*, has also suffered severely, the walls in several places have been badly cracked.

Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co.'s premises have been considerably damaged, and the upper story has been rendered uninhabitable. The building occupied by Messrs.

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Boseck & Co., jewellers, facing Spence's Hotel, has also suffered badly. A portion of the roof has completely given way, and those who were in the premises at the time had a narrow escape. Spence's Hotel has had a severe shaking, and the flight of residents in more or less light and fantastic garb, was very precipitate. The building shook as though in convulsions and a great deal of plaster and several seamy walls bear testimony to the force of the shock.

Many of the large buildings on Chowringhi bear traces of the strain they have undergone. At the Dhuriumtollah end the premises of the *Statesman* are seriously injured. The United Service Club and Bengal Club have come out of the trial with little beyond the usual record of cracked walls and fallen cornices. Mr. Ezra's house presents a dilapidated appearance. The cornice and verandah have fallen into the street. The Bishop's palace is rather badly cracked, and other buildings have sustained considerable injuries.

The spire of the Free Church of Scotland in Wellesley street came to grief. About fifteen feet of it fell to the ground to the west and in the enclosure of the church, but did no injury to passers-by. The south portion of the boys' department of the Calcutta Free School was very much shaken and the west wall of the middle section connected with the portico is considerably damaged. The girls' department suffered in no way by the shock, and the girls are perfectly safe. In consequence of the sudden catastrophe, the boys' department was at once closed, and the lads sent home a week before the midsummer vacation. The east and west of the buildings are pronounced perfectly sound.

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In a house occupied by two old pensioners in Market street, Messrs. Elloy & Gomes, the whole of the west wing suddenly fell a complete wreck, and the former gentleman, who was of advanced years, had to be dragged out from the debris. The other members of the family escaped miraculously, and all had to quit the quarters before dusk. The spire of Kilderpur church has been injured, but the building itself received no damage.

THE HOSPITALS.

The Medical College Hospital suffered most seriously, and the panic that occurred among the patients is indescribable. Most of the patients rushed out of doors, but some of the hospital staff, with exemplary courage, remained with those who were unable to move. It was some time after the shock before the terrified patients could be persuaded to return to their beds. There are some bad cracks in the wall and over the archways. The second surgeon's ward has suffered most. In the south verandah of the hospital the massive pillars are cracked to a dangerous extent.

The Calcutta General Hospital has suffered a great deal. The two ends of the structure are badly damaged, while the centre hall, set apart for some of the European patients, is in dangerous condition. The patients have been removed from the hall to other quarters. One European patient, named Clive, an actor by profession, had a narrow escape. He was lying unconscious at the time in a special ward, the walls of which were suddenly observed by his attendant (his own servant) to crack. The man lifted his master out of bed, and just as he emerged from the room, the walls caved in.

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NORTHERN DIVISION.

A number of houses in the northern portion of the town were more or less damaged, the walls being either badly cracked or the plaster torn off. In Amherst street, a two-storied house fell with a tremendous crash on an adjoining tiled hut, killing two persons. The rest of the inmates managed to escape. In Chitpur Road, in a house known as Fouzdaree Balakhana, two men were badly injured by the falling of a portion of the wall. They were removed to the Medical College Hospital. An Ooryah, while pulling the punkah at No. 3, China Bazar, was slightly injured by a lot of bricks falling upon him. The Jewish Synagogue in Pollock street had a piece of the tower torn off, and the interior of the building was considerably damaged. The tower of the Jewish Synagogue in Canning street is in a dangerous condition, a portion of the building having collapsed.

In house No. 84, Lower Chitpur Road, a man was injured by the falling of a verandah, and in house No. 56, Upper Chitpur Road, a woman was injured by the falling of a verandah. Another woman received injuries in house No. 36, Munshi Sudduruddin's Lane by the falling of a portion of the portico. In Cornwallis street and Beadon street there were no very serious damages, or injuries to person and property.

A RUINED HOME AT BALLYGANJ.

Several houses along the Circular Road have been seriously damaged, and three at least have been uninhabitable. A correspondent thus describes the shock as he felt it in this suburb: He had just driven up to one of the houses in the road named and was on the lawn talking with the hostess of the house. Suddenly a strange, inde-

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scribable swirling about the feet was felt almost as bad as standing on the deck of a steamer pitching. This strange sensation, with lightning rapidity, mounted to the head and gave one the feeling of being inebriated. As the result of a kind of mutual wonderment, both simultaneously looked at each other with questioning faces. Then the earth gave a perceptible lurch, and it at once dawned on them that it was an earthquake. Immediately the lady of the house gave a piercing cry for her children, who were in the house. At the same moment the house was seen to be rocking and a quantity of plaster fell from the outside walls. A brief lull in the earth's vibrations ensued, and to the intense relief of all, a bearer rushed out with one of the children, followed by the husband, two younger children and a string of servants. By this time most of the faces were blanched, and as the approach of another shock was felt, general fears were entertained as to whether the house could withstand another such shaking. The scene of the mother and children clinging to each other in the awful apprehension of the moment was most affecting, and must have been repeated in many instances in and around Calcutta. Gradually the earth rumblings became more distinct, culminating in an upheaval which it is no exaggeration to say made standing a matter of some difficulty. The second shock was by far the worst. For fully a minute and a half the house was rocking from side to side, plaster and tiles falling in all directions, and crashes inside telling of furniture and ornaments being smashed wholesale. This house, like many others—for a hurried glance around revealed houses similarly oscillating—literally trembled in the balance,

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and one more slight shock would have sufficed to bring it crashing to the ground. At last the seismic seizure died down, and, in strangely altered voices, mutual congratulations on the escape were exchanged. Then came the question of interior damage. After some time the house was re-entered, and such a scene of wreckage presented itself as to call forth further lamentations. Every room in the house was in a greater or lesser state of chaos, and one room, the children's, was devastated. Had they not been removed just when they were, nothing, humanly speaking, could have prevented their being killed. In every apartment the floors were covered with plaster, beams and brick dust; strewn in all directions were broken ornaments, pictures and knick-knacks; while heavy pieces of furniture had been hurled a distance of yards. It is hardly necessary to add that the house is absolutely untenantable at present. One of the members of the family subsequently observed that he was playing the piano when the first shock occurred and that the sensation of having the instrument slip eighteen inches from him and then to be lurched almost bodily upon it was an altogether novel one, and not particularly pleasant. While this is only one instance of a partially demolished house by the earthquake, it may be taken as being fairly typical of many others.

REPORTED LOSS OF LIFE.

Up to a late hour the loss of life was reported to be eight—five in Amherst street, one in Burra Bazar, and two in Watganj. All these are natives, and, setting aside the Howrah report, no Europeans are among the killed. Twelve natives have been injured, and it is to be feared

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that many casualties have yet to be reported. There are rumors of loss of life in Harrison Road, but these have not so far been verified.

ON THE EASTERN BENGAL STATE RAILWAY.

The earthquake was severely felt at many of the stations on the Eastern Bengal State Railway. At Kaunia the shock was felt at 16-24 hours (railway time). The earth cracked in several places and sand and water issued in large quantities. The damages to life and property are not yet known.

A telegram intimates the collapse of a railway bridge at Pachuria, between Rajbari and Goalundo.

THE EAST INDIAN RAILWAY.

The East Indian Railway authorities have been flooded with telegrams which have brought to light quite a series of damages caused to stations on the line. The Howrah railway station itself has to a certain extent escaped any very serious damage. The departure platform, from appearances, has been unaffected, but the arrival platform, which is supported by huge pillars on one side, has suffered. The damage, however, is slight and can be easily remedied.

DAMAGE AT HOWRAH.

At Howrah many native houses have been damaged, but they were nearly empty at the time, owing to the Mohurrum festival. According to custom it begins at 2 P. M. and ends at about 10 P. M. All old double and treble-storied houses have suffered badly, almost without exception. Most of these buildings were occupied by Europeans, who have been put to the greatest inconvenience in the search for other quarters. The Roman Catholic

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Church in Cullen Place, and St. Thomas' Church on the Maidan, have sustained extensive damage. The former structure has been cracked to a dangerous extent.

A large two-story building, the property of Mr. C. N. Banerji, the deputy magistrate, has been completely wrecked. St. Agnes' Convent, a two-story building in King's Road, has met with a similar fate. The house of Mr. Jewell, assistant railway traffic superintendent, at No. 42 Howrah Road, and an adjoining house, are in a dangerous state. The house of Mr. Dufhill, station master of Howrah, on Grand Trunk Road, has practically collapsed. The palatial residence of Kumar Rameswar Malia, No. 6, Cullen Place, has been completely wrecked. Two houses belonging to Babu Hurry Mohun Bose, vice-chairman of the Howrah Municipality, have been rendered uninhabitable. The Howrah Court is dangerously cracked.

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

The Sunday services in the Cathedral were well attended, considering the fact that some people were nervous as to the spire. At the morning and evening services the congregations were asked to make a special act of thanksgiving to God for preservation, and the preacher in the evening, at the close of the sermon, briefly alluded to the event, pointing out that such a visitation of God and such preservation from danger was a subject to make every one think seriously and show thankfulness by a more devoted and less selfish life.

In St. Andrew's Church, one of the most injured of all the churches in the city, it is an old custom to give a free breakfast to poor Europeans and Eurasians early every Sunday morning in a verandah at the back. After

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the breakfast the people gather in the hall upstairs for a short religious service. There was the usual full attendance last Sunday, but when the adjournment was made to the hall the appearance of the masonry in the south-east corner, where the wall is cracked right through, was so alarming that those in charge moved one row of seats and directed the people to avoid that part of the room.

In most dissenting churches in Calcutta a few words of thanks for preservation of life were included in the prayers. In the Methodist Church on Dhurrumtolla street the minister made a pause in the exercises and the familiar doxology was twice sung by the congregation.

A SENSATIONAL LEAP.

The Calcutta Central Government Telegraph Office was the scene of great excitement when the shock was first felt. In a body the signallers stampeded. They scrambled out of the room and rushed down stairs into the roadway. In the rush a military signaller, Private Norris, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, instead of following the others, made for a window, which he mistook for a door, and jumped out. Luckily the portico of Messrs. Octavius, Steel & Co., which adjoins the telegraph office, broke his fall, but he rolled over and came to the ground, a height of about fifteen feet, sustaining serious injuries.

A severe earthquake shock was felt at Buxar on Saturday, June 12th, at 4:20 P. M. (railway time). It appeared to last three or four minutes. No damage was done beyond the fall of a servant's house in the bazaar. Several long cracks in the ground have been noticed, one in the compound of the jail superintendent's house is 100 yards long and has split up a pukka tennis court. It is

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said to be twenty years since an earthquake has been felt in Buxar.

At the end of to-day's Simla weather telegram occurs the following note:—No telegrams have been received from Assam and North Bengal, which are probably the centre of the earthquake wave which was felt over a very large area extending west of Bombay and Simla. The time of the occurrence was about 4:45 P. M. (railway time).

EFFECT OF THE RAIN ON DAMAGED BUILDINGS.

As might have been expected, the rains following the shock have considerably widened the cracks and fissures in nearly all the affected buildings in Calcutta, and it would not be at all surprising if before many hours elapse many of these structures will cease to occupy the position they have hitherto done. An instance of this was afforded yesterday, when the building known as the Old Church Girls' Parochial Home adjoining the Coroner's Court in Bow Bazar street, partially gave way. The noise caused by the widening of the already cracked walls and the displacement of mortar and plaster, caused quite a panic among the children, and there was a general rush for the road. A large crowd of spectators assembled on the spot, and Inspector Frizoni having arrived on the scene warned the teachers not to attempt an entrance. Accordingly the day scholars were sent home, while the boarders, who are mostly orphans, were marched to the Old Church Mission rooms where they have been temporarily lodged.

About 3:03 P. M. yesterday during a heavy shower the whole of the main frontage of a two-story building at

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the corner of Canning street, opening on to Strand Road, came down without a moment's warning, and considering the congested state of the traffic at that point, the wonder is that there was no fatality. The falling debris carried away several small shops which have been for years past doing a thriving business in the sale of native sweets, parched gram, betulnut, and soda water. The terrified shopkeepers fled in a body, never even once turning round to note what had been the fate of their stock-in-trade.

THE SOUTHERN DIVISION.

The office of the meteorological reporter to the government of Bengal, in Russell street, has been very badly damaged. The whole of the second flat of the building is partially wrecked, especially the walls of the rooms facing south and the verandah. Mr. Little's bedroom is in a dangerous condition, the walls have parted, and huge blocks of brick and mortar have come down, to the detriment of furniture and fittings. The room adjoining to the west is a mass of ruins, and will be required to be rebuilt. On the floor of the verandah there are cracks about three inches wide, while the portico facing the north looks as if it would crumble to pieces. Mr. Little has had to move into other rooms. Fortunately Mrs. Little and the children had gone home only the other day, for they occupied the bedroom that has suffered so much. Mr. Little was one of those who did not feel the sensation of the shock, for he was out riding that evening. The building is the property of Mr. Ezra.

Mrs. Walter's boarding house, No. 9 Russell street, has been completely wrecked, and will have to be taken down and rebuilt. There were several ladies and gentle-

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men lodging there at the time, and a Mr. and Mrs. Bent had a hair-breadth escape. They occupied rooms facing the north, adjoining a hall which gave way and fell right through, coming down with great force. Mr. and Mrs. Bent rushed below, and a second or two later their room

RUSSELL ST., CALCUTTA.

came to grief. The boarders have lost a great deal of property through the walls falling in, and the place is now deserted. The whole of the back portion has collapsed.

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No. 32 Chowringhi has been very badly shaken. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel were away at Simla, but Messrs. Westall and Brown, who were on the third floor, had a narrow escape. They were getting ready to go out when they found their dressing rooms giving way on all sides. They rushed out, and after the shock it was found that the place was uninhabitable.

DAMAGE ON TEA GARDENS.

From the "Englishman," June 15, 1897.

Enquiries made yesterday of the leading tea garden agency firms in Calcutta reveal the fact that considerable damage has been done to garden property in Assam, Cachar and the Duars. The factory and buildings at the Amluckie estate, Assam, have been seriously damaged; the Cutlacherra garden in Cachar is in a similar plight; so also the Bulla Barria property in the Duars. In Sylhet the damage to gardens, machine houses, and factories has been general and very severe. The Balasera tea garden has fared worst of all, and is reported to be completely wrecked. In Cachar two bungalows at the Doloo garden have collapsed entirely, the factory house being badly damaged. The pucca bungalow at the Nagaisuree tea estate in the Duars has been demolished.

From telegrams received by Mr. Little, the meteorological reporter for Bengal, it appears that the earthquake was very severe in Assam. Telegraphic advices received from Salona state that brick buildings and several bungalows in the occupation of planters have been overthrown, and that the destruction in general is the first of its kind known in those parts.

At Serajganj the shock was terrible. The Munsiff's Court buildings are partly in ruins. The wind-vane has

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been thrown off its position with the pillar. The anemometer remains steady, but is inaccessible. The earthquake occurred at 5:13 P. M., and deranged the reading of the maximum thermometer, which was read as low as 80 seconds, and therefore rejected as unreliable. The shocks were felt on Sunday at intervals.

From Bogra we learn that the meteorological office there has sustained much damage. The anemometer wind-vane has been destroyed, the barometer has fallen, and the thermometer is out of order from the shock.

ON THE ASSAM-BENGAL RAILROAD.—AN "ACT OF GOD."

Comilla, June 13.—"An 'act of God' occurred here yesterday afternoon," telegraphed a local station master in his quaint way hitting off the situation to a nicety. A few more "acts" and the Assam-Bengal Railway, which has only risen to the dignity of passenger traffic from Chandpur to Karimganj within the last month or two, would have been literally cut off in the heyday of its youth. We all know the Assam-Bengal Railway hereabouts—I am not speaking necessarily of Comilla, from which place I am writing at the moment—and we all love it, and laugh at its eccentricities just as fond parents behave toward their favorite spoilt child. How we used to smile to see the diminutive train carefully picking its way through the *fari* near Shamshernagar, and how concerned we were when the difficulties it encountered there proved too much for it, and it quietly turned over on its side and took a nap until the necessary repairs had been executed. Then at Srimangal what fun it often was to see the engine careering down the incline serenely unconscious of the fact that it had left its complement behind it. I say we are all fa-

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miliar with these amiable little weaknesses of the Assam-Bengal line, and it was, therefore, with an indulgent smile that I suddenly woke up near Shaistaganj from a nap on Saturday afternoon—I was traveling by the down mixed train—to find that we seemed to be descending into a deep hollow after the style of the switchback railway. This was followed by sundry bumps, and finally, with a groan and a shiver, the train came to a standstill.

"What a humorous little railway it is!" I cried for the hundredth time that day, as I took a flying leap out of the carriage window after a young official in the traffic department who happened to be traveling by the train, and who seemed to appreciate the fun as much as I did. We went up the line and found the engine completely derailed with several carriages, while behind us the permanent way was torn up like a newly ploughed field. "Congratulate you," said I warmly. "That last idea was splendid. Where did you hit on it?" "What idea?" enquired the official. "Why, running us off the line," said I, enthusiastically. "No other line would have had the enterprise to do such a thing so soon after its commencement." "Don't you know the cause of this?" enquired the official, quite gravely, and I saw I had made a mistake, but tried to brazen it out. "Fun, I take it," I replied lightly. "No, indeed," was the rejoinder, "it's the earthquake." "What earthquake?" asked I incredulously. The official pointed to the ground by the side of the permanent way, which certainly had cracks in it, and as I still refused to be convinced he handed me a telegram from a station master, who spoke of a "monstrous earthquaking." This prepared me for what followed, and presently the official produced

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a whole sheaf of eloquent messages from B. A.'s of Calcutta at various stations along the line, each telegram being dipped more deeply in lightning and eclipse than the last. "Then," said I, with some indignation, "this is not part of the show?" "I'm afraid you will hardly think so," was the grim reply, "when I tell you that we shall probably be detained here all night." And practically we were. We unloaded a couple of hundred chests of tea in order to topple a goods van over the embankment, after which the train went on again very slowly, feeling its way along the level, and stopping whenever it came to one of the deep ruts torn up by the earthquake. At last at 2 o'clock in the morning we stopped near Mantollah, the line being quite impassable. Turning in for the night we were up shortly after day-break, and after a consultation between the officials—the assistant engineer had trollied up from Shaistaganj—it was decided to bring on the European passengers to Akhaura by trolly, and to invite the natives to take a little walking exercise in the same direction. So we were trollied up, taking note of the havoc which had been wrought by the way on various houses and bridges. I was rather struck with the stoicism displayed by the assistant engineer. At one station a telegram was handed to him informing him that his bungalow had been destroyed. "Beastly nuisance," he observed, with an aggrieved air, "I've seen it cave in in a storm, but this is the first time it has played me such a trick on account of an earthquake." We got into Akhaura about mid-day, or something like twenty hours behind time.—*Cor.* "*Englishman*," *Calcutta.*

Several of the outbuildings of the Cossimbazar Rajbari (Maharani Sornomoye's) were wrecked, and one

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death is reported. The Maharani and her household were uninjured. Babu Ashutosh Roy's house was badly injured, and two maid-servants were killed. From the ruinous appearance of the town it is miraculous that there were not more deaths. Telegraphic communication has been stopped, and it is impossible to ascertain how adjoining towns have fared. It is reported that nearly every house in Azimganj, where the great Jain bankers reside, is wrecked, and that eight dead bodies have been found. The Imambara at Murshidabad has been wrecked, and great harm has been done to the Palace. Mr. Keogh's factory at Sujapur has been partially destroyed.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE NAWAB.

Further shocks of earthquake were felt at Berhamper on Sunday, but they did not work any havoc. Fuller details of the effect of the shock at Murshidabad reveal that every house in the bazaar was wrecked, and several persons were killed. The Nawab Bahadur had a very narrow escape, the whole room in which he was sitting falling in just as he reached the door. His escape is the more remarkable as he is quite paralyzed, and was only carried out in the nick of time.

It is almost certain that the effect of the earthquake will increase the numbers on famine relief.

PHILOSOPHICAL ELEPHANTS.

North Bhagalpur.—A severe shock passed over this part of the country at 4:50 P. M. It was felt in Madhipura, Latona, Pipra Bazar, Dumaria, Diwanganj, Partabganj, Poaluwa and Darbhanga, covering a wide area. It created quite a panic in the bazaars, interfering with the Mohurrum festivities. Everywhere people rushed from

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their houses for safety. Pucca buildings swayed to the extent of nine inches. Two have collapsed and many others are cracked and damaged. Many people fainted, and two died from the effects in Partabganj. Two elephants sat down in Pipra Bazar.

DAMAGE TO RAILWAYS.

The acting manager of the Eastern Bengal State Railway gives the following particulars of damage done to railways:

On the Eastern, Southern and Budge-Budge section the permanent way and bridges were practically undamaged, the one exception being a bridge at Panchooria, which was reported unsafe for trains. But stations and buildings suffered to some extent, the duration and severity of the earth shocks being apparently about the same over these sections as in Calcutta.

On the Northern section from Sara to Atrai, the permanent way and earthwork were not much disturbed, but three bridges over the Burral, Baraloe and Atrai rivers were reported unsafe for trains.

From Atrai, mile 39, to Saidpur, the bank has sunk or been upheaved and the rails thrown out of line in many places. At Nilphamari, mile 132, the station-yard and the line on either side are reported to be absolutely wrecked.

NOT EVEN TROLLY SERVICE.

On the remaining portion up to Siliguri, the worst damage was done between mile 154, near Chilhati, and mile 165, near Manda Ghat. Full particulars have not been received, but it is understood that the permanent way, earthwork, bridges and station buildings are all so

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seriously affected by the earthquake of the 12th, and subsequent shocks up to the 14th, that not even a trolly service can be established until considerable time and labor has been spent in carrying out repairs.

On the Behar section the line near Katihar was disturbed by earth cracks crossing the bank, but the damage was not so serious as on the Northern sections. Communication between the Behar and Northern sections was interrupted for a time owing to the damage to bridges between Dinagepur and Parbatipur, the principal bridge reported unsafe being that over the Atrai river. Communication was restored by the 14th by trolly service over the bridge, and subsequently by pushing carriages over.

ON THE DACCA SECTION.

Trains could be passed between Narayanganj and Dacca after the earthquake. Two days later the line was open to Gafergaon, and is expected to be ready for trains to Balipara in a day or two. From Balipara to near Mymensing the bank has sunk and cracked, displacing and twisting the rails so that about six miles of line has to be lifted and relaid.

EAST OF PARBATIPUR.

The line through Rungpur to Kaunia is reported unsafe throughout for trains, and the same report has been received regarding the narrow gauge lines leading to Jatrapur and Kuch Behar. The reports received from all stations on these lines speak of cracks along and across the line, from which sand and water welled up and spread over the rails. The cracks and sinking of the ground have caused a general displacement of the per-

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manent way throughout, bending rails and breaking joints.

On Saturday Serajganj was visited by a severe earthquake, doing a lot of damage to the station. The weather, though hot and muggy, had given no indications of any disturbance of this kind, and towards the evening it was cooler than it had been for some days and a little rain had fallen at mid-day. At a little after 5 P. M. a muffled rumbling sound was heard, sounding very like a strong wind from the north, followed immediately by one prolonged and severe shock of earthquake, lasting three and one-half minutes—slighter vibrations continuing for a long time afterward. The ground heaved like a ship at sea and walking was impossible. As soon as the first shocks had diminished, the ground opened all round, and volumes of black mud poured over the earth, the effect being horrible in appearance. Shocks of more or less intensity have continued till this morning (16th).

The damage done here is enormous. The Serajganj Jute Company's mill is very badly damaged, about one-quarter of the chimney having fallen on the building, and the walls have in many places sunk considerably. The whole concern will most probably have to be entirely rebuilt. The manager's and assistants' bungalows have all been badly damaged, and all the company's European employees are now living in tents. The house of the sub-divisional officer is totally wrecked and is only held together by the iron bars in the building. The telegraph office, however, which is very close at hand, seems to have received little or no harm. The post office has collapsed entirely, and the Munsiff's courts have also been damaged.

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Messrs. Landale & Clark's manager's bungalow is in ruins, and Messrs. Mactavish's bungalow has been badly shaken. The roads have suffered a great deal here, large rents, both deep and very broad in some places, appearing all over the station, and rendering driving about impossible, as in parts the roads have sunk, leaving a drop of six to ten inches.

In the native quarter almost every one of the pucca houses has been damaged, the one occupied by the Bank of Bengal being the most injured. A big "kotee" of Babu Neem Chand, a native banker, collapsed, killing two persons in its fall. Reports from outside state that a lot of damage has been done in some villages through the ground sinking, but no loss of life. Tanks have sunk in some places and in others the bottom appears to have been forced up. Almost all the pucca wells have been broken and filled up with mud. The earthquake has been the most severe ever known even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

ACCOUNT FROM DARJEELING, (JUNE 14.)

There is such a feeling of suppressed excitement still in Darjeeling. Telegrams and rumors are flying fast, and we, not knowing the worst, are imagining all possible ills. Crowds of people have rushed down to the plains, and many have had to return, as they found they could get no farther than Siliguri for four or five days at least. So we find ourselves cut off from any means of escape, and from mails, newspapers, etc. Urgent telegrams are crowding into the telegraph office so thick and fast that an ordinary one will not be sent at all. Since the great earthquake on Saturday evening we have been having

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continual shocks and tremors up to the present (Monday evening), as if mother earth, once having asserted her authority, could not again quietly subside. Oh! Saturday evening was truly awful. The great shock lasted three minutes, but it was the longest three minutes imaginable. We were sitting in the drawing room so quietly just after tea when the bang-banging of the windows, accompanied by a violent shaking and the trembling of everything, together with the swaying of the furniture and ornaments of the room, announced something unusual.

"Oh!" we exclaimed, "it is an earthquake, an earthquake." With a dazed feeling we made our way to the garden, encountering the others hastening down the stairs. The house meanwhile was rocking like a ship at sea and the ground heaving. There in the garden we stood clinging on to the fence, watching the chimneys toppling. A roar went up from the bazaar, which was crowded on account of the people gathering for the big Sunday market. Just below us the Mohammedans continued their mad dancing procession, it being their Mohurrum. And weird enough it all seemed. It was a long time before we could ascertain how much damage was done. One exclaimed, "Oh! look, Woodland's chimneys have tumbled!" and another, "Oh, Oh! look at Craigmount." Again we got the news that Annandale House had fallen. That soon proved true, as the refugees came seeking shelter with us. "Collingridge," the Maharaja of Kuch Behar's beautiful residence, was uninhabitable. We were deputed to send the telegrams for the whole household to friends in different parts of the plains. The Mall and the roads were thronged with people on

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ponies, in dandies, or walking, and all with the same dazed faces, discussing the same exciting theme. From scraps of conversation we caught, there had been a regular panic on the Mall, ladies fainted, etc. Everywhere we could see fallen or toppling chimneys and cracked houses. The odor of medicines from the chemists' shops proclaimed a

CRAIGMOUNT, DARJEELING.

large number of broken bottles within. The telegraph office was crowded with people sending messages, and the telegraph clerk did not seem at all displeased at his unusual harvest.

Many of the houses in Darjeeling are useless until rebuilt, and many, of course, are only just fearfully cracked. Caroline Villa is one of these. Every room in the house is cracked. The chimney fell throughth e roof

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into one of the lady's bedrooms. It is truly appalling, the devastation of those little three minutes. Craigmount, the residence of Mr. R. Laidlaw, is a wreck. Two children were alone in the house when the shaking began, one, the youngest, lying on the bed. With great presence of mind the other carried her down the stairs, being hit by a falling brick on the way. In a very few minutes

SOOM TEA ESTATE BUNGALOW, DARJEELING, INDIA.

that bed was filled with bricks and mortar, and a great beam was lying on the stairs. Sleep has been an impossible thing the last night or two. People are ever watching and ready for another great shock.

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By way of enlivening the situation during the continued shocks, we regaled ourselves with stories of all the awful earthquakes, Lisbon, Charleston, etc., and when those failed we even had recourse to the last days of Pompeii. To complete the consternation, news is coming in of almost the destruction of Calcutta. No

SOOM TEA ESTATE, DARJEELING.

doubt reports are highly exaggerated, but at best they are appalling. And we who have our little all there are waiting for further news, breathless with suspense. All the surrounding tea plantations have suffered greatly.

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Bloomfield is a ruin, and Soom (Mr. Nash's estate) is totally destroyed. Tukvaar and many others are badly injured. It is marvellous that all the people have escaped. The people of Soom are without shelter.

PARTICULARS FROM SHILLONG.

ANOTHER LISBON.

The earthquake is unequaled for severity in the knowledge or experience of any one here. It occurred at 4:45 P. M., on Saturday, the 12th instant, without warning or forecast of any kind. The first terrific shock began and continued for three or four minutes with unabated violence. The earth was like one vast piece of machinery in motion, so violent and regular was the action. In the space of two seconds every building was levelled with the ground. From a central point of view, the writer saw the beautiful church and all the houses on the same line razed to the ground, only a cloud of red dust remaining. The sensation experienced is indescribable. The scene was heart-rending—children screaming, invalids being dragged from their houses, people hurrying wildly to and fro, all intent on finding or learning the fate of those dear to them. Riders, who had gone out in the district, came scurrying back from the danger they had encountered to face still greater horrors in the station. Two ladies who were driving in the neighborhood of the lake know not how they escaped in safety, the horses rearing and plunging, the roadways yawning in great fissures and falling away on either side. The

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lake rose up like a mountain, and then totally disappeared, leaving only a swamp of red mud.

While it would be impossible to exaggerate the awfulness of the calamity, yet the loss of life is comparatively small. The hour of the catastrophe was a fortunate one. Children were, for the most part, out of doors, as also were the ladies.

With feelings of intense pain I write the few details known of the sad deaths which have occurred. That of Mr. McCabe's will be received with feelings of wide spread regret. He had, for some little time past, been suffering from neuralgia, and exhausted with the pain had retired to bed. There at 4:30 P. M., on the eventful afternoon, Mrs. McCabe left him quietly sleeping, and when she hastily returned from the drive upon which she had just started, and communicated the fact of her husband's position, many friends went quickly to the rescue, only to find their worse fears realized. Death, it is believed, was instantaneous. The remains were speedily extricated, but life was totally extinct. So tragically has passed away one highly esteemed publicly and privately, and the sad event has cast a great gloom over all.* The second death is that of Mr. Bossenrode, of Upper Shillong. His daughter, Mrs. Hudson, left him alive and well at 3:30 P. M. in his own house. We only now know that the house is leveled with the ground, and that all search for the body has, so far, been unsuccessful. The house is a large one, and it is not known in which room the unfortunate gentleman was at the time.

*Mr. McCabe was Inspector General of Police, and one of the ablest and most distinguished officers of the government in India.—ED.

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The loss of native life is not yet known. Over a hundred men were at work in the government printing press when it collapsed, and few have escaped. The Gurkha Regiment, who are doing splendid work, at once directed their efforts to the rescue of the sufferers. A few were extricated alive, and some shockingly mutilated. The regiment, officers and men, worked night and day until they felt it useless to expect life, and more important work was wanted of them.

To-day (the 14th) the work is resumed, but I have not yet heard the result. At present I write these details seated on the shattered remains of my verandah,—dirt and confusion on all sides. Torrents of rain are falling, and the continuation of shocks obliges one every few minutes to vacate even this wretched shelter.

THE SHOCK IN CACHAR.

At 5:15 P. M., on Saturday last, the 12th inst., Cachar was visited by a severe earthquake, which lasted about four minutes. It began with a slight shaking, which increased in intensity until the vibration was so great as to cause feelings of nausea.

There are little things that make one smile when it is all over. A number of Manipuri mistries were at work on a large bungalow in the station, and when the shock began they were bewildered. They hung to the rafters like monkeys, but in a minute or so there was a stampede. When they found themselves on the ground they stood looking up into the sky for the cause of the trouble. The sepoys of the 17th B. I. were very sensible in their ideas. They bolted out of their houses and spread themselves out on all fours, looking like so many monsoon frogs waiting for the rain.

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In the native tanks, which are now pretty full, the water rushed from side to side until it rose in a wave ten feet high. Washstand basins full of water were shaken until the basin was completely empty, water being thrown some six feet away. On the river waves were seen that took one's memory back to the Bay of Biscay. The bed of the river upheaved and made a sight that scared the native mind. Two boats were sunk here, and the river remained rough for at least half an hour afterwards.

THE SEISMIC CENTRE.

AT THE FOOT OF THE GARRO HILLS.

The catastrophe that swept over the whole of North-East Bengal on the 12th instant evidently had its centre in or very near the Garro Hills. The direction of the seismic wave was from north-east and north west towards the south of these points, and Mymensingh and its vicinity within a radius of about sixty miles from the hills suffered severely.

A RIVER FLOWING THE WRONG WAY.

Here is an extract from a letter received from a friend, about twenty-five miles from this and nearer the hills:—"When I first felt the earthquake I went and stood at the door of my bungalow and held on to the posts, and would have remained there throughout, but that I felt the foundation split up under my feet. Just then Mr. H., who was rolling about outside, called out that a large mango tree alongside was about to fall on the roof. I tried to rush out, but felt like a drunken man. The force of the shock, however, had nearly passed, and

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on looking round I saw that my house was about the only one standing, though that was all that could be said for it. There are cracks over fourteen inches wide gaping through the flooring of the cutcherries, and the ground in several places has sunk two or three feet. Just behind my bungalow, a khal six feet deep, with two feet of water in it, has been formed, where there wasn't a vestige of a dip. All around here the ground is cracked, and black sand and muck have oozed out of the splits to about a foot in height, and the stench is dreadful. The river for the whole of Sunday flowed the opposite way to the usual stream, and below my bungalow, where I could easily cross it on my elephant, there are between twelve and fifteen feet of water."—*The Englishman, June 28, 1897.*

A GIRL'S EXPERIENCES IN SHILLONG—THE NIGHT IN THE PAVILION.

It was a quarter past five on Saturday afternoon, the 12th of June. After raining hard for two days and nights the weather had cleared, and the afternoon was lovely. Not a cloud in the sky. My sister and I started out on our bicycles for a ride intending to call at the post office on our way to post the English letters. Just as we were starting my sister remarked what a dreadfully close, hot afternoon it was, so unlike the usual weather at Shillong, and not a breath of air, but we thought it lucky having no rain. We started off up the hill toward the post office along the road by the side of the lake. When we had gone about 300 yards up the hill, I suddenly heard a dreadful roar. I couldn't make out what it was. It sounded like a train, thunder, and a landslip all together, and it came nearer and nearer, and then the ground began to heave

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and shake and rock. I stayed on my bicycle for a second, and then fell off; I got up and tried to run, staggering about from side to side of the road. To my left I saw great clouds of dust, which I afterwards discovered to be the houses falling and the earth slipping from the sides of the hills. To my right I saw the bund at the end of the lake torn asunder and the water rushing out, the wooden bridge across the lake break in two and the sides of the lake falling in; and at my feet the ground cracking and opening. I was wild with fear, and didn't know which way to run. It seemed as if it would never stop, and my one idea was that it was the end of the world. I hoped it would be over quickly, and was expecting the ground to open and swallow me up. And then it ceased. I thought it had lasted fully ten minutes, but it had lasted only about thirty seconds. I ran as hard as I could with my sister to a friend's house a little way off, and to my horror the house was leveled with the ground, not a stone standing and Government House, to the right, was the same. Then I knew that Shillong must be absolutely wrecked.

I started off alone to try and find my father and mother, who were out driving. As I went along everywhere it was the same—not a house standing and people rushing about, wives looking for their husbands, parents looking for their children, every one stricken with terror, no one knowing whether those belonging to them were dead or alive. I then rushed on to the cricket ground, where I found a crowd of people collected. They had all been told to go there, because every one expected another shock, and that was considered the safest place. There were some who had been ill in bed and had rushed out in their

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night gowns with bare feet, and some half-dressed, some crying and some in hysterics,—everything in the wildest state of confusion. And then the rain came and it poured. This seemed extraordinary, because before the earthquake there was not a cloud to be seen, and five minutes afterwards we were surrounded with cloud and mist. Then every one started looking for shelter, and half of us went to the cricket pavilion which was built of wood and had stood, and half went to a row of thatched sheds which were usually used as a bazaar; they were also wood.

The next thing to be thought of was shelter for the night, and the Gurkha soldiers managed to dig out some tents and put them up, and a few went into them, but most of us preferred staying together in the pavilion where we sat upon benches all night, with the rain beating in on all sides. Continual small shocks made us think it was all coming over again. At each shock every one got up and rushed out of the pavilion for fear it would collapse.

At about 9 o'clock some of the men managed to boil some chicken and rice for us, but every one seemed too frightened to eat. The night seemed as if it would never end, and we all longed for daylight. At last it came and most of the energetic ones went off to see if they could dig out any of their clothes and other belongings, but others were too unnerved to stir. Most of the men behaved splendidly. The morning dragged on to the afternoon and then came more anxiety. The natives prophesied another earthquake at the same time that afternoon, and there were several severe shocks. The shocks never seemed to cease; they came about every ten

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minutes all night and all day. By degrees one got used to them and didn't jump up and rush out.

Then came another night not nearly as bad as the first. Nearly all of us turned into tents and slept on mattresses on the ground, but the damp and rain were dreadful. There had been no time to dig trenches round the tents, and the ground was soaking. I slept on a mattress, which was ringing wet, in my wet things. It was two days and nights before I was able to change my things. All the time they were wet through. Some people, of course, had managed to dig out some of their clothes, and, therefore, were better off; those, of course, who were in their nightgowns and could only manage to get a cloak to wrap themselves in, suffered dreadfully.

Day by day things cleared up. Shocks grew fewer and fewer. News came in from the surrounding country telling people that those belonging to them were safe, and that other places, excepting one or two, had not suffered as much as we had. Then small huts were built for us in or near our own houses, where we could superintend the digging out of our things.

I don't think there could be a sadder sight than Shillong—one of the prettiest places in India,—absolutely wrecked, and every house on the ground,—all the work of thirty seconds.

MISS BEADON'S EXPLOITS.

In a letter to a near relative in Calcutta, and dated Shillong, June 22nd, Sister Katie Beadon gives the following graphic and interesting account of the circumstances under which the heroic rescue of Mr. Macnaghten was effected. After explaining that she had only reached

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Shillong the previous day, and that she found her patient delirious, she writes:—

"When the window of the room began shaking he jumped up in bed, and screamed out, 'What is it? what is it?' I said 'keep quiet; it's only a thunderstorm.' At the same time I could hardly stand. The whole floor was heaving. There was an awful creak, when my patient sprang out of bed, and made for the door. At the same time I saw the ceiling give way, and I only just dragged him back and pushed him down by the side of the bed and flung myself over him when the chimney came crashing through and a big almirah fell at the back of me. I was struck on the back by a brick. For some minutes there was a dead silence, and we were choked with dust, the ground heaving up and down. I began to say the Lord's Prayer; and then shouted at the top of my voice. After some minutes I heard the bearer calling to me to say that he could not reach me. I called out, 'Go to the window,' and then I struggled for life. I got free, and half-dragged, half-lifted Mr. Macnaghten to the window. He could not help himself a little bit; and how I got the strength I do not know. After squashing him through the window I tore off the blankets and shouted to them to take him off the wet grass. They shouted to me, 'Come out,' but I felt I must get him some clothes, which were on the other side of the room. I said, 'Get him brandy. I'm coming. Take him off the wet grass. He is dying.' I had just got the things I wanted, when another shock came and in came the wall, the rest of the chimney and the roof, and barred my way to the window. I made up my mind I must die like a rat in a trap, and shouted, 'I can't get out.'

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Then I heard a servant calling me to come out, and again I made a desperate struggle, and got to the window, where I stuck. I don't know how I got out, but I was nearly dragged to pieces. It was so tiny a space. It was pouring with rain, so I made a little hut of rugs and a chair and got the patient in, and for an hour I stood in the drenching rain when some gentlemen and the doctor came to say the only dry place in all the station was some sheds which were used on market days, in a swampy place called Libam. We made a hammock of rugs, and I took Mr. Macnaghten down with the help of some coolies, and there we poor half-drowned mortals huddled for ten awful days."

DESTRUCTION OF TURA—SOME PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

The abnormal weather experienced of late has culminated in a most fearful earthquake, which suddenly came on at about 5:10 P. M. on the 12th instant. The previous three days were warm and sultry and attended by sounds of distant thunder and rumblings. Suddenly on the evening of the 12th instant, there was a sound of thunder in the north-east corner of these hills, and almost simultaneously an earthquake of unusual violence. Not one public building or private dwelling escaped, while large fissures and cracks are to be seen intersecting the roads in every direction.

I was in my tub having my bath, which for the first time within the last two months in Tura, I had taken in the afternoon instead of in the morning, while my wife and children and their English nurse were in the drawing-room about to have afternoon tea. Then the sudden shock came, and all the furniture, glass-

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ware, crockery, pictures and plaster off the walls began to tumble about to the accompaniment of a loud rumbling sound under the earth, as it were, and a quaking which increased in intensity every second. It was like putting so many shells into a basket, and shaking them up with a rapid sifting motion from side to side. At first I did not realize what it was that caused my tub to sway about and the water to splash. I rose up, and found the earth heaving, while the wash hand stand, basin, ewer, cups and glasses, tooth brushes, etc., danced and rocked about in the most hideous fashion around me. I rushed to the inner door to open it and search for my wife and children, but I could not open it as boxes, furniture and plaster had come up against the door and thus blocked it entirely. The back door was the only way of escape. I managed to burst it open, and, thank God, it was clear, and I could get out, as the sections of the thatched roof had slithered down on the four sides of the house like a pack of cards, and blocked the way to all the entrances and exits except this bathroom and the one through which I later on extricated my poor wife and children and their European nurse and our bearer, who were rushing about frantic for a way to escape. I wrapped a towel round myself and ran out into the open to the front of the house, where I naturally expected to see my wife and children as the drawing-room, which opens out into the verandah in front, is their usual place for tea at that time. On arrival I found the whole front of the house blocked by the fallen sections of thatch from the roof, and only one chink left in the south-west corner of the verandah.

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Through this I broke my way under the iron railings and extricated the inmates from under them as the verandah floor had disappeared at this spot only. All round was shut by the fallen roof which blocked the whole of the outer surroundings.

The main shock of the earthquake lasted for about five minutes, while it gradually died away in another ten minutes and minor shocks took its place at regular intervals of five minutes or so, and later on there were intervals of two and one-half minutes, for I consulted my watch as to time. My dear children had just been out in the garden, my wife tells me, and were coming into the drawing-room up the front steps when it all occurred in an instant. There was no time to consider; the whole of the walls were tumbling in, the pictures, etc., falling on everybody around. My wife shouted to the nurse "Earthquake!" and seized one child, while the nurse seized the other. The nurse, who was in front, rushed down the front verandah steps in frantic excitement, when the steps gaped open and her foot got into one of the fissures and she was tripped up. The section of roof then came down, and her little charge, my younger son, was concealed under it where it had sagged. The bearer pluckily bore the weight of the whole roof section on his back as it had slithered down, and thus saved the child from being crushed under its weight.

The Hospital Assistant was seated in the office writing when it came on. The almirahs containing poisons and drugs fell and broke open; strong sulphuric acid gushed out and spread on the floor, giving out strong fumes while mixing with other liquid drugs. The fumes

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entered the office-room through the broken walls, and nearly suffocated the native doctor, who was pinned to his chair, speechless; but with one supreme effort he managed to get as far as the outer door, and then crawled on all fours into the verandah. No sooner safe he came immediately over to see me, and arranged for the sick in consultation. One of the missionary gentlemen who saw my house tumbling, also very kindly came over to help, and offered us shelter in his house, where my family are lodged at present. I am daily digging out fragments of my property from the *debris* and puddle in the ruins of our house; for after the earthquake very heavy rain has poured down, and as the house is roofless our property is all buried in the sunken floor, amid plaster, stones, bits of glass and broken furniture.

Scores of incidents as startling as the above might be added, but these give the reader an adequate idea of this fearful visitation. Although several hundred lives were lost, it is continually a matter of surprise and of devout gratitude that the number of fatalities was so small. That God would mercifully teach us in these providences our insignificance before Him, and our entire dependence upon Him in every time of need, is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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